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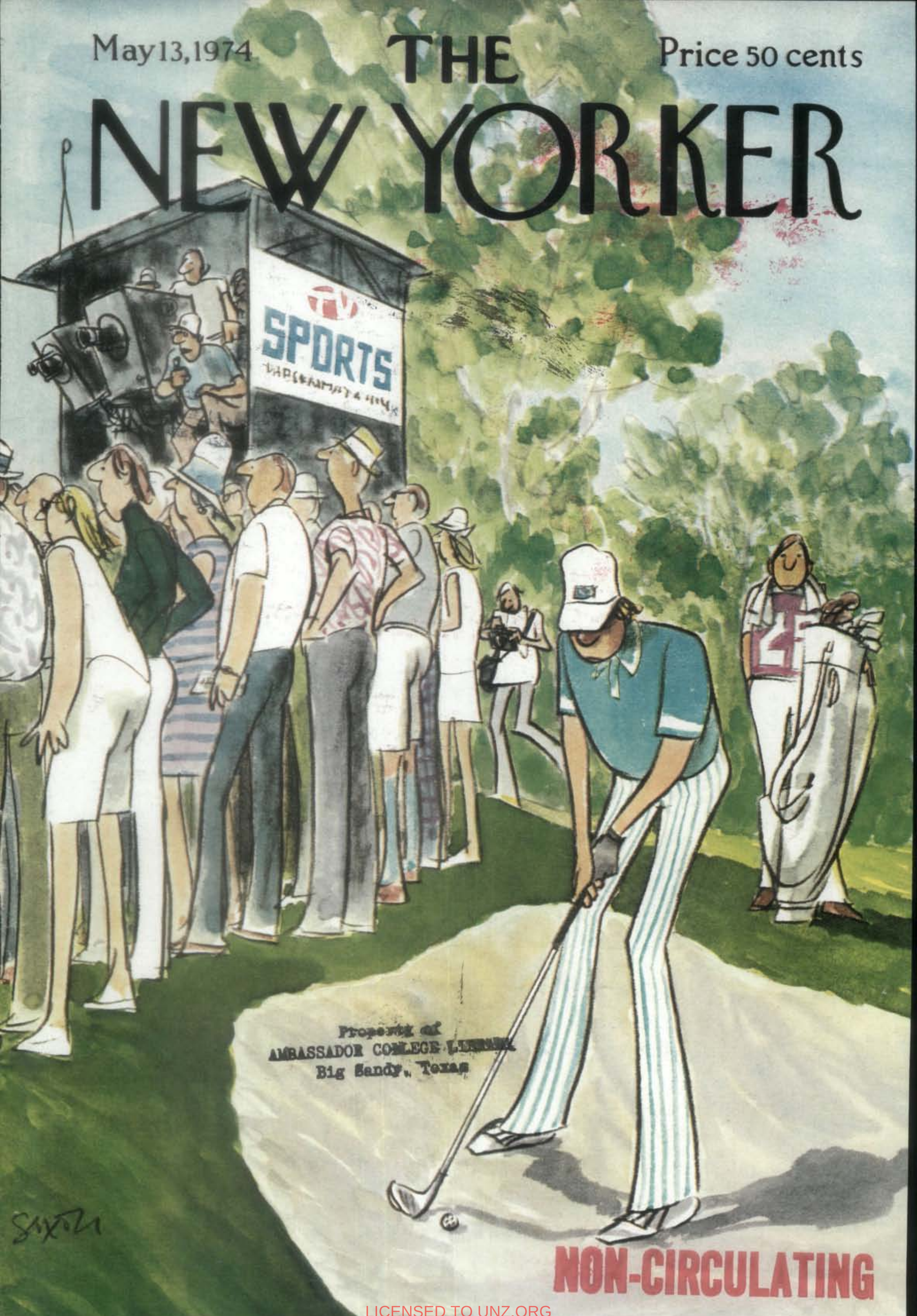
THE NEW YORKER



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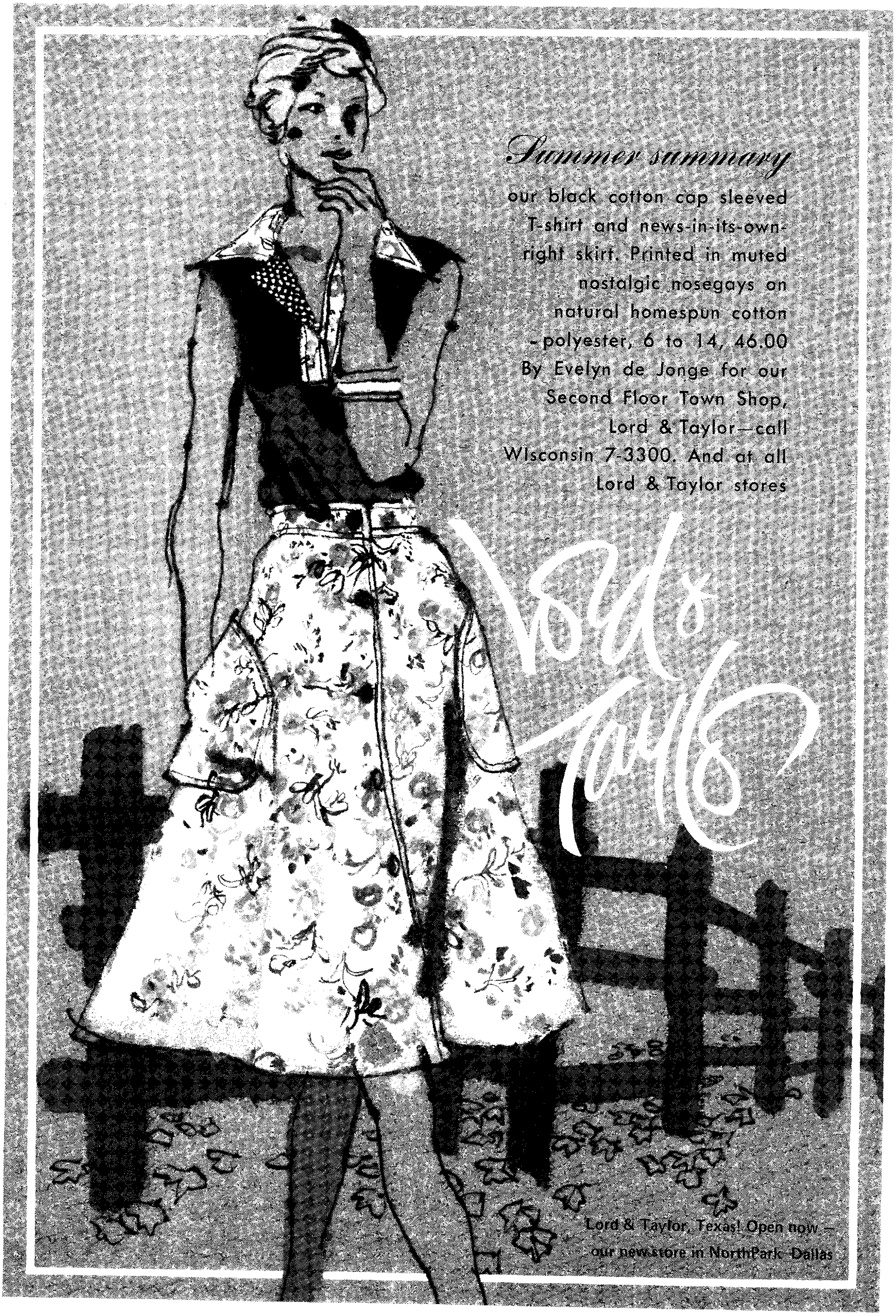

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

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THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

Bad Habits—A pair of very funny one-acters by Terrence McNally, each of them set in a sanatorium. The performances, under the direction of Robert Drivas, couldn't be better. With Paul Benedict, Doris Roberts, and J. Frank Lucas, among others. (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 246-5969. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Candide—A triumphant version of the once-doomed Bernstein-Wilbur-Voltaire musical. Voltaire still comes out last, but it doesn't matter. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-7992. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Circle—Natalie Schafer in W. Somerset Maugham's play. (Roundabout, 307 W. 26th St. 924-7160. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Equity Library Theatre—The John Clifton-Ben Tarver musical MAN WITH A LOAD OF MISCHIEF will be the final production of the season. Preview Wednesday, May 8. Opens officially on Thursday, May 9, and will run through Sunday, May 26. (Equity Library Theatre, 103rd St. and Riverside Dr. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. For information about tickets, for which contributions are requested, call 663-2028.)

Fashion—A musical adaptation in modern dress of Anna Cora Mowatt's hit of 1845, with a cast of nine women and a man. There is some ridicule of the original play, which is annoying at first, but soon charm conquers all. Don Pippin is responsible for the melodic score, Steve Brown for the bright lyrics, and Mary Jo Catlett (as a social-climbing matron) for one of the funniest, most delightful performances around. Anthony Stimac was both adapter and director. (Little Hippodrome cabaret, 227 E. 56th St. 755-1820. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)

The Good Doctor—An uneasy marriage between Neil "Doc" Simon and Anton "Doc" Chekhov. The cast—Christopher Plummer, René Auberjonois, Barnard Hughes, Frances Sternhagen, and Kathryn Walker—is superb. (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 246-0220. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Good Evening—Peter Cook and Dudley Moore in a splendid two-man revue. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 246-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30 and Saturdays at 3.)

Jumpers—Speculations on the nature of God and man, cast in the form of jokes and acrobatics. The playwright is Tom Stoppard, and his funny lines are ably spoken by Brian Bedford and Jill Clayburgh. (Billy Rose, 208 W. 41st St. 947-5510. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Lorelei—The first ghost musical. The only thing in it that is not ectoplasm is the star, Carol Channing, who has true grit and would break her own leg for a laugh. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Moonchildren—Michael Weller's comedy about a group of college students living a communal life back in the sixties had a very brief run on Broadway a couple of years ago. This small theatre—Off Broadway—is a far more appropriate setting for it. Mr. Weller is a quite funny writer, and the tone of his play always seems right, but his perpetually prankish and plaintive characters, in their undergraduate limbo, become very wearing after an act or two. The production, under John Pasquin's direction, is excellent. With Michael Sacks, Jim Jansen, Renée Tadlock, and Kenneth McMillan, among other good actors. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 6:30 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 2:30.)

A Moon for the Misbegotten—O'Neill's sad and comic tale of a rude farm girl and her one encounter with love has been brilliantly revived, with Colleen Dewhurst, Jason Robards, and Ed Flanders. The director is José Quintero. (Morosco, 215 W. 45th St. 246-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Music! Music!—Gene Nelson, Larry Kert, Karen Morrow, and Robert Guillaume sing a lot of wonderful old songs, and so winningly that one forgets to ask what on earth the production is intended to be. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Wednesday through Saturday at 7:30. Matinées Wednesday and Saturday at 2, and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, May 12.)

My Fat Friend—Being fat is a familiar metaphor for feeling unloved, and Lynn Redgrave touchingly plays a fat girl determined to get thin and be loved. George Rose plays a bitchy homosexual friend of hers, all for laughs, and laugh we do. (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

My Sister, My Sister—A play by Ray Aranha. (Little Theatre, 236 W. 44th St. 221-1284. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Noël Coward in Two Keys—A couple of neatly turned one-act plays by the late Master, delightfully enacted by Hume Cronyn, Jessica Tandy, Anne Baxter, and Thom Christopher. (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 246-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Over Here!—A musical about the war-torn forties, little of which is to be believed, though nearly all of it can be enjoyed. With the Andrews Sisters and a large, capable cast. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Pretzels—Judy Kahan, Fred Grandy, and Jane Curtin in a musical revue, with score and

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DRAWINGS: *George Price, Dana Fradon, Robert Weber, Edward Koren, James Mulligan, George Booth, Charles Addams, Sam Gross, Frank Modell, William Hamilton, Tom Funk, Jack Ziegler, Ed Arno, David Pascal, Lee Lorenz, Warren Miller, Henry Martin, James Stevenson, John Corcoran*

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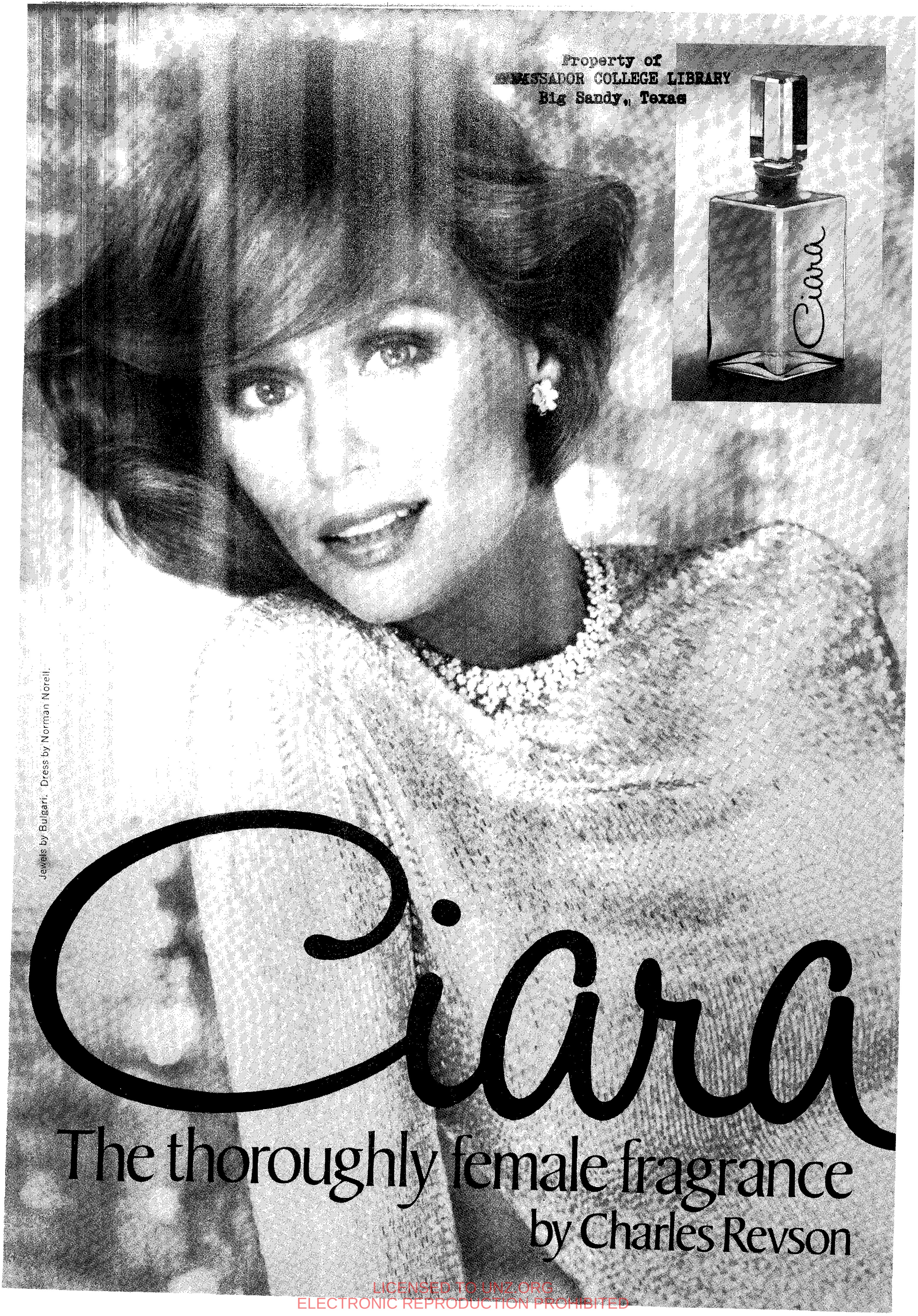
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

lyrics by John Forster. The last in this season's New Phoenix Repertory Company's "Sideshow" programs. (Playhouse 2, 357 W. 48th St. Friday, May 17, at 7:30, and Saturday and Sunday, May 18-19, at 3 and 7:30. For tickets, call 765-1620.)

Raisin—A jaunty and heartwarming musical has been made out of Lorraine Hansberry's old-fashioned play about a black Chicago family on its way to white middle-class mediocrity. Directed and choreographed by Donald McKayle. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-4271. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30, and Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Sea Horse—The pursuit of love in a waterfront saloon. The pursuer is a seaman, and the object of his quest is the very tough, very fat, and very resistant young woman behind the bar. Some of the play seems contrived and sentimental, but much of it is believable and entertaining. The performances of Conchata Ferrell and Edward J. Moore are faultless. Marshall W. Mason directed, and the dramatist is James Irwin. (Westside, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Thieves—A sort of "Grand Hotel" of high-rise apartment living, blessed by the presence of Marlo Thomas. The author is Herb Gardner. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 246-6699. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Ulysses in Nighttown—Zero Mostel in exquisite eruption as Leopold Bloom. Fionnuala Flanagan as his Molly is a sight for sore eyes. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

When You Comin' Back, Red Ryder?—Mark Medoff's efficient, occasionally exciting, but essentially shallow melodrama about a brash young man running dope from Mexico to California, who stops off at a diner in New Mexico and taunts everyone in sight, to depressing effect. The playwright may have some messages in mind about such matters as the legend of the Old West or the hypocrisy of the middle classes, but these can easily be ignored. The actors do well, under Kenneth Frankel's direction. With Kevin Conway in the leading role, and Elizabeth Sturges as a fat, gentle countergirl. (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. 861-2288. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Will Rogers' U.S.A.—A four-week engagement of James Whitmore's one-man show. Adapted and directed by Paul Shyre. (Helen Hayes, 210 W. 46th St. 246-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2. Closes Saturday, June 1.)

Words and Music—How to write terrific popular songs, and then how to put them over, partly through body English. Our delightful teacher is Sammy Cahn. (Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 246-6740. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30 and Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Long Runs—**DON'T BOTHER ME, I CAN'T COPE:** A sparkling all-black revue directed by the dynamic Vinnette Carroll and with delightful songs—music and lyrics—by Micki Grant. All the performers are good. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Wednesdays through Fridays at 7:30, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2:30 and 5.)... **THE FANTASTICKS:** 5,841 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **GODSPELL:** A musical adaptation of the Book of Matthew, and once a numbing prologue is over, it becomes a joyful celebration of theatre itself. Songs by Stephen Schwartz. (Promenade, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. 799-7690. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30, and Saturdays at 6 and 9. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)... **EL GRANDE DE COCA-COLA:** A funny, brief lark, set in a tacky night club in Honduras. (Plaza 9 Theatre, Plaza Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. PL 9-3933. Tuesdays at 8; Wednesdays at 8 and 10; Thursdays at 8; Fridays and Saturdays at 8 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **GREASE:** A musical (score, book, and lyrics by Jim Jacobs and Warren Casey) that parodies, by faithful imitation, the songs and dances of the nineteen-fifties. The young cast performs capably and with spirit. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 245-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **THE HOT L BALTIMORE:** Lanford Wilson's play about the assorted, seedy residents of a once good hotel, now shabby and threatened by bulldozers, is synthetic and sugary, but it is quite entertaining, too. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **IRENE:** A synthetic musical, borrowing from the past without having been there. Jane Powell and the rest of the cast redeem the falseness with hard work and high spirits. (Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 869-0550. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2:30.)... **A LITTLE NIGHT MUSIC:** Love in three-quarter time in 1973—it sounds improbable, but Stephen Sondheim, with his music and lyrics, and the director, Harold Prince, with his brio, bring it off. The cast includes Glynis Johns, William Daniels, and Hermione Gingold. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **PIPPIN:** A big but skimpy musical that the director and choreographer Bob Fosse has turned into his very own "War and Peace," with everything but a yacht race. Eric Berry and John Rubinstein play Charlemagne and his son. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 265-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

THE BOOTH THEATRE
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MISCELLANY

The Circus—A sort of latter-day Noah's Ark, with spacemen. (Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Tuesdays through Fridays at 1:30 and 7:30; Saturdays at 10:30, 3, and 8; and Sundays at 1:15 and 5:30. Closes Monday, May 27.)

DANCE

New York City Ballet—Tentative schedule—Wednesday, May 8, at 8: "Bugaku," "Symphony in Three Movements," and "Cortège Hongrois."... ¶ Thursday, May 9, at 8: "Stravinsky Violin Concerto," "Afternoon of a Faun," "Allegro Brillante," and "Symphony in C."... ¶ Friday, May 10, at 8: "Bugaku," "La Source," "Concerto Barocco," and "Firebird."... ¶ Saturday, May 11, at 2: "Jewels."... ¶ Saturday, May 11, at 8: "The Goldberg Variations" and "Cortège Hongrois."... ¶ Sunday, May 12, at 1: "Bugaku," "Danses Concertantes," "Pas de Deux," and "Symphony in C."... ¶ Sunday, May 12, at 7: "The Goldberg Variations" and "Tchaikovsky Suite No. 2."... ¶ Tuesday, May 14, at 8: "The Goldberg Variations" and "Tchaikovsky Suite No. 3."... ¶ Wednesday, May 15, at 8: A preview of "Dybbuk," the new ballet by Leonard Bernstein and Jerome Robbins. (A benefit performance; for tickets, call TR 7-4700, Ext. 270.)... ¶ Thursday, May 16, at 8: "Danses Concertantes," "Dybbuk" (première), and "Tchaikovsky Suite No. 2."... ¶ Friday, May 17, at 8: "Allegro Brillante," "Pas de Deux," "Symphony in Three Movements," and "The Concert."... ¶ Saturday, May 18, at 2: "Harlequinade" and "Symphony in Three Movements."... ¶ Saturday, May 18, at 8: "Agon," "Dybbuk," and "Tchaikovsky Suite No. 3." (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Through Sunday, June 30.)

Royal Ballet—Wednesday and Thursday, May 8-9: "Manon."... ¶ Friday through Sunday, May 10-12, and Tuesday, May 14: "Swan Lake."... ¶ Wednesday and Thursday, May 15-16: "La Bayadère" and "La Fille Mal Gardée."... ¶ Friday and Saturday, May 17-18: "Romeo and Juliet." (Metropolitan Opera House. 787-3880. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2. Through Sunday, May 26.)

Alvin Ailey Dance Theatre—Opening performances of a three-week engagement that will run through Sunday, June 2—Tuesday evening, May 14: "Streams," "Cry," "Blues Suite," and "Revelations."... ¶ Wednesday evening, May 15: "Choros," "How Long Have It Been," "A Song for You," "Congolese Wedding" (company première), and "Revelations."... ¶ Thursday evening, May 16: "The Lark Ascending," "Fanga" (company première), and "Carmina Burana."... ¶ Friday evening, May 17: "Choros," "A Song for You," "Congolese Wedding," "Rainbow 'Round My Shoulder," and "Revelations."... ¶ Saturday matinée, May 18: "Blues Suite," "Cry," "Congolese Wedding," and "Revelations."... ¶ Saturday evening, May 18: "The Lark Ascending," "Love Songs," and "Carmina Burana." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Evenings at 7:30. Matinées at 2.)

Bella Lewitzky—With her dance company. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Friday and Saturday, May 17-18, at 8, and Sunday, May 19, at 2:30 and 8.)

Paul Sanasardo Dance Company—The first two of four programs, consisting of "Footnotes," "Shadows," "Ecuatorial" (première), and "The Path." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Saturday, May 18, at 8, and Sunday, May 19, at 2.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing.)

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(A few of the notable performers now in town.)

Kenny Burrell—Half Note, 149 W. 54th St. (586-5383). Guitar, leading a quartet, from nine-thirty, beginning Monday, May 13.

Jaki Byard—Bradley's, 70 University Pl. (228-6440). Piano, with bassist Major Holley, from nine, on Sundays.

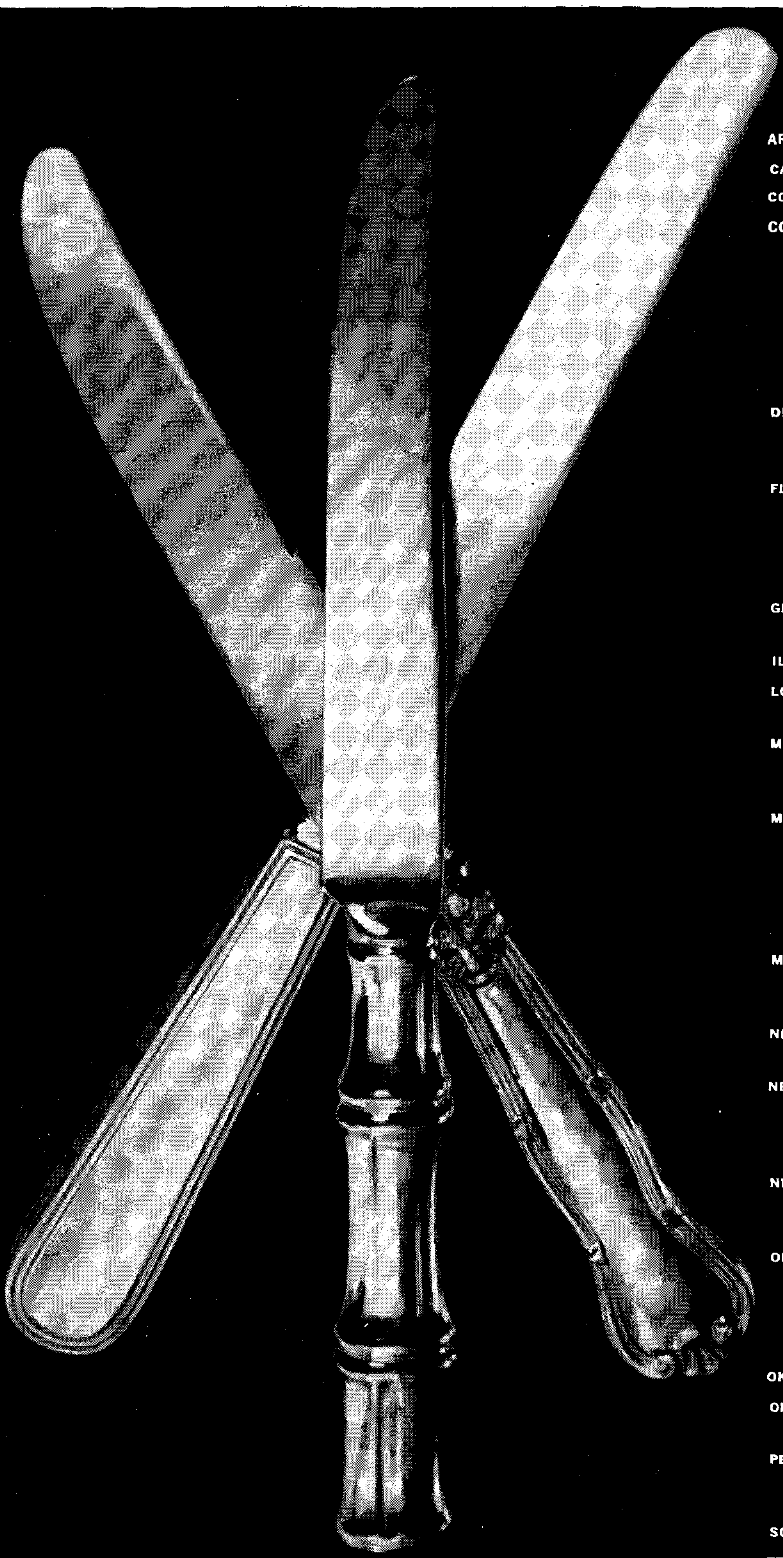
Barbara Carroll—Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450). Piano, from eight to one, except Sundays.

Ray Charles—Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000). Vocals and piano, with his eighteen-piece orchestra and the Rayettes. At dinner and supper, through Saturday, May 11.

Blossom Dearie—Reno Sweeney, 126 W. 13th St. (691-0900). Singing at the piano, between five-thirty and seven, Wednesdays through Saturdays.

Roy Eldridge—Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505). Trumpet, with Bobby Pratt, Dick Katz, Joe Muranyi, Major Holley, and Eddie Locke. Nine-thirty to three, except Sundays.

Sonny Greer / Russell Procope / Brooks Kerr—Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220). Drums, reeds, and piano, respectively. Wednesdays through Saturdays from nine-



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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Roy Haynes—Boomer's, 340 Bleecker St., at Christopher St. (243-0245). Drums, with his quintet, from nine to three. Through Saturday, May 11. . . . ¶ Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832). Thursday through Saturday, May 16-18, from ten to three.

Thad Jones-Mel Lewis Band—Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011). With vocalist Dee Dee Bridgewater, Mondays, at ten.

Yusef Lateef—Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011). Flute, leading a quintet, beginning Tuesday, May 14, at ten.

Junior Mance—Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832). Piano, with a trio, Thursday through Saturday, May 9-11, from ten until three. . . . ¶ Boomer's, 340 Bleecker St., at Christopher St. (243-0245). From nine to three, beginning Wednesday, May 15.

Mabel Mercer—St. Regis Room, in the St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave., at 55th St. (PL 3-4500). Songs. Tuesdays through Saturdays at ten and midnight, starting Tuesday, May 14.

Modern Jazz Quartet—Half Note, 149 W. 54th St. (586-5383). Piano, vibraharp, bass, and drums. From nine-thirty, through Saturday, May 11.

Sy Oliver—Americana, Seventh Ave., at 52nd St. (581-1000). Trumpet, leading his orchestra, from eight to one-thirty, nightly, except Sundays and Mondays.

Buddy Rich—Buddy's Place, 1220 Second Ave., at 64th St. (752-5855). Drums, leading a septet, nightly, except Sundays.

Pete Seeger—Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300). Folk songs, guitar, and banjo, at seven and ten, on Monday, May 13.

Bobby Short—Café Carlyle, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600). Singing and playing piano, Tuesdays through Saturdays, from nine-forty-five.

Zoot Sims—Half Note, 149 W. 54th St. (586-5383). Tenor sax, leading a quartet, from nine-thirty, beginning Monday, May 13.

Happy and Artie Traum—Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300). Vocals and guitars, at seven and ten on Monday, May 13.

McCoy Tyner—Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011). Piano, leading a quintet, from ten, through Sunday, May 12.

Joe Venuti—Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (PL 8-2272). Jazz violin, with bassist Milt Hinton, drummer Joe Corsello and pianist Chuck Folds. Tuesdays through Saturdays, from nine to one.

Chuck Wayne and Joe Puma—Stryker's, 103 W. 86th St., at Columbus Ave. (874-8754). Guitar duo, Sundays from nine until two. . . . ¶ Guitar, 300 E. 24th St., at Second Ave. (679-9135). From nine to one, beginning Tuesday, May 14.

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(A few places where the notable performers, and others, are performing.)

Arthur's Tavern, 57 Grove St. (CH 2-9468)—On Mondays, between nine-fifteen and one, the Grove Street Stompers go to town on "Cake Walkin' Babies" and similar classics. Tuesdays through Saturdays, from nine to three, pianist Mabel Godwin conjures up other styles, other seasons. Closed Sundays.

Bitter End, 147 Bleecker St. (475-7804)—Having midwifed the American folk renaissance, this simple cavelike setting (little changed in fifteen-odd years) now gives its attention to Melissa Manchester, a young, rousing singer (and her band), and to 3's Company, a tripartite comedy unit. Through Saturday, May 11. On Wednesday, May 15, Peter Allen, singer, pianist, and composer, arrives to do his sensitive, insightful material. Tuesdays are allotted to visiting performers. Ice-cream concoctions or, for Spartans, coffee, tea, or water.

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Boomer's, 340 Bleecker St., at Christopher St. (243-0245)—A soul-food restaurant with *savoir-cuire* and hospitality. Despite the obstructing pillars and a glare that pours out from the kitchen whenever the doors swing open, the jazz that is featured here is well chosen and well miked. Drummer Roy Haynes takes his youthful quintet, the Hip Ensemble, in and out of some moving, if familiar, material through Saturday, May 11. On Sunday and Tuesday, May 12 and 14, pianist Cedar Walton heads up a trio. Junior Mance, a master of the funky approach to bluesy jazz, brings in his trio on Wednesday, May 15. Nine to three are the music hours.

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—A Colosseum of a folk-and-rock club (by New York standards), this four-hundred-and-fifty-seat house somehow doesn't seem so amphitheatrical as it does intimate. Its top-notch sound system adequately projects even private, diffident performers, and its sensible seating plan provides tiered sections of aisled tables and chairs. Singer Barry Manilow, whose credits range from producing and arranging material for Bette Midler to singing MacDonald's commercials, presents a straightforward, strictly show-business act through Sunday, May 12. Appearing with Manilow and his band is Barnaby Bye, a rock group from Long Island. Monday, May 13, is the night of a two-part (at seven and ten) benefit folk festival for "Sing Out!," the twenty-four-year-old bimonthly journal of folk music. Participating are Pete Seeger, Happy and Artie Traum, Michael Cooney, and whoever else turns up. On Wednesday and Thursday, May 15-16, folklorist Ry Cooder, whose work as a guitar-picking sideman in recording studios is nearly legendary, performs opposite blues antiquary Leon Redbone. Tower of Power, the eleven-member, soul-machine band from Oakland, plugs in Friday through Sunday, May 17-19. Shows at ten and midnight. Snacks.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl. (228-6440)—Exercising a good and reverent ear for music, this intimate, warmhearted bar and restaurant enjoys a high reputation among musicians and listeners alike. The choice spot in the room is the end of the bar, nearest the music corner. Pianist Al Haig, who worked with Charlie Parker and Dizzy Gillespie about thirty years ago and put in time doing cocktail piano in New Jersey settings in the sixties, plays all out with bassist Victor Gaskin through Saturday, May 11. On Monday, May 13, Mike Longo, whose affiliations with Gillespie are more recent—he's been pianist and musical director for the Gillespie quintet over the past several years—begins performing his own works and standards with a strong rhythmic attack. Sundays, Jaki Byard, a fine pianist who plays in many styles, receives enthusiastically good-natured support from bassist Major Holley. Nine-thirty to two-thirty every night but Sunday, when the music runs from nine to one.

Buddy's Place, 1220 Second Ave., at 64th St. (752-5855)—The Buddy in question is, of course, drummer Buddy Rich, and his just-opened quarters can already be counted among the city's better jazz spots. The room itself is lovely—red carpeting, tessellated red-and-white tablecloths, and, to brighten things up even more, white globes suspended in close formation from the ceiling. The wall decorations—as anyone who has ever stumbled across one of Rich's television talk-show appearances might suspect—are almost exclusively photographs of the proprietor. Several spotlights illuminate Rich and his altogether original and explosive septet—probably one of the best groups that Rich has worked with in years. Sonny Fortune's soprano saxophone and flute, and Sal Nistico's tenor, make up a splendid reed section. Anthony Jackson is the strikingly agile electric bassist. Pianist Kenny Barron does wonders on piano, Jimmy Maeulin more than holds his own on congas, and Jack Wilkins, a young guitarist, can be as lilting or as gutsy as the occasion may require. Rich himself holds the whole ensemble together wonderfully, and even soloes on occasion, but never at undue length. It's unusual to see a band as small as this one hunched over music stands reading charts, but the arrangements (by Ernie Wilkins, Mike Abene, and Manny Albam) are suitable territory for fire storms. Two shows weeknights, three shows Saturdays. Snacks. Closed Sundays.

Café Carlyle, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600)—The classics of the twenties and thirties are in safe hands here. Bobby Short knows how to choose them, how to play them, and, what's more, how to sing them. Mr. Short's respectful and energetic voice and piano are well served by drummer Dick Sheridan and bassist Beverly Peer. Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine-forty-five, eleven-thirty, and one. Dinner and supper.

Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450)—Music presented in a cafeteria ambience—clattering dishes and uninterrupted chatter. Barbara Carroll and Jay Leonhart, on piano and bass, respectively, divert the diners with some solid jazz from eight to one. Dick Hyman flourishes at the keyboard on Sundays. Dinner.

Grand Finale, 210 W. 70th St. (595-4206)—A large room, with red walls, red carpeting, red tablecloths, and Italian dishes with tomato sauce. Singer Sandra Sharp takes the stage through Saturday, May 11. On Tuesday, May 14, Alaina Reed, a capable young singer, does blues and gospel and, of lesser interest, some autobiographical monologues. Mondays are devoted to unveiling new talent. Shows begin at nine and midnight.

Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—An up-to-date version of the neighborhood pub. Twenty-two-year-old stride stylist and Ellingtonia fancier Brooks Kerr works with and learns from drummer Sonny Greer, who began his relationship with Ellington in 1919, and saxophonist Russell Procope, who joined the Ellington reed section in 1945. Wednesdays through Saturdays from nine-thirty to three, and Sundays from five-thirty to seven-thirty and nine-thirty to twelve-thirty. Norma Shepherd is at the keyboard with bassist Johnny Williams on Mondays from nine-thirty to two-thirty. Snacks.

Guitar, 300 E. 24th St., at Second Ave. (679-9135)—With its casual atmosphere, sparely designed chairs and lamps, and large, sprawling square tables, this spacious room looks not unlike a student-union lounge. Guitarist Sam Brown receives assistance from bassist Midge Pike through Monday, May 13. Taking over on Tuesday, May 14, are guitarists Chuck Wayne and Joe Puma, who are given to two-part inventions, exchanging solos and each looking quite pleased when the other performs a particularly risky or successful run. Music from nine to one. Dinner.

Half Note, 149 W. 54th St. (586-5383)—Having moved this enterprise uptown from its former well-worn and warmly regarded informal quarters on Spring Street, the management has proved shrewd. For night-clubbing has lately reacquired something of its

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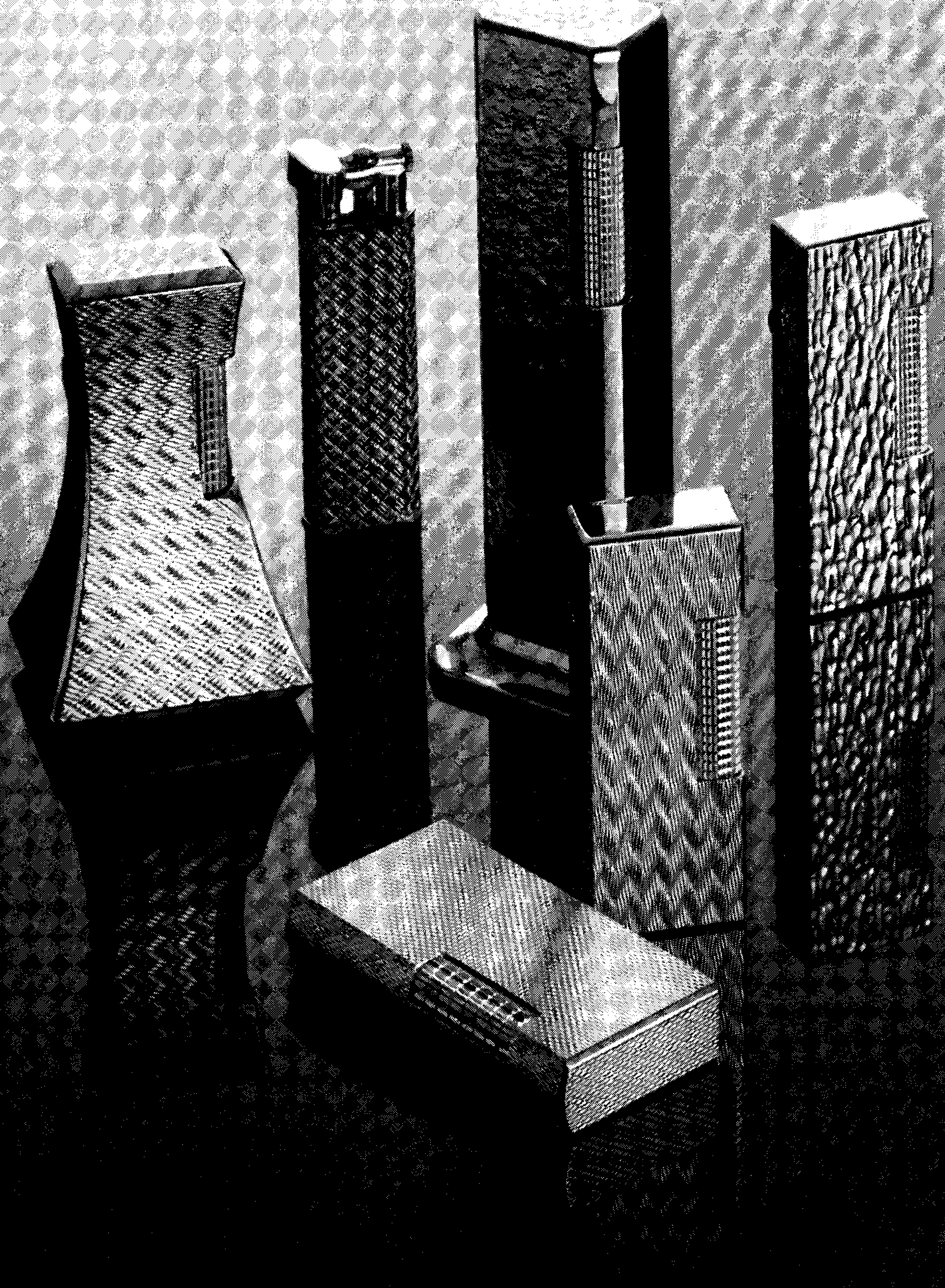

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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old cachet, and the Half Note is now, by virtue of its polish, decorum, and black-tied waiters, a night club. The Modern Jazz Quartet—John Lewis, Milt Jackson, Connie Kay, and Percy Heath—trades sets with pianist Dill Jones until Saturday, May 11. They are followed by guitarist Kenny Burrell, one of the best, and the fine tenorman Zoot Sims and their respective quartets on Monday, May 13. Sundays are given over to various jazz groups. Shows at nine-thirty, eleven-thirty, and one-thirty.

Jacques, 168 Bleecker St., at Sullivan St. (254-5920)—Popcorn and darts. Pianist Lance Hayward is present every night but Wednesday, when Jim Roberts takes over. Bassist Lyn Christie participates on Fridays and Saturdays. Live sounds from nine-thirty to three. Singer-pianist Dottie Stallworth performs on Sundays from five to eight.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—It's a long way from Bourbon Street, but the message is still clear. Roy Eldridge, Bobby Pratt, Dick Katz, Joe Muranyi, Major Holley, and Eddie Locke deliver it from nine-thirty to three. Nightly, except Sunday, when visiting musicians pay their respects. Fridays and Saturdays, from nine, pianist Steve Crist alternates with the band.

Jimmy's, 33 W. 52nd St. (757-8484)—A frenetic three-story convention hall. In the **52ND STREET ROOM,** on the lower level, nihilist Mort Sahl looks on the brighter side Mondays through Thursdays at nine-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine and eleven-thirty. Closed Sundays.

Max's Kansas City, 213 Park Ave. S., at 17th St. (777-7870)—With absolutely none of the characteristics of the famous Kansas City clubs of the past (e.g., the Sunset, the Subway, and the Reno), this New York pinnacle on the overamplified folk, rock, and blues circuit might just as well have been christened Max's Secaucus. The second-story music room is currently being remodelled and, somehow, enlarged. The workmen stop sawing and hammering during the sets, but even if they kept at it, probably no one would notice. Michal Urbaniak, an electric violinist from Poland, trades sets with a British rock band called Ross through Monday, May 13. On Wednesday, May 15, Buzzy Linhart, a dizzy folk-rocker who is quite popular locally, begins doing casual sets. Three shows Fridays and Saturdays, two shows other nights. On Tuesdays, folk and rock groups play from nine to midnight. Dining downstairs. Drinks and snacks upstairs, where the music is.

Metro, 188 W. 4th St. (675-0892)—A Village citadel upholding the doctrines of folk, rock, and pop. Singer and guitarist Bill Oliver Swifford is in residence through Monday, May 13. On Wednesday, May 15, Kenny Rankin, a low-keyed folksinger and songwriter, begins a week here. Music at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty.

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (PL 8-2272)—While a portrait of Henry VIII looks on from Tudored walls, conversationalists at the tables compete with the performers on the stage. The conversationalists are, for the most part, sundry businesspersons. The performers include the distinguished and venerable jazz violinist Joe Venuti and his quartet—bassist Milt Hinton, drummer Joe Corsello, and pianist Chuck Folds. They play from nine to one. Woody Allen, now a stand-up clarinettist, performs with the Monday-night Dixieland sextet from nine to midnight. Dinner and supper. Closed Sundays.

Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—An upper West Side gathering place with a softly lighted main room and a glassed-in sidewalk gallery, both of which have tables for drinking and dining. Pianist Junior Mance works with his trio Thursday through Saturday, May 9-11. On the following Thursday (May 16), drummer Roy Haynes and his quintet take over. The hours are ten until three.

Reno Sweeney, 126 W. 13th St. (691-0900)—A genuinely exotic night spot that boasts fresh-cut flowers on the piano and a forties campiness. Singer, actress, director, and consultant with the Public Theatre Novella Nelson is performing here through Saturday, May 11. On Tuesday, May 14, actress Geraldine Fitzgerald begins doing Irish street songs opposite singer Jimmy Justice. Shows start at nine and midnight. Intermittent piano music *is provided by pianist Jeremy Stone from* eight-thirty to two. On Sunday, May 12, singer Bess Fowler performs at nine and eleven-thirty. Blossom Dearie is singing at the piano in her tiny, simple, and direct voice Wednesdays through Saturdays from five-thirty to seven. Monday nights are showcases for burgeoning entertainers. Dining.

St. Regis Room, in the St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—Mabel Mercer has returned, after several months' absence, to this ornate little nook, along with her pianist Jimmy Lyon. Her recitatives begin at ten and midnight, starting Tuesday, May 14.

Soerabaja, 140 E. 74th St. (744-4150)—These two tiny and tired-looking rooms, with erotic (soft-core) tablecloths, are dominated by guitarist Bucky Pizzarelli. Music from nine-thirty to one, except Sundays and Mondays.

Stryker's, 103 W. 86th St., at Columbus Ave. (874-8754)—A friendly, well-maintained establishment that gives aid and comfort to those who happen to find themselves on the upper West Side. Drummer Bill Mintz leads a trio on Thursday, May 9, followed, on Friday and Saturday, May 10-11, by another drummer, Al Dreares, and his threesome. The very fine Chuck Wayne-Joe Puma guitar duo retains the Sunday-night position. Pianist Teddy Saunders' trio works Friday and Saturday, May 17-18. Music from nine-thirty until three Thursdays through Saturdays and from nine until two Sundays. Snacks.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011)—In its earlier days, the Vanguard (now forty) was considered a bohemian curiosity. Today, some of the best musicians in the world do their best work here. McCoy Tyner's brilliant piano work guides his quintet through labyrinthine sets until Sunday, May 12. On Tuesday, May 14, lyrical flutist Yusef Lateef and his quartet descend the murky staircase. Mondays, the Thad Jones-Mel Lewis aggregation lets go with its big-band seriousness. Not always as serious but just as intense is the band's pixie-like vocalist Dee Dee Bridgewater. Music from ten.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—Right off a New York City truck route, this bar has red Afro-psychedelic walls, hundreds of gold Christmas-tree ornaments hanging from the ceiling, and a tiny (about five by ten feet) soul-food kitchen. Other assets: the piano-bass work of Hugh Lawson and Carl Pruitt Thursdays through Sundays, and the varied keyboard musings of Kenny Brawner Mondays through Wednesdays. Music from eight until two.

West End Café, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—This wood-and-brick-walled retreat for Columbia students has recently revived poetry readings during the daylight hours on Sundays and has installed a music room for nighttime diversion Sundays through Thursdays. The music that is keeping the students from their studies these days is neither folk nor rock nor glitter. It is jazz—and somewhat old-fashioned jazz at that. Mondays and Tuesdays belong to Brooks Kerr and his quartet of perfectly preserved swing-era activists—trumpeter Franc Williams, drummer Sam Woodyard, and tenorman Paul Quinichette. Sundays and Wednesdays, the No Gap Generation Jazz Band, led by clarinettist Art Miller, takes the stand. The Warren Court—a quartet comprising alto saxophonist Earle Warren and trumpeter Ed Lewis, both of whom belonged to the Basie bands of the thirties and forties; pianist Dill Jones; and drummer Ronnie Cole—is in session on Thursdays. Music from nine to one. Dinner.

BIG DEALS

(Dinner and supper, music, and all that.)

Americana, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (581-1000)—In the **ROYAL BOX,** Sy Oliver's orchestra and the Peppi Morreale trio play for dancing from seven-thirty to one-thirty. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000)—In the **CAFÉ,** from seven-thirty until curfew, Herb Winner's dance threesome calls the tunes Tuesdays through Saturdays, and Phil Wayne's crew fills in on Sundays and Mondays. Also, Tuesdays through Saturdays, Teddy Diamond plays cocktail piano from *five-thirty to seven-thirty.*

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 9-3000)—Singers Daniel & Dimitri have the floor of the **PERSIAN ROOM** at ten during the week, at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty Friday and Saturday. The trios of Barry Levitt and René Martel put forth dance tunes from seven-thirty to one or two. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ In the **PALM COURT,** violinist Ernest Schoen and pianist Jules Kuti are on hand Tuesdays through Saturdays from four-thirty to nine-thirty, while pianist Ruth Andrews provides the music from nine-thirty to one. Sandu Marcu does the fiddling on Sundays from four to seven and seven-thirty to midnight, and Mondays from five to seven and eight to midnight.

Rainbow Grill, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970)—Within a beautiful balloon on permanent station above midtown. Comedian Sid Caesar and vocalist Kathe Green will call it a day on Saturday, May 11. On Monday, May 13, singer and impressionist Sheila MacRae checks in. The dance tunes, which begin at eight, are on tape. Closed Sundays.

Rainbow Room, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-9090)—On this sixty-fifth-floor height, the piano duo of DeMaio and Silver is presenting *an anthology of musical-comedy numbers* Tuesdays through Sundays, from seven to midnight.

St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—The **MAISONETTE** is host to singer Melba Moore through Saturday, May 11. Tuesday, May 14, brings along the songs and dances of Gene Barry. Shows at nine and eleven-thirty. Dancing all night to the Anthony Terini band. Closed Sundays and Mondays. . . . **LA BOITE RUSSE,** the next-door sylvan glade, offers accordion and piano music, from seven to one. A Russian menu. Closes for the season after Saturday, May 11.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—In the **EMPIRE ROOM,** at dinner and supper. there are songs by Ray Charles. He will be replaced on Tuesday, May 14, at ten, by soprano Joey Heatherton, who thereafter will resort to the dinner-and-supper schedule. Bob Rosengarden's dance orchestra is on duty all evening. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

Manuel Ayaso—Drawings with a watercolor wash and several paintings, all of them of distorted figures and animals, and most of them tinged with a satiric view of the Church, by a Spanish-American artist. Through Friday, May 10. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

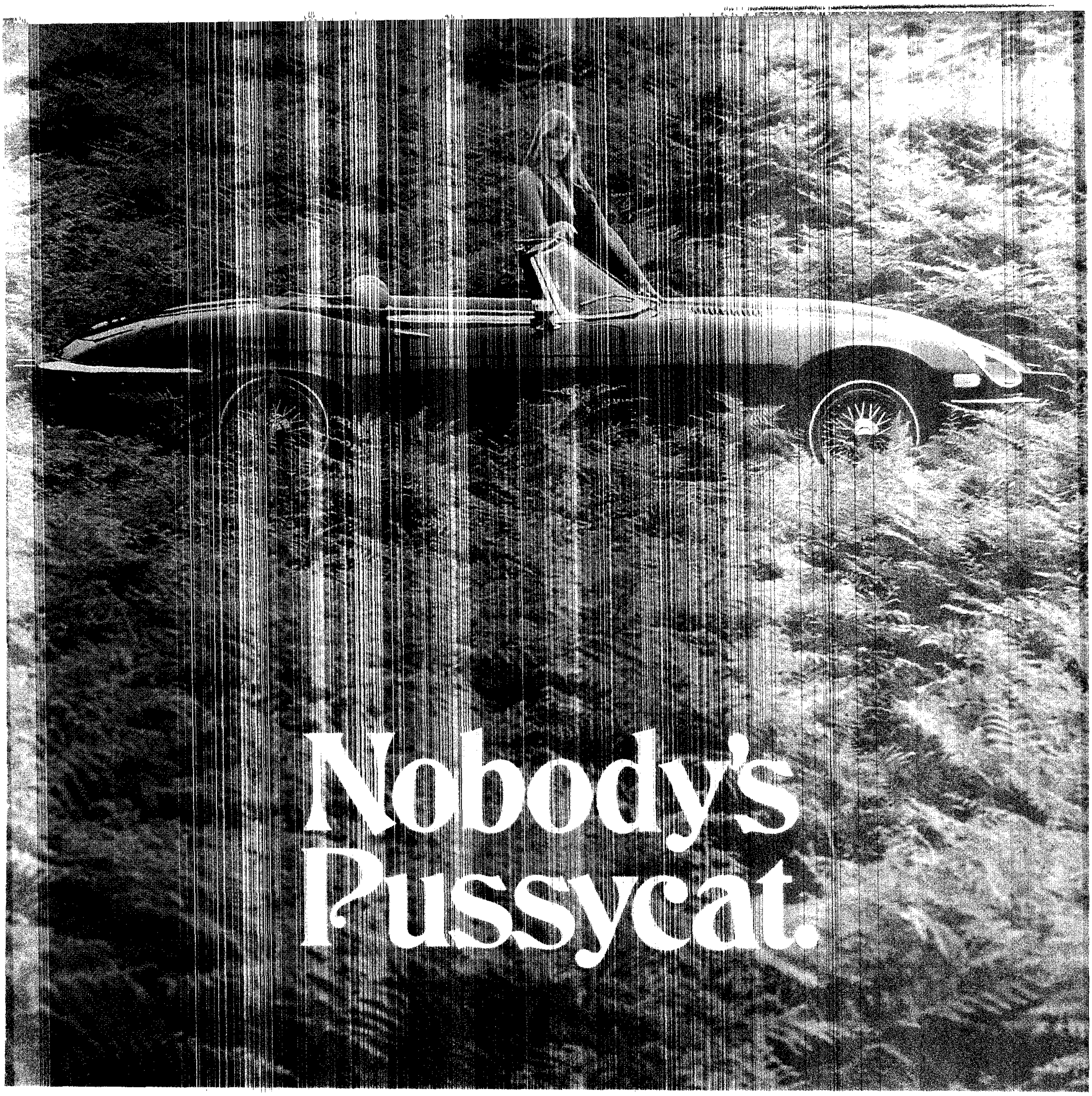
André Bauchant (1873-1958)—Thirty-eight oils by a French naïf who fearlessly tackled any subject that won his attention—woodland vistas, urban scenes, watersides, approaching storms, Biblical themes, *Cléopatre Se Rendant Chez Antoine.* Through Saturday, May 18. (Perls, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

Norman Bluhm—Monumental paintings done in 1972 and 1973 by this Abstract Expressionist. Through Saturday, May 18. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St. Closed Mondays.)

Gillian Bradshaw-Smith—Huge black-and-white drawings and soft sculptures of elephantine forms by an Englishwoman who was born in India and is now working here; first solo show here. Through May 25. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. Closed Mondays.)

Claudio Bravo—Realist paintings. Through May 25. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

Alexander Calder—The Master's playful designs come through as happily in Aubusson tapestries (twenty-four in this show) as they



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do in mobiles and stabiles or on airplanes. Through June 29. (Hutton, 967 Madison Ave., at 75th St. Closed Mondays.)

Jane Canfield / August Mosca—Realistic sculptures of animals. / Paintings and drawings of interiors, figures, and landscapes. Through May 25. (FAR Gallery, 746 Madison Ave., at 65th St.)

Clarence Carter—A double exhibit: Surrealist animals, birds, and outsize insects, all of whom seem to be peering out of their stalls, at Bodley (1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.), and extraterrestrial landscapes being visited by mysterious egg-shaped UFOs, at Gimpel (1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St.). Both through June 1. (Bodley is closed Mondays.)

Rosemary Cove—Small figurative sculptures (some thumb-size, in terra-cotta on Plexiglas cubes), plus drawings. Through Saturday, May 18. (Ingber, 3 E. 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

José de Rivera / Roy Gussow / David Lee Brown—A three-man exhibition of sculptures commissioned for architecture, shown as maquettes, half-size pieces, and other models. Through May 30. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Richard Estes—Realist paintings of urban scenes. Through June 1. (Stone, 48 E. 86th St. Closed Mondays.)

Kaffe Fassett—Still-lifes. Through Saturday, May 18. (Larcada, 23 E. 67th St.)

John Fischer—Large Abstract Expressionist paintings by an artist who is known for his bread sculptures. Through Saturday, May 11. (Lerner-Heller, 789 Madison Ave., at 67th St.)

Janet Fish—Oils and pastels that capture the reflection of light on everyday objects. Through May 30. (Kornblee, 58 E. 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Alice Forman—Landscapes of Long Island and the Hudson Valley, and still-lifes. Through May 25. (Phoenix, 939 Madison Ave., at 74th St. Closed Mondays.)

Ernst Fuchs—Paintings, drawings, graphics, and sculptures, some of Byzantine complexity in both subject matter and execution, and some commercially sleek. Through June 28. (Aberbach, 988 Madison Ave., at 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

Edward Gorey—Watercolors and drawings, frequently with a bemused, variously attired cat, by an illustrator of the macabre and author of gothic tales. Through Saturday, May 18. (Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

Ruth Gutman—Abstract marble and bronze sculptures. Through Saturday, May 11. (Galerie Internationale, 1095 Madison Ave., at 83rd St.)

Ralph Humphrey—Sombre, thickly painted abstract canvases that have the gravity of iron castings. Through Wednesday, May 15. (Bykert, 24 E. 81st St. Closed Mondays.)

John Kearney—Sculptures of animals. Through May 25. (ACA, 25 E. 73rd St. Closed Mondays.)

Christopher Keene / Marsha Pels / Denise Mastrosimone-Smith—Bronzes by a Canadian. / Rolls of chicken wire swathed in fibre glass. / Works made of polyurethane foam and latex rubber. Through Saturday, May 11. (Krasner, 1043 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Gustav Klimt (1862-1918)—Seventy drawings, forty of them from the Eric Lederer collection, in Geneva. Through Saturday, May 18. (Samuels, 18 E. 76th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5:30.)

Gabriel Laderman—Realistic landscapes and still-lifes. Starts Saturday, May 11. (Schoelkopf, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St. Closed Mondays.)

Alice Trumbull Mason—Prints and drawings from 1939 to 1969, by an early geometric abstractionist. Through Saturday, May 18. (Washburn, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

André Masson and Stanley William Hayter—Etchings from the forties, their American period. Through June 1. (Elliott, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

George L. K. Morris—Fifty-five oils, watercolors, and collages of the thirties by the American abstractionist. Through May 31. (Hirschl & Adler, 21 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

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Richard Oelze—Twenty paintings by a seventy-four-year-old German Surrealist, whose later works dwell on eroded landscapes that resolve themselves into humanoid features. Through Saturday, May 18. (Samuels, 18 E. 76th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5:30.)

Claes Oldenburg—Metal sculptures: the apotheosis of the clothespin, ten feet tall (with lesser companion pieces), and of the first baseman's mitt, six feet tall, with a wooden ball. Also, maquettes and preliminary drawings for both. Through Saturday, May 18. (Castelli, 4 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.) . . . ¶ A nine-thousand-pound, eighteen-foot steel sculpture, "Geometric Mouse—Scale X," in which the genes of his forebear Mickey come shining through. Through June 30. (Hammarskjöld Plaza Sculpture Garden, 2 Hammarskjöld Plaza, Second Ave. at 47th St.)

Jules Olitski—Color-field abstractions. Through Thursday, May 16. (Knoedler Contemporary Art, 19 E. 70th St.)

Robert Andrew Parker—Hand-colored prints and monotypes of dreams and fantasies. Through Saturday, May 11. (Dintenfass, 18 E. 67th St.)

William Perehudoff—Color-field paintings. Through June 29. (Goldowsky, 1078 Madison Ave., at 81st St. Closed Mondays.)

Matt Phillips—Monotypes loosely based on the human figure. Through May 31. (Zierler, 956 Madison Ave., at 75th St. Closed Mondays.)

George Price—Cartoons and drawings. Through Saturday, May 11. (Nicholls, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Tuesdays through Fridays, noon to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5.)

Egon Schiele (1890-1918)—Thirty-five drawings, many of them touched with a light wash of color, by this Austrian Expressionist, who was a skilled draftsman with a predilection for bony bawds. Through June 15. (Sabarsky, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

Reeve Schley—Landscapes in watercolor. Through June 1. (Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

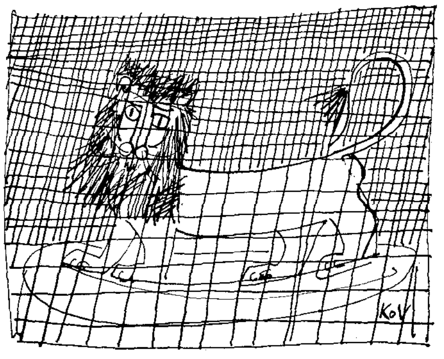
Steven Sloman—Seven large black-and-white abstractions and thirteen charcoal drawings, all untitled, which is understandable. Through May 25. (Poindexter, 24 E. 84th St. Closed Mondays.)

David Smyth—Sculptures and small drawings on aluminum. Through May 31. (Feldman, 33 E. 74th St.)

Mark Tobey—Works done in the summer of 1957, when the artist got away from his usually painstaking technique and had a brief fling with sumi ink, splattering it or brushing it freely on paper. Through May 25. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St. Closed Mondays.)

Alice Valenstein—Collages of abstract landscapes, plus several figurative watercolors. Through June 1. (Alonzo, 26 E. 63rd St. Closed Mondays.)

Michael Vessa—Collages composed of ledger books, tape, string, encaustic, watercolors, and shellac. Through June 1. (Esman, 24 E. 80th St. Closed Mondays.)



Jack Zajac—Abstract forms in marble and bronze, and sacrificial goats. Starts Saturday, May 11. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Group Shows—At the **center for inter-american relations**, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St.: More than two hundred pre-Columbian gold objects from the Museo del Oro in Bogotá, Colombia, including pieces from seven archeological regions. Through July 28. (Daily, noon to 6.) . . . **kraushaar**, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.: Drawings and monotypes by gallery artists. Through June 1. . . . **lefebre**, 47 E. 77th St.: Graphics by Alechinsky, Folon, Ting, and others. Through July 12. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **weintraub**, 992 Madison Ave., at 77th St.: New acquisitions of paintings and sculptures by Chagall, Marini, Utrillo, and others. Through May 31. (Closed Mondays.)

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

Ben Bianchi—Wall pieces made of brown wrapping paper backed with resin. Through Saturday, May 11. (Stefanotty, 50 W. 57th St.)

Richard Chiriani—Surrealistic landscapes. Starts Saturday, May 11. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Geneviève Claisse—Geometric hard-edge paintings; first solo show here. Through Saturday, May 18. (René, 6 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Robert Cronbach—Large abstract sculptures. Starts Saturday, May 11. (Schaefer, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Thomas George—Romantic landscape paintings and drawings. Through Saturday, May 11. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St.)

Carl Holty (1900-73)—Abstract paintings from the later years of his life. Through Saturday, May 11. (Crispo, 41 E. 57th St.)

Lillian Kahner—Expressionist landscape paintings. Through Saturday, May 18. (Panoras, 62 W. 56th St.)

Ed Kerns—Abstract paintings and drawings. Starts Saturday, May 11. (Sachs, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Julian Levi—Paintings, drawings, and lithographs from the mid-forties to the early seventies. Through Saturday, May 18. (Rehn, 655 Madison Ave., at 60th St.)

Knox Martin—Large abstract studies of women in bright acrylics. Through June 1. (Bonino, 7 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Louise Nevelson—Black, rough wooden constructions, and framed collages of painted wood and cardboard. Through June 8. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Ben Nicholson—A show of mixed-medium works on paper—glass pitchers and goblets, for the most part—in honor of the artist's eightieth birthday. Through May 29. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Attilio Salemme (1911-55)—Paintings, watercolors, and pen-and-ink works from 1942 to 1955. Starts Saturday, May 11. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Margot Stewart—Paintings of flowers and trees seen at close range. Through May 25. (Myers, 50 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Michael Todd—Welded-steel sculptures with calligraphic forms. Through May 25. (Zabriskie, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Tom Wesselmann—Oversize paintings, many of them almost editorials against smoking. Through May 25. (Janis, 6 W. 57th St.)

Group Shows—At the **frumkin**, 41 E. 57th St.: Ceramic sculptures by California artists. Starts Thursday, May 9. (Closed Saturday mornings.) . . . **kennedy**, 20 E. 56th St.: Eakins, Sargent, O'Keeffe, and other eighteenth-, nineteenth-, and twentieth-century masters. Through Saturday, May 11. . . . **lewison**, 30 E. 60th St.: Nineteenth-century American paintings by Sully, Eilshemius, Bierstadt, and others. Through May 25. (Closed Mondays; closes Saturdays at 4:30.) . . . **marlborough**, 40 W. 57th St.: A benefit show of seventy-seven paintings, sculptures, and drawings, focussing on post-Second World War Americans, from the collection of Carter Burden. Starts Thursday, May 9. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **midtown**, 11 E. 57th St.: Paintings and sculptures by gallery artists, selected from those shown during the

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1973-74 season. Through May 25. (Closed Mondays.)

GALLERIES—SoHo

Eugene Baguskas—Atmospheric paintings of skies. Through May 24. (Green Mountain, 135 Greene St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.)

Robert Cottingham / Robert Bechtle / Richard Berger—Realist paintings focussed on details of city buildings—bright neons, Pepsi signs, pool-hall windows, iron fire escapes and the sharp shadows they cast. / Realist paintings of automobiles parked in sterile suburban settings, several with figures, and all drowned in California sunshine. / Photographs of the artist's sculptures at the beach, where they look like improbable pieces of flotsam. Through Saturday, May 18. (O.K. Harris, 465 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

Lynda Benglis—Wall pieces in the form of metal knots. Through May 29. (Cooper, 155 Wooster St. Closed Mondays.)

William Copley—Paintings and drawings from 1946 to 1972 in a show that is running concurrently with his exhibit at the New York Cultural Center. Through May 25. (Onnasch, 139 Spring St. Closed Mondays.)

Jaime Dearing / Joanna Pousette-Dart / Tony Vanderperk—A three-man show of abstract paintings. Starts Saturday, May 11. (Caldwell, 383 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

Peter Gordon / George Chemeche—Spattered paintings of bold, horizontal stripes, executed in New York in 1973 and 1974, along with six paintings on paper, executed in Japan in 1971, which forecast the later works. / Paintings of stylized flowers, some streaked and some interwoven with figures. Through May 22. (South Houston Gallery, 98 Prince St. Closed Mondays.)

Julie Gross—Large abstract paintings. Through Saturday, May 11. (Benedek, 380 West Broadway.)

Marcia Hafif—Monochromatic paintings and pencil drawings. Through May 25. (Sonnabend, 420 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

Phoebe Helman—Clear Plexiglas boxes containing abstract constructions, plus an enormous black environmental sculpture. Through May 25. (Hutchinson, 127 Greene St. Closed Mondays.)

Roger Kotoske / Vivian Scott—Sculptures in polyester resin. / Color-field paintings. Starts Saturday, May 11. (Yu, 93 Prince St. Closed Mondays; open Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Barry Le Va—Drawings on green paper done in black ink. Starts Saturday, May 11. (Bykert, 484 Broome St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5.)

John Murray—Large photographic enlargements on canvas. Through Friday, May 10. (Yu, 93 Prince St.)

Ed Paschke / Judy Altman—Misogynistic-looking paintings of painted women in alluring, or perhaps threatening, attitudes. / "Meet Miss Subways," a deadpan presentation assembled by Ms. Altman of thirty-odd posters celebrating girls selected by John Robert Powers to brighten up the subway scene, together with occasional memorabilia about their later careers. Through Saturday, May 18. (Hundred Acres, 456 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

Jonathan Price / Matthew Feinman—Stencilled "flash cards" ("'A' is for apple," etc.), with five cards, variously colored, for each letter; also, "Word Salad," a plastic bowl filled with Lucite cubes with words written on them, which one is free to toss. / Abstract oils, watercolors, and pastels, most of them delicately colored. Through May 23. (Westbroadway, 431 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

Raquel Rabinovich—Abstract paintings and collages. Through May 24. (Second Story Spring Street Society, 167 Spring St. Closed Mondays.)

Arnulf Rainer—Enlarged photographs of the artist (in a state of considerable nervous tension), which are then drawn over or smeared with paint. Through May 25. (Ariadne, 410 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

Mel Ramos—Full-size, witty, and skillfully painted takeoffs on celebrated Romantic paintings—Ingres' "Odalisque;" two versions of "Cupid and Psyche," by Gérard and David; and Manet's "Olympia," which itself was a takeoff of Titian's "Venus of Urbino." The artist caricatures these works not by making them grotesque but by prettifying and modernizing the subjects. Olympia, for example, is a heavy-lidded blonde who is suntanned except where her bikini was, and the two Cupids have the artist's own face, with its drooping mustache and abundant hair. Through May 25. (Meisel, 141 Prince St. Closed Mondays.)

Robert Rauschenberg and Cy Twombly—Mr. Rauschenberg has added a skirting of gauze to his familiar crinkled-paper studies, and Mr. Twombly continues with his collages of graph paper scribbled on with colored crayon. Through May 25. (Castelli, 420 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

Martin Schreiber / Ansell Bray—Abstract steel sculptures and paintings with repeated, ever-larger designs. / Figurative bronze and stone sculptures, plus colored drawings of birds, an insect, and landscapes. Through Thursday, May 16. (Razor, 464 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

May Stevens / Marge Helenchild—Paintings of a political nature, with an ominous dictatorial figure whose right-hand man is a bulldog. / Outsized soft sculptures, plus two series of small, delicate constructions, one with actual oranges and the other with pecans. Through Wednesday, May 15. (SoHo 20, 99 Spring St. Tuesdays through Sundays, noon to 6.)

James Wolfe—Abstract steel sculptures. Through Wednesday, May 15. (Emmerich, 420 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

Robert Zakanych—Abstract paintings. Through Saturday, May 11. (Cuningham Ward, 94 Prince St.)

Barbara Zucker—Plaster and clay sculptures. Starts Saturday, May 11. (A.I.R., 97 Wooster St. Closed Mondays.)

Group Shows—At the **55 Mercer Street**: Upstate New York artists. Starts Saturday, May 11. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.)... **Landmark**, 469 Broome St.: Paintings by Tom Boutis, Ruth Ann Fredenthal, Emily Mason, and Gabriele Roos. Through Thursday, May 16. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11:30 to 5:30.)

OTHER GALLERIES

John Fudge—Surreal paintings. Through May 24. (Walker Street Gallery, 46 Walker St., two blocks south of Canal St. Closed Mondays.)

Ruth Gikow—Fifteen large paintings and seven drawings of social protest. Through June 6. (Martin Luther King, Jr., Labor Center, 310 W. 43rd St. Mondays through Fridays, noon to 4, and Monday and Thursday evenings, 6 to 8.)

Jochen Seidel (1924-71)—A double exhibition through May 24: Paintings from 1966 to 1969 at the Pratt Institute Manhattan Center (46 Park Ave., at 37th St. Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 7; Saturdays, 1 to 5), and two later paintings and a group of his last drawings at Goethe House (1014 Fifth Ave., at 83rd St. Tuesdays through Fridays, 11 to 7.)

Gertrude Shibley / Kiyoshi Kawaguchi / Frances Godowsky—Geometric abstractions. / Abstract paintings. / Abstract paintings with one dominant color. Through Friday, May 17. (Phoenix, 542 LaGuardia Pl. Closed Mondays.)

Group Show—"Three Centuries of French Satire (1614-1914)," an exhibit on loan from the print collection of the Bibliothèque Nationale in Paris. Starts Friday, May 10. (New School, 65 Fifth Ave., at 14th St. Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 8; Fridays and Saturdays, 10 to 5.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

Richard Avedon—Eight extraordinary and disturbing photographs of Jacob Israel Avedon, taken by his son between 1967 and 1973, when the father died of cancer, at the age of eighty-three. These are not portraits of an individual but anatomies of aging, suffering, and fear of death; they are almost unbearably painful. Avedon is the most conceptual of photographic portraitists—all his portraits express ideas about humanity rather than the particulars of personality—but never, perhaps, has his transcendence been more effective and free of the artifice that adheres to many of his portraits of beautiful models and famous people. A chronology of Jacob Israel Avedon's difficult and outwardly unremarkable life has been printed up by the museum, and it reinforces, with its bare enumeration of sad and mundane occasions, the pessimism of the photographs. Through June 16. (Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Ansel Adams—The first museum show here of the seventy-two-year-old master photographer known for his landscapes of the Western wilderness. Through June 30. (Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

Judy Dater and Jack Welpott—Mostly black-and-white portraits of women, by a couple from California. Through Saturday, May 11. (Witkin, 243 E. 60th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 8.)

George Hoyningen-Huené—Small, elegant, stylized photographs by an early *Vogue* and *Harper's Bazaar* photographer, taken in the thirties. Through May 31. (Sonnabend, 924 Madison Ave., at 73rd St. Closed Mondays.)

Rhoda Nathans—Portraits of, among others, Ramsey Clark, Alan Hovhaness, Viveca Lindfors, Marcel Breuer, Norman Cousins, plus photographs taken in Peru, India, Nepal, and New York. Through May 31. (Avanti, 145 E. 72nd St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 12:30 to 6.)

Charles Pratt / Edward S. Curtis (1868/1952)—An exhibition of concise and evocative black-and-white landscapes and nature studies./Historical photographs of Indians and Eskimos. Through Friday, May 10. (Neikrug, 224 E. 68th St. Thursdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.)

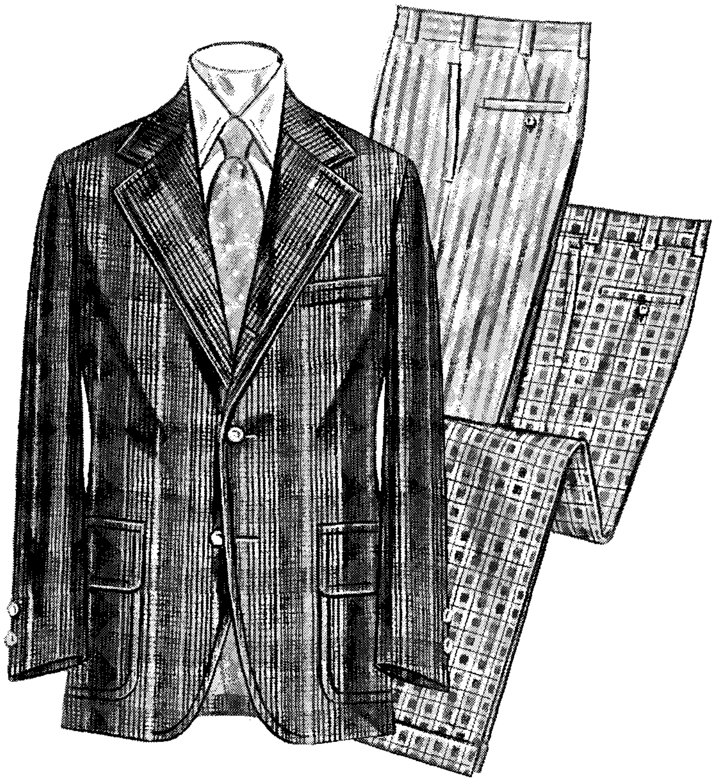
Man Ray—Photographs from 1917 to 1973. Through June 1. (Iolas, 15 E. 55th St. Closed Mondays.)

Aaron Siskind / John Gutmann—Investigations of natural forms./Pictures from the thirties, by a photojournalist. Through May 25. (Light, 1018 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

Group Shows—At the **JEWISH MUSEUM**, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.: A large show of photographs of Jerusalem by twenty-one photographers from various countries. Through Sept. 3. (Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 11 to 6.) . . . **KAUFMANN CONCERT HALL**, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St.: A large exhibition of photographs of famous people who performed, read, or lectured at the Y.M.H.A. between 1934 and 1974, including I. B. Singer, Edith Sitwell, Marianne Moore, Mary McCarthy, Robert Graves, Robert Lowell, Truman Capote, T. S. Eliot, Doris Lessing, Isaac Stern, and Merce Cunningham. Jill Krementz and Rollie McKenna took most of the pictures. Through May 31. (Weekdays, 11 to 4.) . . . **MUSEUM OF MODERN ART**, 11 W. 53rd St.: Approximately two hundred prints by fifteen Japanese photographers. Through May 19. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.) . . . **NEW-YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY**, 170 Central Park West, at 77th St.: A large show of photographs of lower Manhattan by fourteen photographers. Through May 31. (Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, 1 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5.) . . . **SOHO PHOTO**, 30 W. 13th St.: Five photographers. Through June 2. (Fridays through Sundays, 1 to 6; Tuesdays, 7:30 P.M. to 9 P.M.) . . . **SONNABEND**, 924 Madison Ave., at 73rd St.: A miscellany of photographs by Horst and Cecil Beaton is on view in the gallery's east room. Through May 31. (Closed Mondays.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Museum of American Folk Art, 49 W. 53rd St.—An exhibition of nineteenth-century stoneware—plain, stolid crocks and jugs decorated with traditional blue folk designs—and a few plates of slip-decorated redware, all from New York State. The museum has fallen on evil days, and has been reduced to exhibiting the pottery in cases with floppy and glaring plastic fronts stapled to crude pine frames. The pottery is hard to see in these cases, and the cases are hard to reconcile—in their slapdash construction and careless finish—with the tradition of craftsmanship one has come to associate with everything concerning American folk art. Some larger pieces, fortunately, are on open view, and permit one to contemplate the felicities of this genre, which has some of the characteristics of Oriental pottery, and in which the functionalism of the



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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vernacular and the decorative impulse of folk *art are effortlessly yoked.* Through June 2. (Daily, except Mondays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

Museum of Contemporary Crafts, 29 W. 53rd St.—The twenty-five winners and twenty-four honorable mentions of an art contest sponsored by Levi Strauss & Company are on view here in the form of denim jackets and pants decorated with embroidery, appliqué, jewelry, lace, studs, feathers, hair, paintings, and political messages. The first-prize winner is a stud-and-rhinestone-encrusted jacket that also features a police whistle, a desk bell, and a removable ashtray, and that took its twenty-three-year-old creator, Bill Shire, two hundred hours to finish. The impulse behind the decoration of jeans is thought to be the wish to mitigate the uniformity and impersonality of the mass-produced garment with an assertion of one's individuality; however, most of the designs look as though they themselves came out of a machine—one set for the psychedelic-Art Nouveau-*cum*-ethnic-and-folk art-influences convention that reached its apogee in the late sixties, and now seems as dated as the words "love" and "peace." Through May 26. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—"Fair and Foul" is the name of an agreeable exhibition of prints on the third floor, all pertaining to (mostly foul) weather, and including numerous Japanese woodcuts, together with works by Daumier, Cruikshank, Currier & Ives, Homer, Hassam, Pissarro, Manet, and Hockney. The show—full of storm clouds, lightning, snowdrifts, cloudbursts, and people shivering, clutching umbrellas, and running for shelter—is a reminder of the fact that though climate differs from country to country, weather is much the same everywhere, and belongs, like sleep, on the short list of universal experiences. Through Sept. 6. (Weekdays, 9 to 5.)

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—More than a hundred paintings by Venetian painters of the fourteenth century to the eighteenth, including Titian, Tintoretto, and Veronese. Through July 14. . . . ¶ Twelve examples of the American art of quiltmaking of the nineteenth and early twentieth centuries. Through Sept. 8. . . . ¶ "The Tens, The Twenties, The Thirties: Inventive Clothes/1909-1939" is an exhibition of a hundred and fifty dresses from the great days of clothes of Chanel, Poiret, Vionnet, and others. Through May 31. . . . ¶ A hundred and forty paintings, drawings, sculptures, prints, and other objects illustrating the legends of fifty saints. Through Sept. 3. . . . ¶ A small and excellent exhibition of Japanese color prints, tucked away on the second floor of the north wing, under the title "Hidden Treasures of Japanese Art." (Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—Six paintings by Gerald Murphy (all that have survived of the fourteen he did), plus photographs of the Murphys and their friends, and some charming watercolors that Léger did while sailing with the Murphys in 1934. Through May 19. . . . ¶ "Printed, Cut, Folded, and Torn," a show of works on paper by Lucio Fontana, Richard Tuttle, and others. Starts Friday, May 10. . . . ¶ Environmental sculptures by Rafael Ferrer, a Puerto Rican artist. Through May 27. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—More than two hundred sculptures, paintings, and drawings by Alberto Giacometti (1901-66), dealing with his development from early pictorial and Cubist phases through his Surrealist and mature styles. A corollary exhibition includes about a hundred paintings by the artist's father, cousin, and godfather. Through June 23. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge from 6 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Two floors of American Pop Art done between 1953 and 1972, including such classics as Oldenburg's "Bedroom Ensemble," Rauschenberg's "Bed," Warhol's "Marilyn Monroe Diptych," and Lichtenstein's "Blam." Through June 16. . . . ¶ An eighty-five-foot painting of the Brooklyn Bridge by Johan Sellenraad, an artist from Holland. Through May 19. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Whitney Downtown Museum, 55 Water St., two blocks south of Wall St.—Fluorescent and electric-light works and transparent sculptures by Antonakos, Flavin, and others. Through Thursday, May 16. (Mondays through Fridays, 11 to 3.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—Etchings from the seventeenth century to the mid-twentieth, from the museum's collection. Through June 9. (Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—Realistic wood carvings, by Gilbert Maggioni and Grainger McKoy, of shore birds, waders, birds of prey, waterfowl, and gamebirds characteristic of South Carolina's coastal inlets and marshes. Through May 24. (Weekdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Asia House, 112 E. 64th St.—A loan show of Indian temple hangings of the Krishna cult, executed during the eighteenth, nineteenth, and twentieth centuries in the province of Rajasthan, in Northwest India. Through June 9. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

China House, 125 E. 65th St.—A loan show of bronze and gilt images and tankas which were used in Tantric Buddhist meditations and rituals. Through May 24. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 2 to 5.)

Finch College Museum of Art, 62 E. 78th St.—Large sculptures by Colin Greenly. Through June 16. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—Fifty medieval manuscripts acquired by Pierpont Morgan from 1899 until 1913, the year of his death, as well as medieval art objects with which he adorned the west room of the library. Foremost of the latter is the Stavelot Triptych, a reliquary containing six Mosan enamels of the twelfth century. Through July 31. . . . ¶ Forty Rembrandt etchings. The exhibit is noteworthy in that it includes not only a number of celebrated prints but, in a number of instances, different states and differently inked impressions of the same subject. Through July 31. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of Primitive Art, 15 W. 54th St.—Three small exhibitions (of stone carvings, wooden sculptures, bronzes, ceramic vessels, and other objects) *illustrating the use of art to* invoke the supernatural in New Guinea, Nigeria, and the pre-Columbian Andes. Through Sept. 8. (Wednesdays through Fridays, 11 to 5; Saturdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

New York Cultural Center, 2 Columbus Circle—Erotic paintings and drawings by William Copley, an American Surrealist. Through May 19. A complementary show is at the Onnasch Gallery, 139 Spring St. . . . ¶ A hundred and fifty drawings by Robert Smithson (1938-73), among them studies for Minimal works, nonsites, an airport project, and earthworks. Through June 16. . . . ¶ Renderings of ancient calligraphy in color acrylics on mounted silk or canvas by Chi *Watts, who studied calligraphy with private tutors in China and presently resides in* New York. Starts Friday, May 10. . . . ¶ Monumental fibre-glass sculptures by Walter Redinger, a young Canadian. Through Sunday, May 12. . . . ¶ Ten abstract paintings and forty drawings by Alan Fenton. Through June 2. (Daily, except Mondays, 11 to 6.)

New York Public Library at Lincoln Center—More than ninety stage and costume designs by the Russian-born Constructivist Alexandra Exter (1882-1949). Through Aug. 10. (Mondays through Thursdays, 10 to 9; Fridays and Saturdays, 10 to 6.)

Studio Museum in Harlem, 2033 Fifth Ave., at 125th St.—Works based on African motifs and mythology: Drawings and etchings by Wendy Wilson, acrylics (incorporating stitchery, beads, and bits of cloth) that portray a number of Masai women by Janet Taylor Pickett, and batiks by Jan Tyler. Through May 31. . . . ¶ Abstract bronzes and circular abstract oils by Betty Blayton, and figurative sculptures, including five monumental heads, in various woods, by Tonnie Jones. Through Sunday, May 12. (Mondays and Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays, 10 to 6; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Avery Fisher Hall at Lincoln Center is TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, and for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Bronx Opera Company—Two performances of Mozart's "The Magic Flute," in English, staged by Jack Eddleman, with the Bronx Opera Orchestra conducted by Michael Spierman. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Friday and Saturday, May 10-11, at 8.)

John Brownlee Opera Theatre—A double bill in English: The American première of Walter Kaufman's "Sganarelle" and a performance of Darius Milhaud's "Le Pauvre Matelot." Conducted by Anton Coppola and staged by James Lucas. (Borden Auditorium, Manhattan School of Music, 120 Claremont Ave., at 122nd St. Saturday, May 18, at 8, and Sunday, May 19, at 2:30. Free tickets can be had by writing and enclosing a self-addressed stamped envelope.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center, Zubin Mehta conducting the final concerts of the season—Thursday, May 9, at 8:30; Friday, May 10, at 2; Saturday, May 11, at 8:30; and Tuesday, May 14, at 7:30 (all with Bruce Prince-Joseph, organ); and Thursday, May 16, at 8:30; Friday, May 17, at 2; and Saturday, May 18, at 8:30 (no soloists).

Baltimore Symphony Orchestra—Sergiu Comissiona conducting, with Itzhak Perlman, violin. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, May 10, at 8.)

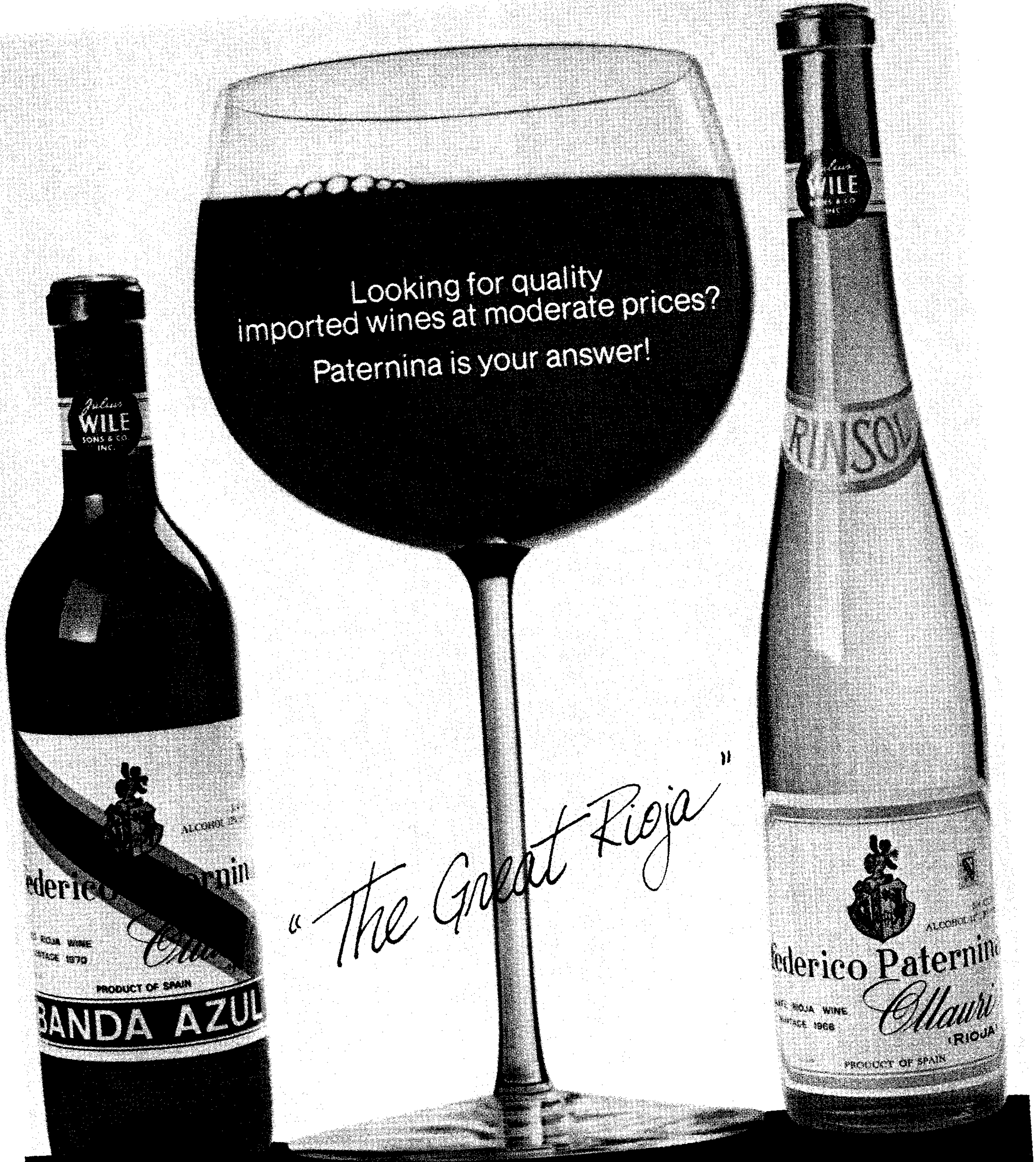
All-Schubert Concert—Charlotte Bergen conducting an orchestra. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, May 11, at 2:30. No tickets necessary.)

Brooklyn Philharmonia—Lukas Foss directing a program of eighteenth-century music, with Susan Belling, soprano; David Bender, tenor; Julie Holtzman, piano; the Boehm Quintette; the Collegiate Chorale; the Brooklyn Philharmonia Choral Society; and others. The final concert (postponed from May 4) of the season. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Saturday, May 11, from 6 to 10:30.)

Our Bach Concert—Henry Schuman conducting the second of two programs. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, May 11, at midnight.)

"In Praise of Love"—Bruce Prince-Joseph directing thirty members of the New York Philharmonic and a chorus of forty in the première of his symphony-cantata, with Judith Blegen, soprano; Betty Allen, mezzo-soprano; Kenneth Riegel, tenor; David Clatworthy, baritone; Frederick Swann, organ; four pianists; and several narrators. (Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center. Monday, May 13, at 8.)

Mannes Orchestra—Carl Bamberger conduct-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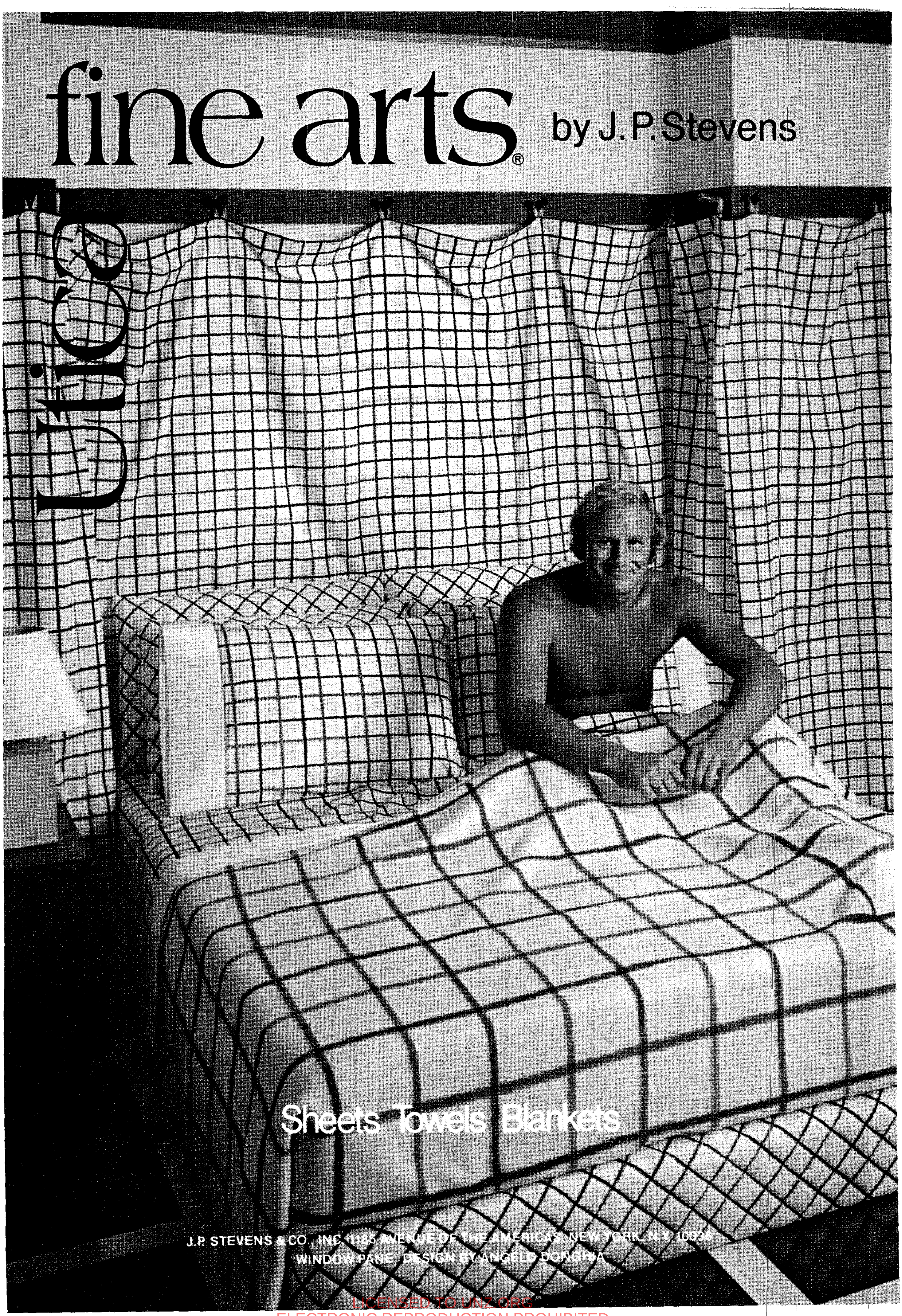
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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ing. (Marymount Manhattan College, 221 E. 71st St. Tuesday, May 14, at 8:30. No tickets necessary.)

Contemporary Chamber Ensemble—Arthur Weisberg conducting the last in a series of programs of twentieth-century music. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Wednesday, May 15, at 8.)

University of Michigan Symphony Band and Men's Glee Club—A joint concert, with George Cavender and Willis Patterson directing. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, May 9, at 8.)

Fourth Lincoln Center International Choral Festival—At Avery Fisher Hall—A series of three concerts by thirteen university choruses (more than five hundred students) from thirteen countries. Wednesday, May 8, at 8:30: Choruses from Poland, Colombia, Sweden, the Philippines, Rumania, the Malagasy Republic, and Austria, *plus all the choruses together*. . . . ¶ Friday, May 10, at 8:30: Choruses from Yugoslavia, Liberia, Japan, Hungary, Brazil, and the United States, plus all the choruses together. . . . ¶ Sunday, May 12, at 8:30: A gala concert in which all the choruses will sing individually and then join *forces under the direction* of John Nelson.

New York Choral Society—Robert DeCormier directing the last in a series of concerts, with soloists and a children's chorus. (Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center. Friday, May 17, at 8:30.)

RECITALS

Contemporary Music Society—A program of music by Robert Helps, Charles Ives, and Francis Thorne, performed by Helen Boatwright, soprano; Yehudi Wyner and William Masselos, piano; and the Philadelphia Composers Forum, conducted by Joel Thome. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, May 8, at 8:30.)

André-Michel Schub—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, May 9, at 8.)

Peter Serkin, Alexander Schneider, Leslie Parnas, and Harold Wright—Piano, violin, cello, and clarinet, in an all-Mozart program. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Thursday, May 9, at 8. *All seats have been* sold, and only standing room is left.)

Cleveland Quartet—The last in a series of concerts presenting the Beethoven cycle. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Thursday, May 9, at 8.)

New York Philomusica Chamber Ensemble—The last in a series of concerts of Mozart divertimentos. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Friday, May 10, at 8.)

Judith Raskin—Soprano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Saturday, *May 11, at 8.)*

Amadeus String Quartet—Chamber music. (Washington *Irving High School, Irving Pl.* at 16th St. Saturday, May 11, at 8. For tickets, call 586-4680.)

Waverly Consort—A program of music of the Italian Renaissance courts, with the New York Consort of Viols. (Alice Tully Hall. Monday, May 13, at 8.)

Three by Three—At Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, May 15—Robert Sylvester, cello, at 8. . . . ¶ Phyllis Bryn-Julson, soprano, at 9. . . . ¶ Emanuel Ax, piano, at 10.

New School Concerts—The final concert of the season, dedicated to the memory of John Barrows, Eli Carmen, and Harry Shulman. Performed by Alexander Schneider and Felix Galimir, violin; Michael Tree, viola; John Wummer, flute; Leonard Arner and Ronald Roseman, oboe; and others. (New School, 66 W. 12th St. 675-2700, Ext. 315. Wednesday, May 15, at 9.)

Elsa Charlston and John Cobb—Soprano and piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, May 16, at 8.)

Continuing Avant-Garde—The last concert (postponed from April 1) *in the current* season's League of Composers-ISCM series of four, this one with Ronald Anderson, trumpet, and Joan Tower, piano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Friday, May 17, at 8.)

Itzhak Perlman—Violin. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 535-5350. Saturday, May 18, at 8.)

Guarneri Quartet—The last in a series of concerts. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Saturday, May 18, at 8.)

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK/ETC.

Interludes—A varied series of hour-long performances at Town Hall (JU 2-4536)—Wednesday, May 8, at 5:45: WAYLAND FLOWERS. . . . ¶ Wednesday, May 15, at 5:45: VIOLA FARBER DANCE COMPANY.

Mott the Hoople—With Queen. (Uris Theatre, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Wednesday and Thursday, May 8-9, at 8; Friday, May 10, at 7:30; and Saturday, May 11, at 7:30 and 10:30.)

Latin and Jazz Benefit Concert—Frank Foster, Danny Mixon, Joe Lee Wilson, Candido, Archie Shepp, Stanley Cowell, Billy Taylor, Jimmy Heath, and others. (Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. 598-3757. Thursday, May 9, at 8.)

Eagles and Jeffrey Comanor—*Academy of* Music, 126 E. 14th St. Saturday, May 11, at 8. For tickets, call 644-4400.)

Firesign Theatre—Carnegie Hall. Saturday, May 11, at 8.

Country in New York—The last in a series of concerts, this one with Tammy Wynette, George Jones, and others. (Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Saturday, May 11, at 8:30.)

Eartha Kitt—With Bricktop and the George Faison Dancers. (Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center. Sunday, May 12, at 2:30. . . . ¶ Carnegie Hall. Sunday, May 12, at 8.)

Teddy Wilson and Eddie Heywood—New York Jazz Museum, 125 W. 55th St. Sunday, May 12, at 3. No tickets necessary.

New York Jazz Repertory Company—The tenth in a series of concerts, this one a program of jazz-piano works, with the Piano Choir. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, May 12, at 3.)

Sha Na Na—Carnegie Hall. Monday and Tuesday, May 13-14, at 8.

Ten Years After and Z Z Top—Madison Square Garden. Monday, May 13, at 8.

Procol Harum and Leo Kottke—Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden. Tuesday and Wednesday, May 14-15, at 8.

Mary Travers—Carnegie Hall. Friday, May 17, at 8.

Renaissance and Fairport Convention—With Sandy Denny. (Academy of Music. Friday, May 17, at 8 and 11:30.)

Pharoah Sanders and Leon Thomas—Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 874-1717. Friday and Saturday, May 17-18, *at ten and mid*night.

Climax Blues Band, Sutherland Brothers & Quiver, and Papa John Creach & Zulu—Academy of Music. Saturday, May 18, at 8 and 11:30.

SPORTS

Baseball—At Shea Stadium—METS: Vs. San Francisco, Wednesday, May 8, at 8:05. . . . ¶ Montreal, Friday, May 17, at 8:05, and Saturday, May 18, at 2:15. . . . YANKEES: Vs. Milwaukee, Friday, May 10, at 8; Saturday, May 11, at 2; and Sunday, May 12, at 1 (doubleheader). . . . ¶ Detroit, Tuesday, May 14, at 8, and Wednesday, May 15, at 2.

Professional Basketball—American Basketball Association Championship Playoffs, Nets vs. Utah. (Nassau Coliseum, Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I. 516 794-9100. Friday, May 10 at 8:05, and Tuesday, May 14, at 9:05, if necessary.)

Crew—Eastern Association of Rowing Colleges Championship Regatta. (Lake Quinsigamond, Worcester, Mass. Saturday, May 11.). . . ¶ Yale-Harvard Regatta. (Cambridge. Saturday, May 18; varsity race at 10:15 A.M.)

Racing—At AQUEDUCT: Daily at 1:30; through Saturday, May 11. The Toboggan Handicap, Wednesday, May 8, and the Acorn, Saturday, May 11. . . . BELMONT: Weekdays at 1:30, from Monday, May 13, through Saturday, June 22. The Vagrancy Handicap, Monday, May 13, and the Carter Handicap, Saturday, May 18. (Frequent trains will leave Penn Station for the track Mondays through Fridays between 10:15 and 1, and Saturdays between 10:15 and 1:15.). . . GARDEN STATE PARK, Camden, N.J.: Weekdays, except Tuesdays, at 2; through Monday, May 27. . . . PIMLICO, Baltimore: The Preakness, Saturday, May 18.

Pro Tennis—World Team Tennis—New York Sets vs. Pittsburgh, Thursday, May 9. . . . ¶ New York Sets vs. Toronto-Buffalo, Wednesday, May 15. . . . ¶ New York Sets vs. Boston, Friday, May 17. (Nassau Coliseum, Hempstead Turnpike, *Uniondale*, L.I. Matches begin at 8. For tickets, call 800 243-6363.)

Trotting—At YONKERS RACEWAY: Weekdays at 8; through Saturday, May 18. . . . SARATOGA RACEWAY, Saratoga Springs: Weekdays at 8:15; through Saturday, Nov. 16.

FOR CHILDREN

Operettas—By the Light Opera of Manhattan—"The Yeomen of the Guard," Saturday and Sunday, May 11-12, at 4. . . . ¶ "The Gondoliers," Saturday, May 18, at 4. (Jan Hus Playhouse, 351 E. 74th St. 535-6310.)

Play—The Meri Mini Players presenting "Alliwishes I. Tickle." (Hotel Manhattan Towers, downstairs, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. Saturdays at 2:30. For tickets, call 260-4863.)

Hayden Planetarium, Central Park W. at 81st St. (873-1300)—The new show is called "Jupiter Journey." (Mondays through Fridays at 2 and 3:30; Saturdays at 11, 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5; and Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5. Children under five not admitted.)

ET ALIA

(The New York Parks Department number to call for information about all free entertainment in the city is 472-1003.)

United Nations—Visitors are admitted to sessions of the Economic and Social Council, periodic meetings of the Security Council, and regular sessions of other commissions and committees. A limited *number of tickets* are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.). . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every fifteen minutes or so from 9 to 4:45 daily.

Discussions—Carol Channing and Leonard Harris discussing Miss Channing's work in the theatre. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Sunday, May 12, at 8.)

Flower Show—The May Garden Show will be presented by the Horticultural Society of New York (128 W. 58th St.) on Wednesday, May 15, from noon to 8.

Flea Market—The New York Flea Market, at Sixth Ave. and 25th St., is open every Sunday, weather permitting, from noon to 7.

Auctions—At the Sotheby Parke Bernet, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Wednesday and Thursday, May 8-9, at 10:15: Chinese Export porcelains, Wedgwood and other English pottery, and English and American glass; from various owners. . . . ¶ Wednesday and Thursday, May 8-9, at 2: Frakturs, embroidered pictures, and Theorem paintings; from the collection of Bernice Chrysler and Edgar William Garbisch. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, May 10-11, at 10:15 and 2: Americana prints, American miniatures and folk paintings, and folk art and other American furniture and decorations; from several collectors. . . . ¶ Tuesday, May 14, at 2: Old Master and nineteenth- and twentieth-century prints, from the collection of George W. Vanderbilt and from other sources. Exhibition starts Thursday, May 9. . . . ¶ Thursday, May 16, at 2; Friday, May 17, at 10:15 and 2; and Saturday, May 18, at 10:15: Russian works of art, from a number of owners. Exhibition starts Saturday, May 11.

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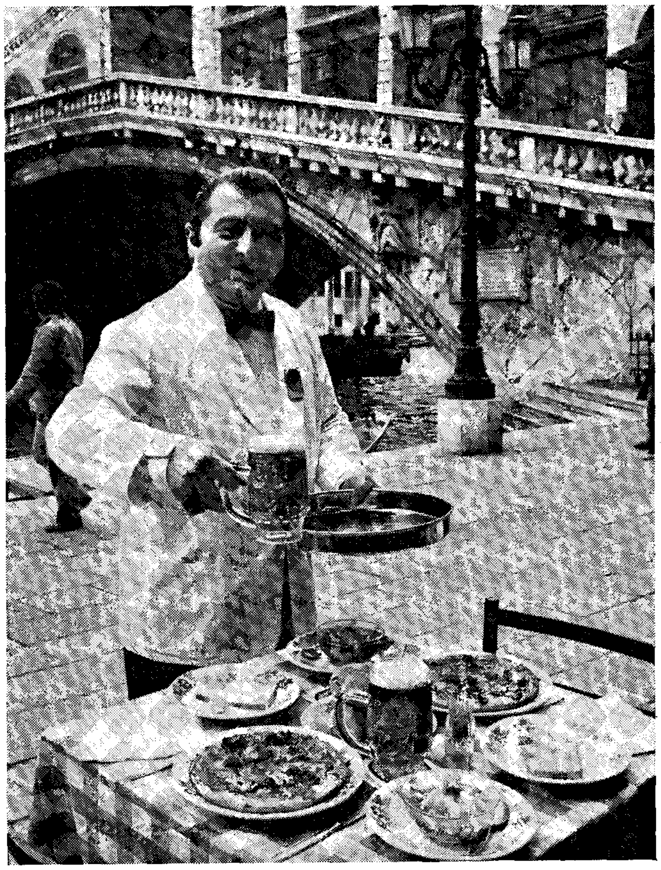
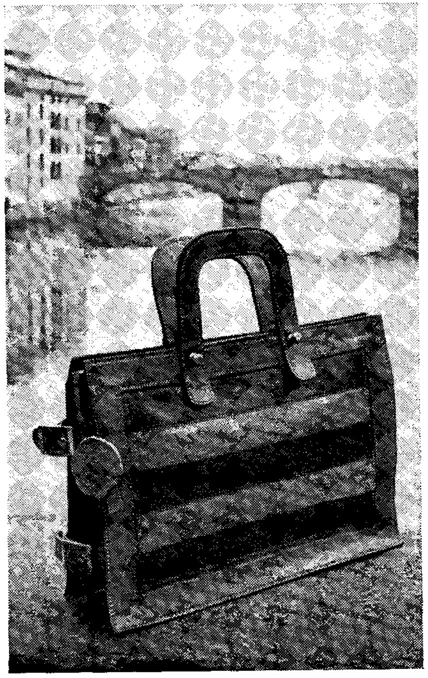


Hand-made Florentine leather carrying bag. $60.



Sip an *aperitivo* to live music in St. Mark's Square. 90¢.

Double, breakfast and dinner, Villa Villoresi, Florence. $19 a person.

With the dollar now buying so much in Italy, we could literally fill this magazine with values like the ones shown here.

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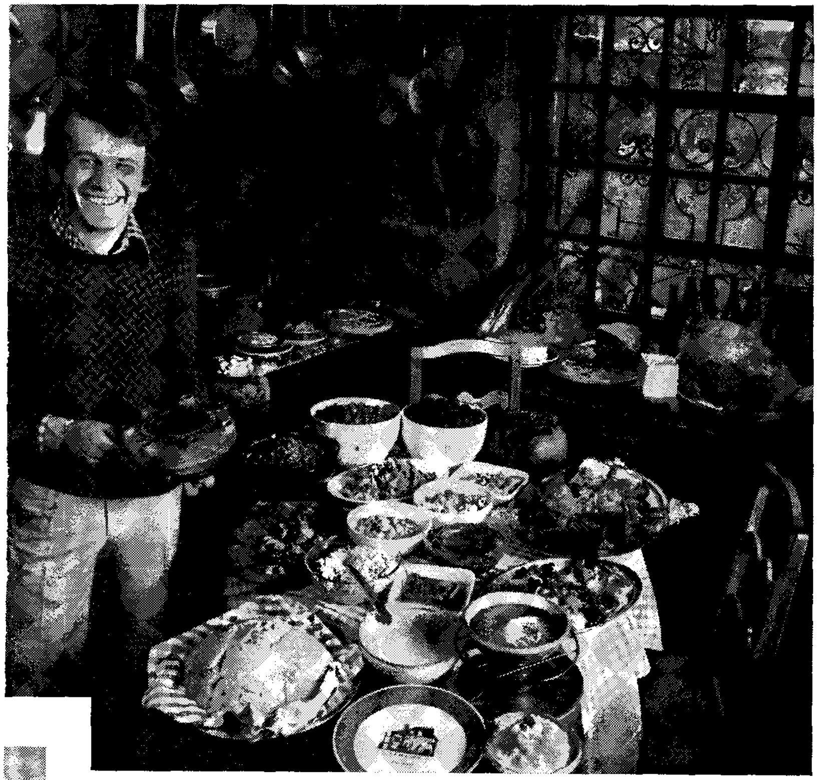
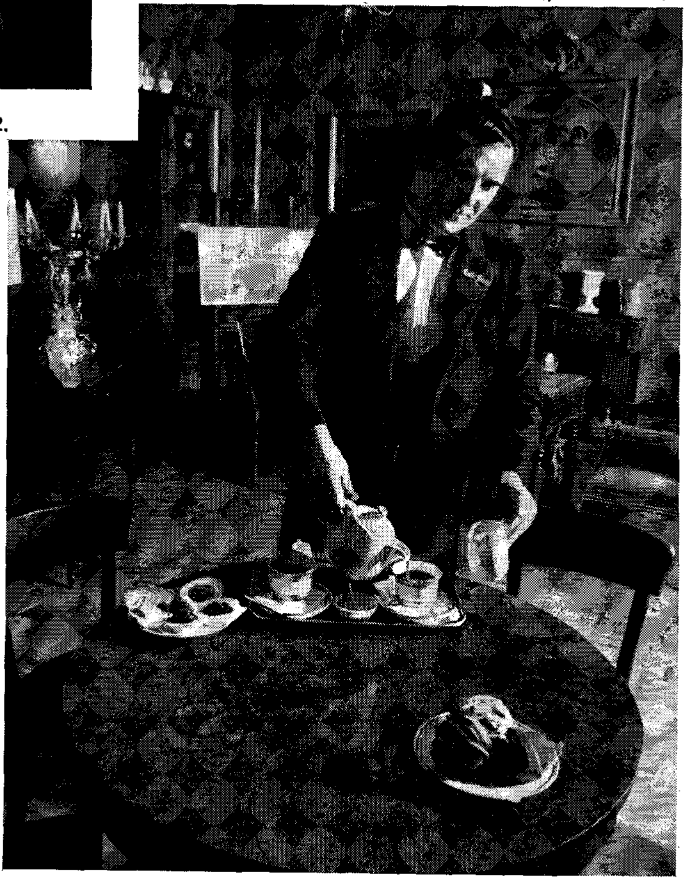
A 60-dish feast at Maison de Filippo, Courmayeur, $6.00.



See Venice by Vaporetto. 16¢.

3-room suite, Hotel Columbus, Rome. Frescoes by Pinturicchio. $22.

Coffee and pastry, Caffè Greco, Rome. 30¢ (plus service).



*Prices based on exchange rates as of April 1, 1974.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES

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THE FILMS PLAYING THE REGULAR MOVIE HOUSES ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN THE *SECTION BELOW*

EAST SIDE

ART, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through May 14: "The Three Musketeers."
From May 15: "Badlands."

THEATRE 80 ST. MARKS, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)
Through May 11: "Becky Sharp" and "Pride and Prejudice."
May 12-14: "Broadway to Hollywood" and "Hollywood Party."
From May 15: "Show Boat" and "Cimarron."

ST. MARKS CINEMA, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (475-5510)
Through May 14: "Magnum Force" and "Blume in Love."
From May 15: "Serpico."

CINEMA VILLAGE, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
"Rainbow Bridge."

GRAMERCY, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through May 14: "Blazing Saddles."
From May 15: "Serpico" and "Play It Again, Sam."

MURRAY HILL, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"The Sting."

34TH ST. EAST, *241 E. 34th. (683-0255)*
Through May 9: "The Spikes Gang."
From May 10: "Diamonds Are Forever" and "You Only Live Twice."

EASTSIDE CINEMA, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
Through May 9: "The Spikes Gang."
From May 10: To be announced.

SUTTON, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"Our Time."

TRANS-LUX EAST, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
Through May 14: "Conrack."
From May 15: "Andy Warhol's Frankenstein."

FINE ARTS, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
"Claudine."

PLAZA, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"The Exorcist."

BARONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"The Lords of Flatbush."

CORONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"The Conversation."

EAST 59TH STREET I, 220 E. 59th. (688-1717)
"Blazing Saddles."

EAST 59TH STREET II, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
"Walking Tall."

CINÉ MALIBU, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"Rainbow Bridge." (On Wednesday, May 8, at 8, the theatre will be turned over to a performance of "Lost in the Stars," in the American Film Theatre subscription series.)

CINEMA I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"The Exorcist."

CINEMA II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
Through May 12: "The Sugarland Express."
From May 13: "Going Places."

FIRST AVENUE SCREENING ROOM, 1st Ave. at 61st. (PL 3-5755)
May 8: A program of three short documentary films.
From May 9: "The Little Theatre of Jean Renoir."

COLUMBIA I, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
"The Three Musketeers."

COLUMBIA II, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-2720)
"The House on Chelouche Street."

BEEKMAN, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
Through May 14: "The Long Goodbye" and "The Big Sleep."
From May 15: "Two Men of Karamoja."

68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
Through May 14: "Lovin' Molly."
From May 15: To be announced.

LOEWS TOWER EAST, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"The Great Gatsby."

72ND STREET EAST, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through May 14: "A Touch of Class."
From May 15: "Don't Look Now."

JULIET I, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
To be announced.

JULIET 2, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
To be announced.

TRANS-LUX 85TH ST., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
"Blazing Saddles."

U. A. EAST, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"The Sting."

LOEWS ORPHEUM, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
"The Great Gatsby."

LOEWS CINÉ, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
"Walking Tall."

86TH ST. EAST, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Through May 14: "The Super Cops."
From May 15: "Black Eye."

R.K.O. 86TH ST. TWIN 1, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
"Thomasine & Bushrod."

R.K.O. 86TH ST. TWIN 2, Lexington at 86th. (289-8932)
"Foxy Brown."

WEST SIDE

WAVERLY, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
"The Sugarland Express."

8TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
"Sleeper" and "Bananas."

5TH AVE. CINEMA, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
Through May 11: "Blume in Love" and "The Last of Sheila."
May 12-14: "The Tall Blond Man with One Black Shoe" and "I Could Never Have Sex with Any Man Who Has So Little Regard for My Husband."
May 15-16: "Visions of Eight" and "Marjoe."

GREENWICH, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Through May 14: "Blazing Saddles."
From May 15: "Thieves Like Us."

QUAD CINEMAS 1, 2, 3, and 4, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Through May 14 at one or another of the theatres: "The Last Detail" and "Images"/"American Graffiti"/"The Big Store" and "At the Circus."... ¶ Through May 11: "The 39 Steps" and "Young and Innocent."... ¶ May 12-14: "Shadow of a Doubt" and "The Birds."
From May 15: To be announced.

ELGIN, 8th Ave. at 19th. (675-0935)
Through May 14: "Freaks" and "Fellini Satyricon."
From May 15: "El Topo" and "200 Motels."

23RD ST. CINEMA, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (255-7050)
"Walking Tall."

GUILD, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
May 8: "Lost in the Stars" (American Film Theatre subscription series).
From May 9: "The Three Musketeers."

MUSIC HALL, 6th Ave. at 50th. (757-3100)
Through May 15: "Mame."
From May 16: "The Black Windmill."

ZIEGFELD, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
Theatre temporarily closed.

FESTIVAL, 6 W. 57th. (581-2323)
"Kazablan."

PLAYBOY, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
"Blazing Saddles."

LITTLE CARNEGIE, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"Love and Anarchy."

CARNEGIE HALL CINEMA, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
May 8 and May 13-15: A program of Czech films, of various lengths, with English subtitles, sometimes accompanied by discussions or lectures. As for the schedule, our best advice is to phone the theatre.
May 9-10: "Frenzy" and "Shadow of a Doubt."
May 11-12: "Slaughterhouse-Five."
From May 16: "Harper" and "The Big Sleep."

PARIS, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"The Exorcist."

PARAMOUNT, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"The Great Gatsby."

CINEMA STUDIO, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Through May 14: "Serpico."
From May 15: To be announced.

REGENCY, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
Through May 9: "Samurai, Parts I and II."
May 10-11: "Samurai, Part III" and "Swords of Doom."
May 12-14: "Pale Flower" and "The Wolves."
From May 15: "Lady Yakuza" and "The Tattooed Swordswoman."

EMBASSY 72ND ST., B'way at 72nd. (SC 4-6745)
"Walking Tall" and "Slither."

BEACON, B'way at 74th. (874-1717)
Through May 14: "Deliverance" and "Steelyard Blues."
From May 15: "Slaughterhouse-Five," "Frenzy," and "Two People."

LOEWS 83RD ST., B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
"Blazing Saddles."

NEW YORKER, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
May 8: "Lost in the Stars" (American Film Theatre subscription series).
May 9-14: "Spellbound" and "The Paradine Case."
From May 15: To be announced.

SYMPHONY, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
"The Sting."

THALIA, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Through May 14: "A Touch of Class" and "The Nightcomers."
From May 15: "War and Peace."

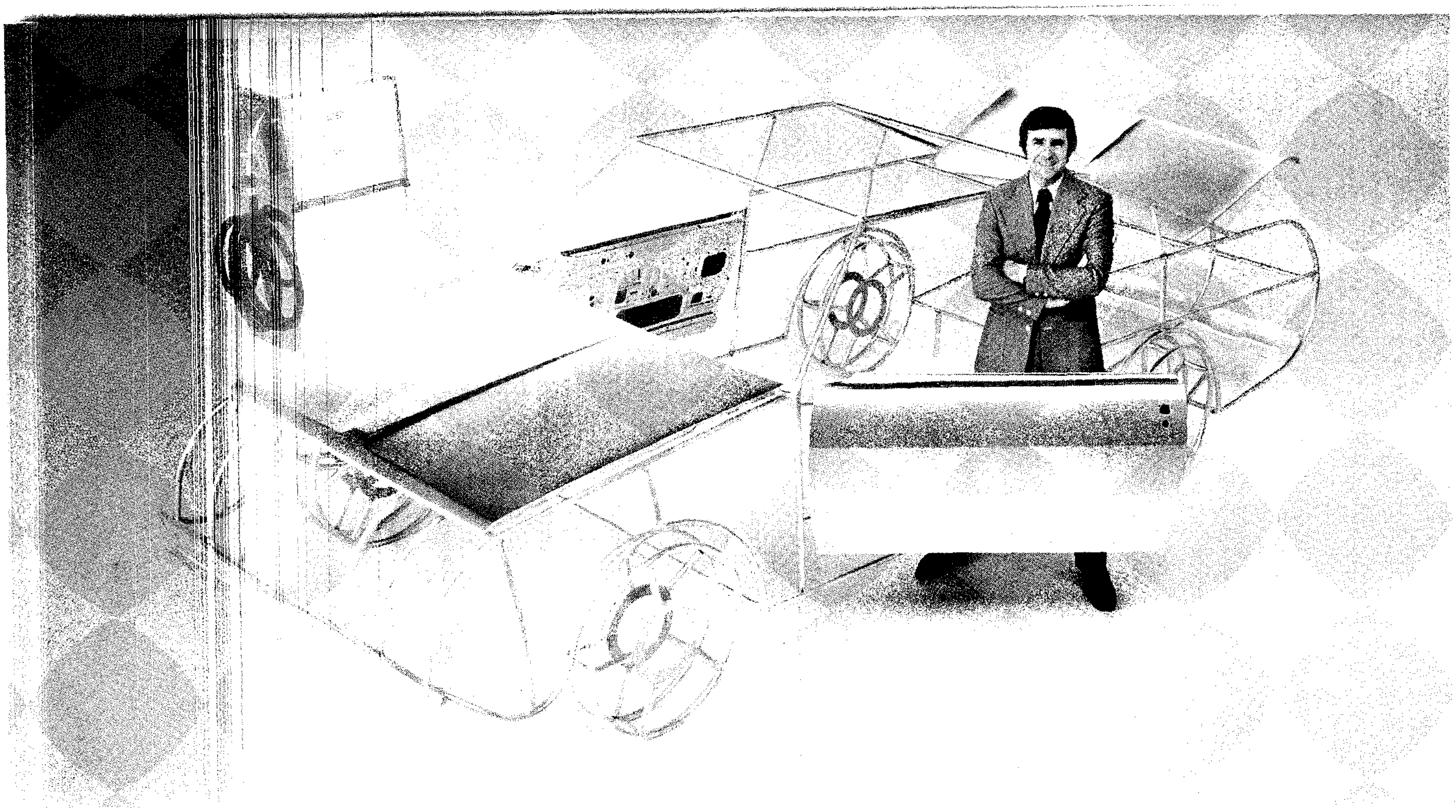
OLYMPIA, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Through May 14: "Serpico" and "Bang the Drum Slowly."
From May 15: "The Last Detail" and "Catch-22."

NOTE—A few *specialist film houses:* **BLEECKER ST. CINEMA,** 144 Bleecker St. (674-3210): Movie musicals mostly, and only on weekends. Friday through Sunday, May 10-12: "A Star Is Born" (1954; Judy Garland and James Mason).... **FILM FORUM,** 256 W. 88th. (362-0503): Films made by independent *cinéastes.* At 8, Thursdays through Sundays.... **PAGODA,** 11 East Broadway. (964-1825): Chinese films, with English subtitles. Daily.

FILM LIBRARIES

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—May 8 at 5:30: "Thanks for Everything" (1938), directed by William Seiter, with Adolphe Menjou and Jack Oakie.... ¶ May 9 at 5:30: "The Yellow Ticket" (1931), directed by Raoul Walsh, with Elissa Landi, Lionel Barrymore, and Laurence Olivier.... ¶ May 9 at 8: "Wild Girl" (1932), directed by Raoul Walsh, with Charles Farrell and Joan Bennett.... ¶ May 10 at 2: "In Old Arizona" (1929), directed by Raoul Walsh, with Warner Baxter and Dorothy Burgess.... ¶ May 10 at 5:30 and *May 11 at noon: A program of early British* films and Edison films by Edwin S. Porter.... ¶ May 11 at 3: "The Yellow Ticket" (1931).... ¶ May 11 at 5:30: "The Man Who Came Back" (1931), directed by Raoul Walsh, with Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell.... ¶ May 12 at 12:30 and 3: "Road to Bali" (1952), directed by Hal Walker, with Bing Crosby and Bob Hope.... ¶ May 12 at 5:30: "Wild Girl" (1932).... ¶ May 13 at 2: "The Big Trail" (1930), directed by Raoul Walsh, with John Wayne and El Brendel.... ¶ May 13 at 5:30: "Me and My Gal" (1932), directed by Raoul Walsh, with Spencer Tracy and Joan Bennett.... ¶ May 14 at 2: "That Lady in Ermine" (1948), directed by Ernst Lubitsch and Otto Preminger, with Betty Grable and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.... ¶ May 14 at 5:30: "Some Call It Loving" (1973), directed by James B. Harris, with Zalman King and Carol White.... ¶ May 15 at 5:30: "That Lady in Ermine" (1948).... ¶ May 16 at 5:30: "Sailor's Luck" (1933), directed by Raoul Walsh, with James Dunn and Sally Eilers.... ¶ May 16 at 8: "The Bowery" (1933), directed by Raoul Walsh, with Wallace Beery and George Raft. (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon. Reservations for the showings at 8 will not be accepted before 5:30. Wednesdays, admission on a first-come, first-served basis.)

NEW YORK CULTURAL CENTER, 2 Columbus Circle. (LT 1-2311)—May 8 at 4 and 6: "Island of Lost Souls" (1933), directed by Erle C. Kenton, with Charles Laughton.... ¶ May 9 at 3 and 6: "Advise and Consent" (1962), directed by Otto Preminger, with Henry Fonda and Charles Laughton.... ¶ May 10 at 5 and 7:30: "Ben Hur" (1926), directed by Fred Niblo, with Ramon Novarro and Claire McDowell.... ¶ May 11-12 at 4 and 6: "The Barretts of Wimpole Street" (1934),



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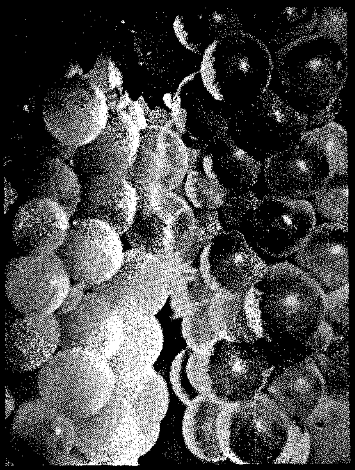

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directed by Sidney Franklin, with Norma Shearer, Fredric March, and Charles Laughton. . . . ¶ May 15 at 4 and 6: "The Devil and the Deep" (1932), directed by Marion Gering, with Tallulah Bankhead and Charles Laughton. . . . ¶ May 16 at 4 and 6: "Sidewalks of London" (1938), directed by Tim Whelan, with Charles Laughton and Vivien Leigh. (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the center after 11 on the day of the showing.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Starting May 9: "Erotic Cinema," a program of seven short films. Showings at noon (except Thursdays), 1:30, 3, and 4:30 (plus 6, 7:40, and 9:20 on Tuesday evenings). Call desk (861-5322) for ticket information.

FILM SOCIETY OF LINCOLN CENTER—The first programs in a thirteen-day festival of Japanese films, with English subtitles. Tuesdays through Fridays at 6 and 8:30, starting Tuesday, May 14. (Japan House, 333 E. 47th St. For information about individual programs and tickets, call 765-5100, Ext. 311.)

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
THE DATE OF REVIEW IN THESE PAGES IS GIVEN FOR FILMS LESS THAN TWO YEARS OLD.

AMERICAN GRAFFITI—The second feature film by the young George Lucas, about the teen-age world of 1962 in small-town northern California. We again inhabit the post-McCarthy, pre-Vietnam-protest land of drive-ins, old cars dangerously raced, Elvis haircuts, ritual necking. We live through a long night and dawn with the kids, but the next day comes up, and decisions have to be made about taking planes East to college and hiding homesickness. Flashy photography, perhaps more film knowledge than the film can use, but worth seeing. (Reviewed in these pages 8/13/73.) (Quad Cinema; through May 14.)

ANDY WARHOL'S FRANKENSTEIN—With Joe Dallesandro, directed by Paul Morrissey. (Trans-Lux East; starting May 15.)

AT THE CIRCUS (1939)—The Marx Brothers. They do get to shoot Margaret Dumont out of a cannon, but it's all fairly ponderous. (Quad Cinema; through May 14.)

BADLANDS—Probably we've all seen those convicted killers in prison documentaries on TV who sound uninvolved and mechanical when they talk about their crimes; Terence Malick's début picture extends that uninvolvement to the whole culture. Set at the end of the fifties, it's about an emotionless young killer (Martin Sheen) and his fifteen-year-old girl friend (Sissy Spacek), whose killing spree starts in South Dakota. The young lovers are psychologically aberrant and yet just like everybody else; their moral vacuum is spreading over the flat, dead landscape. Malick appears to be saying that mass-culture banality is killing our souls and making everybody affectless, but his detached tone puts the viewer in the ugly position of feeling culturally superior to the people on the screen. An intellectualized movie—shrewd and artful, carefully styled to sustain its low-key view of dissociation. It's like a brilliant student's Ph.D. thesis; the picture is so preconceived that there's nothing left to respond to. (3/18/74) (Art; starting May 15.)

BANANAS (1971)—Woody Allen directed, wrote (with Mickey Rose), and stars in this agreeable mess, which is slightly about revolution in a banana republic. The first half is often very, very funny. (8th St. Playhouse.)

BANG THE DRUM SLOWLY—A fictional story, with very good, offhand dialogue by Mark Harris (based on his own novel), about an ace pitcher locked in alliance to a dumb catcher, dying of Hodgkin's disease, whom he once hated for slow-wittedness. Directed by John Hancock, with Michael Moriarty as the pitcher, and Robert De Niro as the doomed catcher. (9/10/73) (Olympia; through May 14.)

BECKY SHARP (1935)—More famous for its color design and its experimental use of Technicolor than for its dramatic qualities. Rouben Mamoulian directed this only intermittently compelling version of "Vanity Fair." Miriam Hopkins is the naughty witch herself, and the cast includes Frances Dee, Cedric Hardwicke, Alison Skipworth, Nigel Bruce, and Billie Burke. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; through May 11.)

THE BIG SLEEP (1946)—Humphrey Bogart is Raymond Chandler's private eye in a fast, tense, amusingly lurid thriller peopled with sophisticated monsters who talk in innuendos. Lauren Bacall and Martha Vickers are a baffling pair of rich, spoiled sisters; the latter sucks her thumb. It hardly matters that the plot gets so complicated that William Faulkner and the other writers of the screenplay had to appeal to Chandler for guidance, and that he couldn't exactly figure it out either. Howard Hawks directed, smashingly. (Beekman; through May 14. . . . ¶ Carnegie Hall Cinema; starting May 16.)

THE BIG STORE (1941)—The Marx Brothers taking over a department store. But they never quite take over the movie, which is far from inspired, though it does have Margaret Dumont and that great slimy villain Douglass Dumbrille. (Quad Cinema; through May 14.)

THE BIRDS (1963)—Some of the special effects are amusing, and a few are perverse and frightening, but the effects take over in this Hitchcock scare picture, and he fails to make the plot situations convincing. The script (by Evan Hunter) is weak, and the acting is so awkward that often one doesn't know how to take the characters. With Rod Taylor, Tippi Hedren, Suzanne Pleshette, and Jessica Tandy. (Quad Cinema; May 12-14.)

BLACK EYE—With Fred Williamson, directed by Jack Arnold. (86th St. East; starting May 15.)

THE BLACK WINDMILL—With Michael Caine and Donald Pleasence, directed by Don Siegel. (Music Hall; starting May 16.)

BLAZING SADDLES—Mel Brooks's comedy of chaos, with a surfeit of chaos and a scarcity of comedy. The story is about a modern black hipster (Cleavon Little) who becomes sheriff in a Western town in the eighteen-sixties; Gene Wilder and Madeline Kahn manage to redeem as much as they can from the film, but most of the cast (including Brooks himself) mug and smirk and shout insults at each other. Brooks's celebrated spontaneous wit isn't in evidence: the old gags here never were very funny; rehashed, they just seem desperate. (2/18/74) (East 59th Street I, Trans-Lux 85th St., Playboy, and Loews 83rd St. . . . ¶ Gramercy, and Greenwich; through May 14.)

BLUME IN LOVE—Susan Anspach, looking frail and beautiful, as the divorced wife of a lawyer played by George Segal in a clodhopping story of unkillable love. The film is set mostly in Los Angeles, with tourist-dream sorties to Venice, where a cure-everything baby is had, apparently in the Doges' Palace. Some dénouement. Written and directed by Paul Mazursky, of "Bob & Carol & Ted & Alice," which was a comedy with a lot more slyness and verve. (6/23/73) (5th Ave. Cinema; through May 11. . . . ¶ St. Marks Cinema; through May 14.)

BROADWAY TO HOLLYWOOD (1933)—Three generations of a theatrical family, headed by Alice Brady and Frank Morgan; there are song-and-dance interludes, but mostly it's about the domestic loyalties of stupefyingly dull people. With Jimmy Durante, Mickey Rooney, Madge Evans, Jackie Cooper, May Robson, Una Merkel, and—in his screen début—Nelson Eddy. Directed by Willard Mack; lacklustre score. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; May 12-14.)

CATCH-22 (1970)—A rational man vs. the Army. Joseph Heller's novel, adapted by Buck Henry, directed by Mike Nichols, and, most important, starring Alan Arkin. (Olympia; starting May 15.)

CIMARRON (1931)—One of Edna Ferber's heartfelt, numbskull treks through the hardships and glories of the American heritage. Swaggering Yancey Cravat (Richard Dix), a gallant braggart afflicted with wanderlust, marries fragile Irene Dunne, and they head out for the Oklahoma land rush. The film covers forty years of their lives—a long, trying saga, especially after Irene Dunne, deserted by her husband, learns to carry on valiantly, editing the local paper in his place and becoming a congresswoman. It would be more fun if the audience could go off to the Cherokee Strip with Richard Dix and forget about the indomitable Irene Dunne. Edna May Oliver and Estelle Taylor enliven some episodes; with George E. Stone, Nance O'Neil, and Roscoe Ates as a stuttering printer. Wes-

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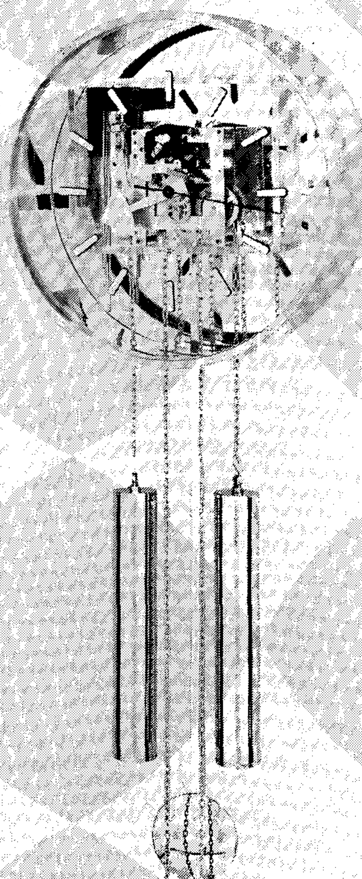

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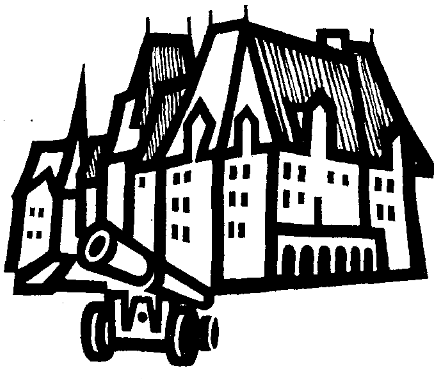

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ley Ruggles directed; the picture was a huge success and was taken very seriously by a great many people. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting May 15.)

Claudine—A Harlem love story that would reflect a sophisticated, knowing exhaustion if it concerned whites, but holds stamina, good humor, and cheek in the face of the nearly impossible, because it is played, and mostly made, by blacks. A mother on welfare (Diahann Carroll) with six children is loved by a garbage man called Roop (James Earl Jones), himself supporting three abandoned children. James Earl Jones plays the character with an endearing mixture of romance, cowardice, and natural sexiness about his beautiful but obstinate catch of a girl. There is a wheeling final scene about the white-rules game of welfare, in which the underprivileged are always the losers unless they use craft and a particularly black sort of risk-taking to the limits of anyone's wits. Made by Third World Cinema people, produced by Hannah Weinstein, directed by John Berry, written by Tina and Lester Pine. (4/29/74) (Fine Arts.)

Conrack—Jon Voight finally gets a chance to loosen up on the screen, and in a true starring role. He plays a ribald, freewheeling teacher who tries to wake up a bunch of whipped black kids and wakes up the school authorities, who fire him. Based on "The Water Is Wide," by Pat Conroy, a young Southerner's account of what he went through in his year of teaching on an island off the South Carolina coast, the picture takes its mood from Voight's roller-coaster performance. It has the airy feeling of the teacher's improvising nature, of his impatience and his bursting through restraints. Martin Ritt directed, in a more comic vein than in "Sounder," but with some of the same talent for bringing out black performers. Madge Sinclair plays a black principal who is obstinately strong and more than a match for the hero. The picture is a lively, touching fable about an unrepressed man fighting a slowly dying system of repression; it has a bounding spirit. (3/11/74) (Trans-Lux East; through May 14.)

The Conversation—Written and directed by Francis Ford Coppola. The freezing case history of a wiretapping-and-bugging expert, wonderfully played by Gene Hackman as a man with a dropped jaw and an uptight soul, riddled with Catholic guilt and depleted by continual secrecy and self-deception. The expert is a hermetic character who protects his threadbare sanity by allowing himself no sense of consequence. A terrifying picture of a ransacked spirit. (4/15/74) (Coronet.)

Deliverance (1972)—A man's man of a film—written by James Dickey from his own best-selling novel, and directed by John Boorman—about four early-middle-aged men who go canoeing in Georgia in search of the vanishing countryside and of their own lost athleticism. In a crass way, the film embalms every male myth that ever weighted an analyst's couch. Jon Voight, Burt Reynolds, Ned Beatty, Ronny Cox play in the movie, which is beautifully photographed in almost monochromatic color. (8/5/72) (Beacon; through May 14.)

Diamonds Are Forever (1971)—Tired Bond picture that is often noisy when it means to be exciting. It lacks elegance and visual opulence, but it's got Sean Connery. His Bond is less lecherous now and less foppish—and he's better this way: Bond the mock hero has become the one stable, unalienated fantasy hero of modern movies. (34th St. East; starting May 10.)

Don't Look Now—A Daphne du Maurier story of the occult, treated in the intricate manner of Borges. Julie Christie and Donald Sutherland work together wonderfully as parents whose drowned daughter may or may not be sending them messages. The meanings are on a simple Hitchcock level, but it's the fanciest, most carefully assembled enigma yet put on the screen. Nicholas Roeg is a chillingly chic director; the picture represents the new high-fashion gothic sensibility. (12/24/73) (72nd Street East; starting May 15.)

The Exorcist—The demonic possession of a child, treated with shallow seriousness. The picture is designed to scare people, and it does so by mechanical means: levitations, swivelling heads, vomit being spewed in priests' faces. A viewer can become glumly anesthetized by the brackish color and the senseless ugliness of the conception; neither the producer-writer, William Peter Blatty, nor the director, William Friedkin, shows any feeling for the little girl's helplessness and suffering, or for her mother's. It is religious people who should be most offended by this movie. It would be sheer insanity to take children. (1/7/74) (Plaza, Cinema I, and Paris.)

Fellini Satyricon (1970)—Fellini's big pagan ball. Cautionary images of depravity and apocalypse that seem to come out of the imagination of a Catholic schoolboy—leering cripples, fat people with hideous grins, and so on. Monotonous. In Italian. (Elgin; through May 14.)

Foxy Brown—With Pam Grier and Peter Brown, directed by Jack Hill. (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2.)

Freaks (1932)—The original ads quoted Louella Parsons, who said, "For pure sensationalism 'Freaks' tops any picture yet produced." She wasn't far off, and it's still a shocker. Though this circus story, directed by Tod Browning, is superficially sympathetic to the maimed and the mindless that it features, it uses images of physical deformity for their enormous potential of horror, and at the end, when the pinheads and the armless and legless creatures scurry about to revenge themselves on a normal woman (Olga Baclanova), the film becomes a true nightmare. If this film were a silent it might be harder to shake off, but the naïve, sentimental talk helps us keep our distance. With Leila Hyams and Wallace Ford. (Elgin; through May 14.)

Frenzy (1972)—Hitchcock working in England for the first time since the remake of "The Man Who Knew Too Much." A story about a fruit merchant from Covent Garden and a sacked barman, both suspected of a series of rapes and necktie murders, which are made less gruesome by Hitchcock's belief that there is all the difference in the world between surprise and suspense. This is Hitch in his old form, working with a first-rate cast of British actors virtually unknown outside their own country (including Barry Foster, Jon Finch, Anna Massey, and Barbara Leigh-Hunt). Vivien Merchant is detective Alec McCowen's wife, full of feminine intuition. (6/24/72) (Carnegie Hall Cinema; May 9-10. . . . ¶ Beacon; starting May 15.)

Going Places—With Gerard Depardieu and Miou-Miou, directed by Bertrand Blier. In French. (Cinema II; starting May 13.)

The Great Gatsby—F. Scott Fitzgerald's short masterpiece turned into a slow, stately, two-and-a-half-hour movie, directed by Jack Clayton and photographed by Douglas Slocombe. Overuse of tracking shots, redundant dialogue, and too many Charlestons did the mysterious lengthening trick. Daisy is finely played as a creature of beautiful, aerial selfishness and apparent simplicity by Mia Farrow, with a voice that whispers like a bird on the lawn in the Fitzgerald Long Island summer. Her best performance so far. The first-person narrative is transformed into voice-over comment by the character of the observant Nick (Sam Waterston, a good actor, wonderfully picked by Clayton); but the first-person technique works better in novels than in the movies. The small-part casting is first-rate. So is the sensibility. One mostly misses Scott Fitzgerald's terseness. Bruce Dern as Tom Buchanan is very good, Robert Redford as the pining, mysteriously rich Gatsby is a bit Ivy League. Script by Francis Ford Coppola. (4/1/74) (Loews Tower East, and Loews Orpheum. . . . ¶ Paramount. Sundays through Thursdays at 8, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Reserved performances—not seats—only.)

Harper (1966)—Paul Newman in a bungled attempt to recapture the Bogart private-eye world of "The Big Sleep." Shelley Winters gives the picture artificial respiration for a few minutes, but it soon relapses. The big-name cast includes Julie Harris, Lauren Bacall, Janet Leigh, and Arthur Hill. Jack Smight directed; William Goldman adapted it from Ross Macdonald's "The Moving Target." Despite the film's ignominious lack of sophistication and style, it was a box-office hit. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; starting May 16.)

Hollywood Party (1934)—Planked down right in the middle of this M-G-M musical revue is, of all things, a Disney cartoon about some chocolate soldiers who melt in the sun; the cartoon is introduced by Mickey Mouse, an uninvited guest at the Hollywood Party. Who were the hosts? The picture doesn't carry producer or director credits; the entire extravaganza is hit-or-miss casual, as if the brass at M-G-M didn't want to admit having committed themselves to make the picture, and the big M-G-M stars never show up. Instead, there is Jimmy Durante in a Tarzan takeoff and singing a song about reincarnation, Polly Moran as an oil tycoon's wife. Charles Butterworth and Ted Healey, and Lupe Velez joins Laurel and Hardy in an egg-breaking routine. Some fairly funny moments, and a pleasant score. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; May 12-14.)

THE HOUSE ON CHELOUCHE STREET—With Gila Almagor, directed by Moshe Mizrahi. In Hebrew. (Columbia II.)

I COULD NEVER HAVE SEX WITH ANY MAN WHO HAS SO LITTLE REGARD FOR MY HUSBAND—Chronicle of a Martha's Vineyard holiday spent by two dozily married couples who think of wife swapping but don't do it. Humorous rather than funny. Written by Dan Greenburg from his own novel "Chewsday: A Sex Novel." The rain pours, the fog swirls, the cold bites hard, the knife-edge of the dialogue slips off the bone. (7/30/73) (5th Ave. Cinema; May 12-14.)

IMAGES (1972)—A classy schizo (Susannah York) duplicates herself, confuses the living with the dead, and can't tell her husband (René Auberjonois) from her lovers (Marcel Bozzuffi, Hugh Millais). A hollow puzzle movie, and trashy, but it is seductively shot and edited, and has some inventive moments. Written and directed by Robert Altman; made in Ireland. (12/23/72) (Quad Cinema; through May 14.)

KAZABLAN—An Israeli musical, in English, directed by Menahem Golan. (Festival.)

LADY YAKUZA (1972)—With Junko Fuji and Ken Takakura, directed by Kozabura Yoshimura. In Japanese. (Regency; starting May 15.)

THE LAST DETAIL—About three seamen. Dissipated sentimentalist Jack Nicholson and Otis Young are dispatched to take a morose eighteen-year-old (Randy Quaid) from the brig in Norfolk, Virginia, to the naval prison in Portsmouth, New Hampshire. The movie is the record of their dallying, beer-soaked journey and of their self-discoveries en route. It is distinguished by the fine performances of Nicholson and Quaid, and by well-orchestrated profane dialogue, but visually it is relentlessly lower-depths gloomy, and the material, though often very funny, is programmed to wrench your heart. It's about the blasted lives of people who discover their humanity too late. Hal Ashby directed; adapted from Darryl Ponicsan's book by Robert Towne. (2/11/74) (Quad Cinema; through May 14. . . ¶ Olympia; starting May 15.)

THE LAST OF SHEILA—An urbanized show-biz thriller set on a yacht owned by a games-playing maniac played by James Coburn. His guests include Richard Benjamin, Dyan Cannon, James Mason, Joan Hackett, Ian McShane, and Raquel Welch. Written by Stephen Sondheim and Anthony Perkins in a vein of brainy "in" conversation that is probably paradoxically accessible to anyone who has ever switched on a TV talk show. There is a touch of bully-worship about the clever story, as there is about most sophisticates' games-playing. (6/23/73) (5th Ave. Cinema; through May 11.)

THE LITTLE THEATRE OF JEAN RENOIR (1969)—A series of three sketches, each beginning on a magic-looking, red-swagged toy stage. The film was written and made by Renoir himself, with the director looming quizzically over the stage at the beginning of each episode as a sort of compere. The congenial, saddened, majestically revived temperament of the last story, which is about an old husband coping with a young wife and her young lover (a vet-*cum*-handyman), has the nature of Renoir's "Rules of the Game." Jeanne Moreau appears in a brief outburst of Belle Epoque soprano singing. She is cinched into a wasp-waist dress and, with unstoppable and obstreperous romanticism, carols away about the death of love, the high-flown emotions displayed by this unexpected comedian being notably out of style with the words she is singing. In French. (5/6/74) (First Avenue Screening Room; starting May 9.)

THE LONG GOODBYE—Robert Altman kisses off the private-eye form as gracefully as "Beat the Devil" finished off the cycle of the international-intrigue thriller. Less accidental than "Beat the Devil," it's just about as fun-

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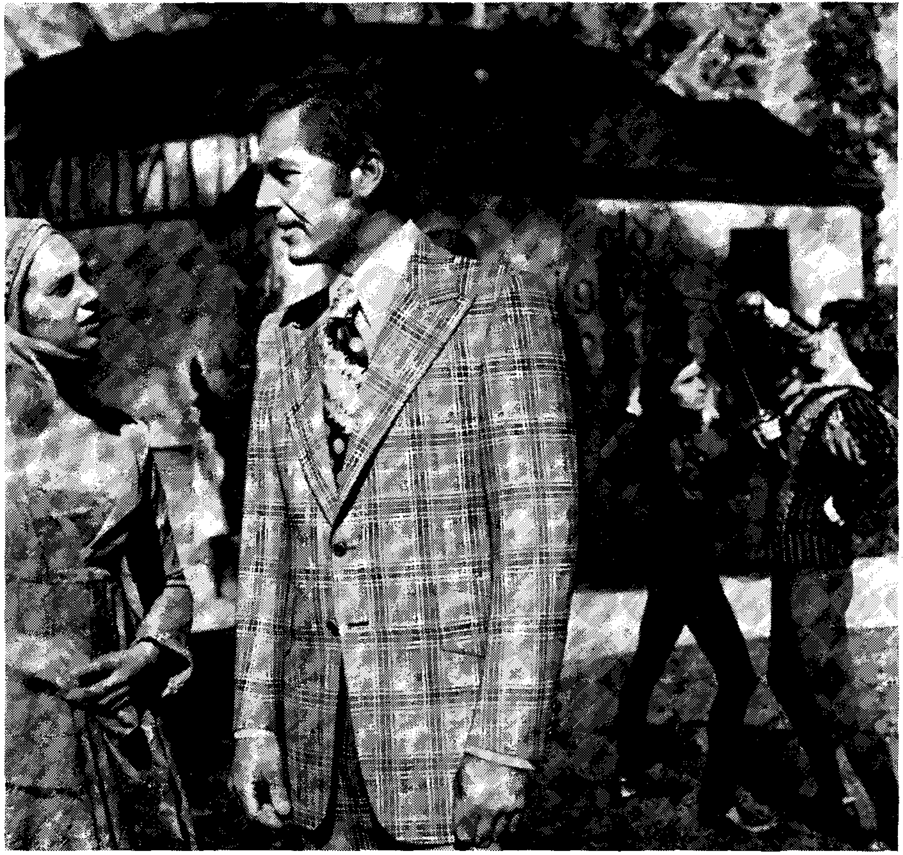

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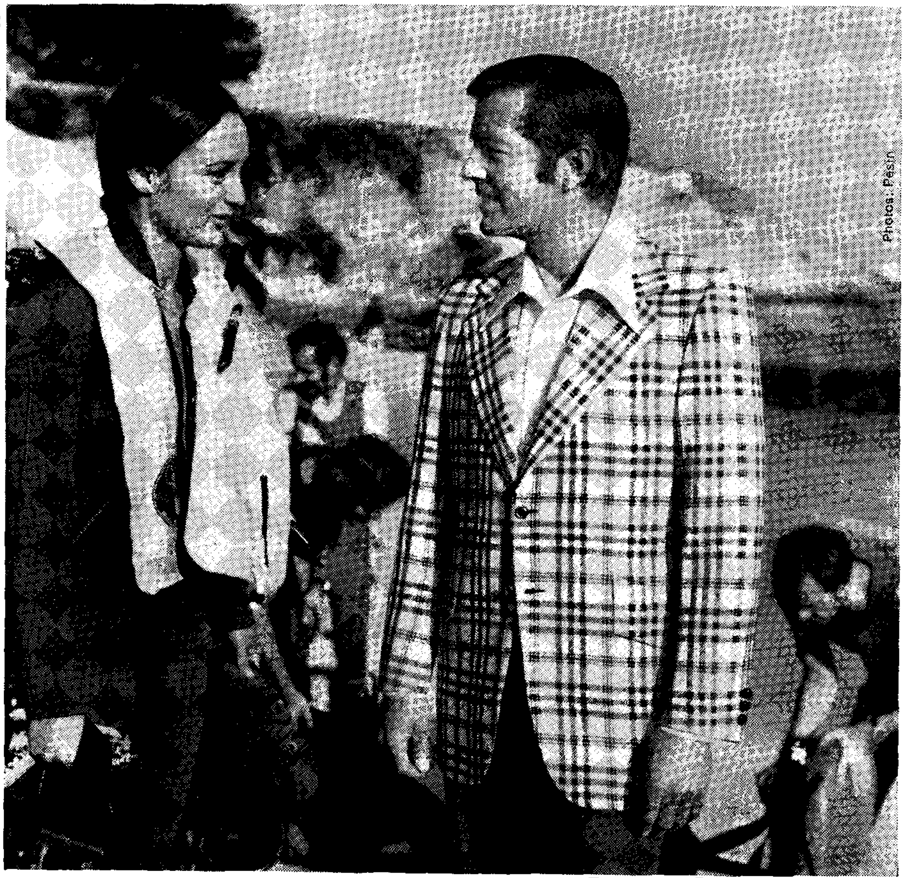


GGG clothes

ny, though quicker-witted and dreamier, in soft, mellow color and volatile images. Based on Raymond Chandler's book, the picture stars Elliott Gould as Marlowe; thinner and lither, he gives his best performance yet, as a wryly forlorn man, still driving a 1948 Lincoln Continental and trying to behave like Bogart. With Nina van Pallandt, Sterling Hayden, and Mark Rydell. (10/22/73) (Beekman; through May 14.)

The Lords of Flatbush—Directed by Stephen F. Verona and Martin Davidson. (Baronet.)

Lost in the Stars—From the musical play by Maxwell Anderson and Kurt Weill, based on Alan Paton's novel "Cry, the Beloved Country." The eighth presentation (and final one for this season) in the American Film Theatre series (primarily subscription). With Brock Peters, Melba Moore, and Raymond St. Jacques, directed by Daniel Mann. The film will be shown on May 8, at 2 and 8, at the Guild and New Yorker; and May 8, at 8 only, at the Ciné Malibu. Some extra tickets may be available at certain theatres; for information call 489-8820.

Love and Anarchy—With Giancarlo Giannini, directed by Lina Wertmuller. In Italian. (Little Carnegie.)

Lovin' Molly—Woman as Earth Mother. Produced and written by Stephen Friedman from a much more coherently motivated novel by Larry McMurtry. Beau Bridges is fine as one of Molly's two lifelong lovers; he ages believably and looks right in the Texas landscape. As Molly, Blythe Danner's hair-aging jobs are a fright. Anthony Perkins, that subtle actor, looks rather elfin and urban when he is struggling with a plow. Simply directed by Sidney Lumet, with flashes here and there of his usual feeling for community, though you wish for more. (4/22/74) (68th St. Playhouse; through May 14.)

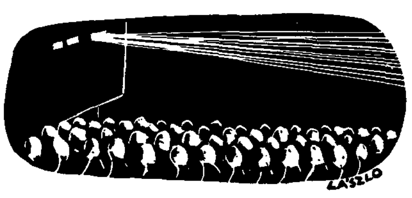
Magnum Force—The bloody, brutal sequel to "Dirty Harry." This time, Clint Eastwood doesn't speak for vigilante justice, and he slaughters those who do. But he's the same emotionless hero, who lives and kills as affectlessly as a psychopathic personality. The setting is San Francisco, but, as in the spaghetti Westerns, Eastwood's gun power makes him the hero of a totally nihilistic dream world. Ted Post's direction is mediocre; the script by John Milius and Michael Cimino is cheaply effective. (1/14/74) (St. Marks Cinema; through May 14.)

Mame—A slapstick musical so terrible it isn't boring; you can get fixated staring at it and wondering what exactly Lucille Ball thought she was doing. At the end, there's a reprise of the various scenes the viewer has just witnessed of the star hugging people; this may be the first hug collage in movie history and—if God is good—the last. Gene Saks directed; Onna White choreographed. (3/11/74) (Music Hall; through May 15.)

Marjoe (1972)—An interesting *cinéma-vérité* film, by Howard Smith and Sarah Kernochan, about a kid brought up from the age of three to be a revivalist preacher though his heart is really in rock singing. The film takes some surprising turns, and it works sometimes, with an amiable outspokenness and humor. (8/5/72) (5th Ave. Cinema; May 15-16.)

The Nightcomers (1972)—Ingenious but literal-minded prelude to Henry James' "The Turn of the Screw," showing how Peter Quint (Marlon Brando) and Miss Jessel (Stephanie Beacham) corrupted the children. Quite well done—both Brando and Miss Beacham are very fine—yet pointless, since it is effective neither as a horror story nor as a psychological study. It leaves the viewer cold. Michael Winner directed, from a script by Michael Hastings. (Thalia; through May 14.)

Our Time—From an overprotected script by Jane C. Stanton, aged twenty-six, about a swanky girls' boarding school full of incredibly euphemistic and ignorant seventeen-year-olds who whisper about sex as though it were some kind of strictly forbidden Sanskrit. License ends in disaster, and so this story of 1955, which was certainly meant to be a piece of lyrical/tragical propaganda for legal abortion, finishes up meaning hellfire for those who, in the film's words, "go all the way." Directed by Peter Hyams, with a beauty named Pamela Sue Martin as Abby, born lucky, and Betsy Slade as Muffy, a plain Jane whose plastic barrettes define something about her hopelessness about herself. (Sutton.)



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Pale Flower (1965)—With Ryo Ikebe, directed by Masahiro Shindo. In Japanese. (Regency; May 12-14.)

The Paradine Case (1948)—There are few thrills in this big misconceived courtroom thriller, directed by Hitchcock and ornately produced by David O. Selznick. Alida Valli, at the center, is surrounded by Gregory Peck, Charles Laughton, Ann Todd, Ethel Barrymore, Louis Jourdan, Charles Coburn, and Leo G. Carroll, who are mostly miserably miscast. The characters and their problems don't make much imprint on a viewer; if you can't remember whether you've seen the picture or not, chances are that you did and forgot it. (New Yorker; May 9-14.)

Play It Again, Sam (1972)—Woody Allen incarnating the spirit of Neurotic Love in a funny picture made from his own Broadway hit. Allen plays a Bogart nut, and most of the film is about hapless girl-chasing. Herbert Ross directs in a style of suitable loose-limbed laconicism. (5/13/72) (Gramercy; starting May 15.)

Pride and Prejudice (1940)—This literate movie is a faithful transcription of Jane Austen's sparkling comedy of manners, adapted by Aldous Huxley and Jane Murfin. But when Jane Austen's characters are brought to life, everything is changed. Animated and bouncing, the movie is more Dickens than Austen; once one adjusts to this, it's a happy and carefree viewing experience. The movie belongs to Laurence Olivier, who plays Darcy, and to that great old dragon Edna May Oliver, as Lady Catherine. Greer Garson is Elizabeth Bennet, and she is not as disgustingly phony as she became later. She's effective and has nice diction, though she's arch and incapable of subtlety, and a viewer can get weary watching that eyebrow that goes up like the gold curtain at the old Met. The cast includes Mary Boland, Edmund Gwenn, Melville Cooper, and a batch of girls in overstarched dresses (Marsha Hunt, Maureen O'Sullivan, Karen Morley, Ann Rutherford, Heather Angel), and villainous Frieda Inescort, of the slurpy voice. Directed by Robert Z. Leonard. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; through May 11.)

Rainbow Bridge—Directed by Chuck Wein. (Cinema Village. . . . ¶ Ciné Malibu. No evening performance on Wednesday, May 8, at 8.)

The Samurai Trilogy—With Toshiro Mifune, directed by Hiroshi Inagaki. In Japanese. Part I: "The Legend of Musashi" (1954) and Part II: "Duel at Ichijoji Temple" (1956), through May 9. . . . Part III: "Musashi and Kojiro" (1956), May 10-11. (Regency.)

Serpico—Al Pacino as Frank Serpico, the New York City policeman whose incorruptibility alienated him from his fellow-officers and turned him into a messianic hippie freak. The theme is richly comic, and the film is great fun, but it sacrifices Serpico's story—one of the rare hopeful stories of our time—for a cynical, downbeat finish. Norman Wexler (who wrote "Joe") is responsible for most of the rude, hip humor; Sidney Lumet directed, sloppily but effectively. (12/17/73) (Cinema Studio, and Olympia; through May 14. . . . ¶ St. Marks Cinema, and Gramercy; starting May 15.)

Shadow of a Doubt (1942)—The setting is quiet, clean, sleepy Santa Rosa, California; it is invaded by a psychopathic killer (Joseph Cotten), who comes to visit his unsuspecting and adoring relatives. Alfred Hitchcock considers this fine thriller (from a script principally by Thornton Wilder) to be his best American film, and he may be right. With Patricia Collinge, Teresa Wright, Hume Cronyn, Henry Travers. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; May 9-10. . . . ¶ Quad Cinema; May 12-14.)

Show Boat (1936)—Despite (or is it perhaps because of?) the Edna Ferber plot, with its heartbreaks and coincidences, this classic musical melodrama with the Jerome Kern songs is hard to resist in any of its many versions. This one from Universal (which is far superior to the 1951 M-G-M version) features Irene Dunne and Allan Jones, but its greatest attractions are Paul Robeson as Joe and the marvellous Julie of Helen Morgan. James Whale directed, and the cast includes Charles Winninger, Helen Westley, Hattie McDaniel, and Donald Cook. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting May 15.)

Slaughterhouse-Five (1972)—George Roy Hill's film of the Kurt Vonnegut, Jr., college classic, with Michael Sacks as the boy assistant chaplain in Dresden in the Second World War. Filmed mostly in Prague (there being no Dresden left), and photographed by Miroslav Ondříček, the wonderful Czech photographer who has worked with Miloš Forman, Ivan Passer, and Lindsay Anderson. The flattened despair of the film sometimes seems a show-off form of cool, but the picture is beautifully cast and acted. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; May 11-12. . . . ¶ Beacon; starting May 15.)

Sleeper—A modern slapstick-comedy classic, directed by and starring Woody Allen. Set two hundred years in the future, it's the most stable and sustained of his films, with a clean visual style and an elegant design. It's a very even work, with no thudding bad lines and no low stretches, but it doesn't have the loose, manic highs of some of his other films. You laugh all the way through and come out smiling and perfectly happy, but you're not driven crazy—not really turned on the way his messier movies can turn you on. With Diane Keaton. (12/31/73) (8th St. Playhouse.)

Slither (1973)—The first feature by the advertising ace Howard Zieff is a suspense comedy with a prickly, fleahopping humor—a sort of fractured hipsterism. As the thick-witted hero looking for the fortune promised him by an embezzler, James Caan demonstrates some of the best double takes in modern movies. The plot is tired, and the picture never delivers on its promise, but the gags are sneaky and offbeat, and the cast is full of crazies. With Peter Boyle, Louise Lasser, Allen Garfield, Richard B. Shull, and Sally Kellerman, as a speed freak. From an original script by W. D. Richter. (3/10/73) (Embassy 72nd St.)

Spellbound (1945)—The idea is intriguing: a murder mystery set among a group of psychoanalysts, with a solution to be arrived at by clues found in a dream. It was carried out in 1945 by one of the most highly publicized collaborations of all time: Alfred Hitchcock and Salvador Dali, with Ben Hecht writing the script. Ingrid Bergman is the analyst, Gregory Peck her amnesiac patient—the murder suspect. With all the obvious ingredients for success, "Spellbound" is a disaster. It was fitting that the actress who was once described as a "fine, strong, cow-country maiden" should be cast as a good, solid analyst, dispensing cures with the wholesome simplicity of a mother adding wheat germ to the family diet, but Bergman's apple-cheeked sincerity has rarely been so out of place as in this confection whipped up by jaded chefs. With Michael Chekhov, John Emery, Leo G. Carroll. Academy Award for Best Original Score (!), by Miklos Rozsa. (New Yorker; May 9-14.)

The Spikes Gang—With Lee Marvin and Gary Grimes, directed by Richard Fleischer. (34th St. East, and Eastside Cinema; through May 9.)

Steelyard Blues (1973)—Blithe exuberance turned into cant. Donald Sutherland, Jane Fonda, and Peter Boyle are among the band of friendly outlaws who are persecuted by the stupid, vindictive straights, and who fly away to a better world. With Alan Myerson's amateurish direction, the film never gets a rhythm going, and its adolescent anarchism just seems smug. (2/17/73) (Beacon; through May 14.)

The Sting—Paul Newman, Robert Redford, and director George Roy Hill trying to recapture the box-office glow of "Butch Cassidy and

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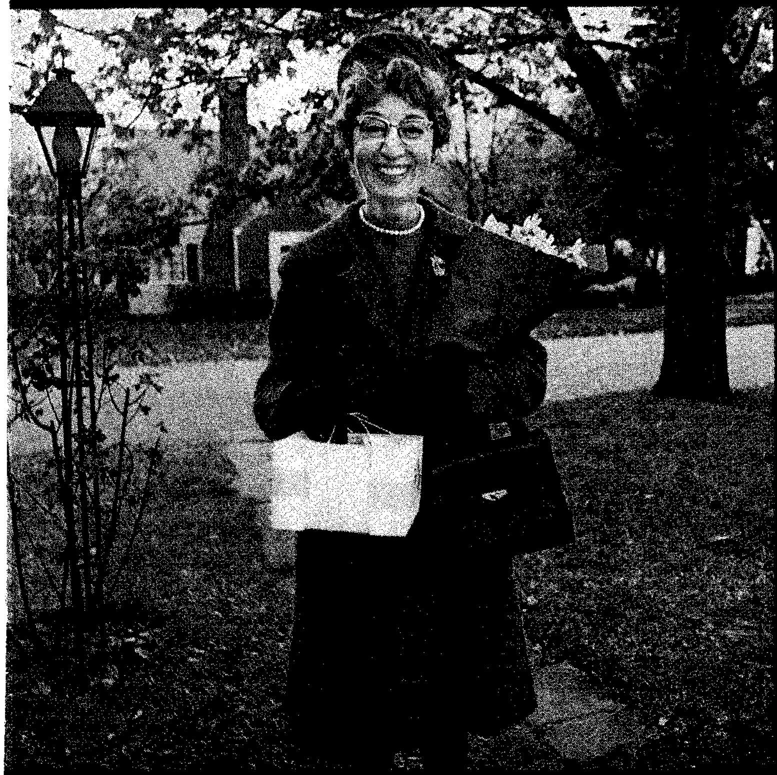
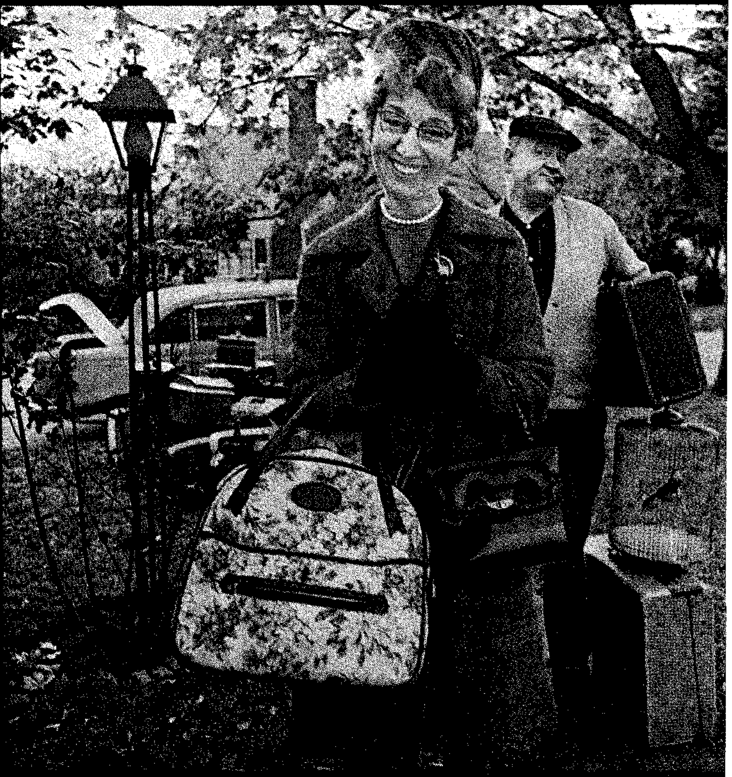


Does she come to visit you like this?



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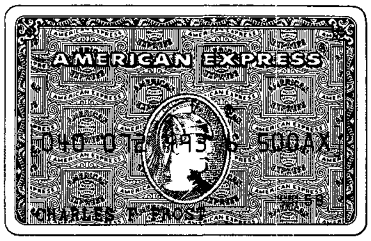

AMERICAN EXPRESS

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the Sundance Kid." This time, the happy twosome are cardsharps and swindlers of the thirties; the mood isn't as coyly lyrical as before—the first blush of their romance has faded. It's a visually claustrophobic, mechanically plotted movie that's meant to be a roguishly charming entertainment, and many people probably consider it just that. With Robert Shaw as the stiff-necked menace. (12/31/73) (Murray Hill, U.A. East, and Symphony.)

THE SUGARLAND EXPRESS—Lou Jean (Goldie Hawn) gets off a bus in Texas, and her bouncy, determined walk spells trouble. She could have a sign engraved on her forehead: "I want it now." Whatever it is, Lou Jean can't wait for it. The film is about the foul-up she causes when she and her husband (William Atherton), who have lost custody of their infant son, try to get him back by taking a highway-patrol officer (Michael Sacks) hostage. The picture is commercial and shallow, yet it has eagerness and flash and talent. The director, Steven Spielberg, is twenty-six and a wizard at action sequences; in terms of the pleasure that technical assurance gives an audience, this film is one of the most phenomenal début films in the history of movies. (3/18/74) (Waverly. . . . ¶ Cinema II; through May 12.)

THE SUPER COPS—With Ron Leibman and David Selby, directed by Gordon Parks. (86th St. East; through May 14.)

SWORDS OF DEATH (1971)—Directed by Tomu Uchida. In Japanese. (Regency; May 10-11.)

THE TALL BLOND MAN WITH ONE BLACK SHOE—French burlesque, inky-shadowed and funny, about an unlistenable-to musician (Pierre Richard) with hectic hair suggesting Colette's. The hero is in the middle of a farce about a mini-rivalry between an intelligence chief and his deputy. Written by Yves Robert and Francis Véber, directed by M. Robert. Recommended for true quixotry. In French. (9/3/73) (5th Ave. Cinema; May 12-14.)

THE TATTOOED SWORDSWOMAN (1972)—With Meiko Kaji, directed by Teyou Ishii. In Japanese. (Regency; starting May 15.)

THIEVES LIKE US—From the first, pearly-green long shot, Robert Altman finds a sureness of tone and never loses it. This story of young lovers in the thirties is the closest to flawless of his films. Made in Mississippi, "Thieves Like Us" is so sensuous and lucid that it is as if William Faulkner and the young Jean Renoir had collaborated. Keith Carradine is the boy who escapes from prison with two bank robbers (John Schuck and Bert Remsen), and Shelley Duvall is the girl he meets. Adapted from a neglected 1937 novel by Edward Anderson, which also served as the basis of the 1948 Nicholas Ray picture "They Live by Night." (2/4/74) (Greenwich; starting May 15.)

THE 39 STEPS (1935)—Hitchcock's suave, amusing spy melodrama, directed with so sure a touch that the suspense is charged with wit. Robert Donat and Madeleine Carroll are the pair handcuffed together until hate turns to love, Peggy Ashcroft and John Laurie are the couple joined together by marriage chains, and the villain is Godfrey Tearle, looking astonishingly like F.D.R. From the John Buchan novel. (Quad Cinema; through May 11.)

THOMASINE & BUSHROD—With Max Julien and Vonetta McGee, directed by Gordon Parks, Jr. (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1.)

THE THREE MUSKETEERS—As in Roger Planchon's anarchic stage production at his famous Lyons theatre, in France, Dumas's novel is kicked around in Richard Lester's film. Charlton Heston plays Richelieu in a becoming false nose, Jean-Pierre Cassel is a clothes-cluttered Louis XIII, Spike Milligan, in a nightshirt and a stock cap, trails around muttering Goon Show-type jokes of unseating common sense. David Watkins did the overarranged but striking photography. The dozens of stars, deliberately cast against type, also include Oliver Reed, Raquel Welch, Faye Dunaway, Frank Finlay, Geraldine Chaplin, Richard Chamberlain, and Michael York. (4/8/74) (Columbia 1. . . . ¶ Art; through May 14. . . . ¶ Guild; starting May 9.)

EL TOPO (1971)—A spaghetti Western in the style of Luis Buñuel, and tinsel all the way. The writer-director-star, Alexandro Jodorowsky, plays with symbols and ideas and enigmas so promiscuously that the confusion may be mistaken for depth. He has some feeling for pace and for sadistic comedy, but the principal appeal of the movie is as a violent fantasy—like head comics. (Elgin; starting May 15.)

A TOUCH OF CLASS—Directed by Melvin Frank, written by Mr. Frank and Jack Rose, Glenda Jackson is a young divorced English dress designer with a wit that flickers like an anteater's tongue and a capacity to be wounded that the film's throwback to forties love-comedies doesn't manage to transmit. George Segal, showing a matching gift for sophisticated comedy, plays a flappy American. Mild, muddled fun. (7/9/73) (72nd Street East, and Thalia; through May 14.)

200 MOTELS (1971)—With Frank Zappa and the Mothers of Invention. (Elgin; starting May 15.)

TWO MEN OF KARAMOJA—A documentary directed by Eugene S. Jones. (Beekman; starting May 15.)

TWO PEOPLE (1973)—It's meant to be a sensitive modern love story, but it's impersonal and inexpressive and has no interest, except for some handsome travelogue footage of Morocco by Henri Decae. Peter Fonda and Lindsay Wagner are the lovers—he an American who deserted in Vietnam and she a model. Robert Wise directed, from a script by Richard De Roy. (3/24/73) (Beacon; starting May 15.)

VISIONS OF EIGHT—The Munich Olympics as seen by Kon Ichikawa, Arthur Penn, Mai Zetterling, Miloš Forman, Claude Lelouch, Juri Ozerov, Michael Pfleghar, John Schlesinger. There is a contradiction inherent in the Olympics, with their piety about internationalism and the fact of their furious nationalism. The film unwittingly drives it home by lacing together eight films that mostly serve to stress national clichés in the local outlook of the directors. (8/20/73) (5th Ave. Cinema; May 15-16.)

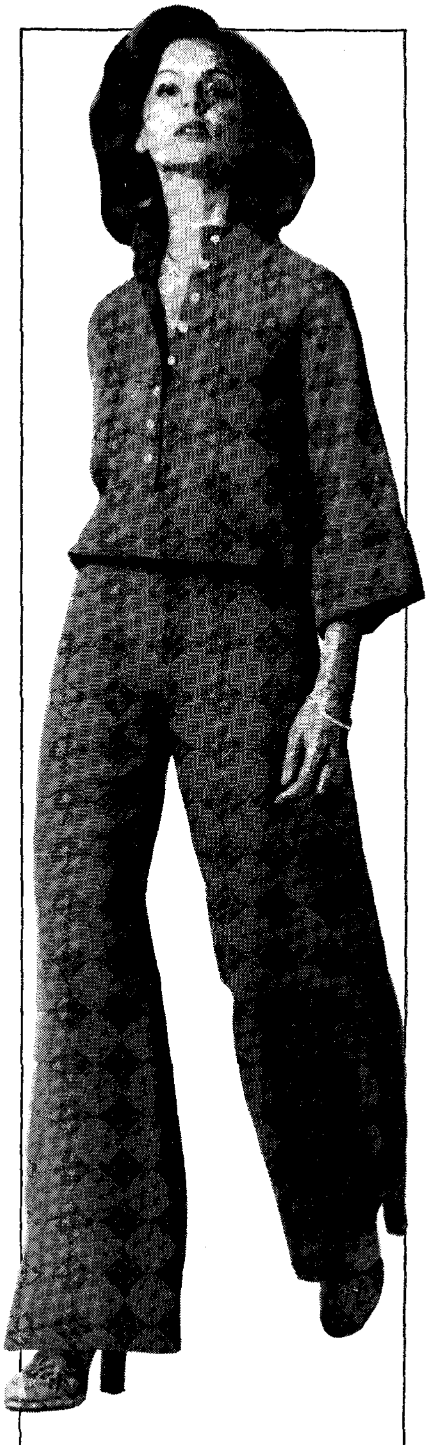
WALKING TALL—A rabble-rousing movie that appeals to a deep-seated belief in simple, swift, Biblical justice; the visceral impact of the film makes one know how crowds must feel when they're being swayed by demagogues. Joe Don Baker gives a powerful performance as the crusading Tennessee sheriff Buford Pusser—there *is* a Buford Pusser, and he's out promoting the movie—but it's a tall tale: a fiction derived from early Westerns. The director, Phil Karlson, is brutally effective; he makes the battle of virtuous force against organized evil seem primordial. With Elizabeth Hartman as Mrs. Pusser. (2/25/74) (East 59th Street II, Loews Ciné, 23rd St. Cinema, and Embassy 72nd St.)

WAR AND PEACE (1968)—Sergei Bondarchuk's six-hour-plus movie, here cut to half its length, and dubbed at that. A dancer (Ludmila Savelyeva), not an actress, is brilliantly cast to play Natasha. Bondarchuk himself plays Pierre. (Thalia; starting May 15.)

THE WOLVES (1971)—With Tatsuya Nakadai, directed by Hideo Gosha. In Japanese. (Regency; May 12-14.)

YOUNG AND INNOCENT (1937)—(Known as "The Girl Was Young" in the United States.) Hitchcock reworks "The 39 Steps," this time using a very young hero and heroine. Once again, the hero (now Derrick de Marney) is accused of a murder he didn't commit; he tries to track down the real killer while the police track him. The bewildered teen-age girl (Nova Pilbeam) who tries to help him is too earnest a conception to be very amusing; the film is pretty fair Hitchcock, though not as sexy or as witty as "The 39 Steps." The bravura sequences include the hero crashing a children's party and a nifty sinister joke at the climax: The heroine knows only one thing about the villain—that his eyes twitch. She goes to a dance at a big hotel, and we see the blackface band; the drummer's eyes fill the screen—and twitch. Hitchcock takes the joke even further: as the drummer sees the police enter, he gets nervous, and his rhythm goes so crazily off that the people have to stop dancing. With Basil Radford, Percy Marmont, and Mary Clare. Hitchcock turns up, looking very young, as a press photographer, holding a tiny camera in front of him, like a talisman. (Quad Cinema; through May 11.)

YOU ONLY LIVE TWICE (1967)—Perhaps the best of the Sean Connery-James Bond pictures. Here, his power-mad adversary is Donald Pleasence, who has classy quarters in a volcano, and the harem is Japanese. Lewis Gilbert directed. (34th St. East; starting May 10.)



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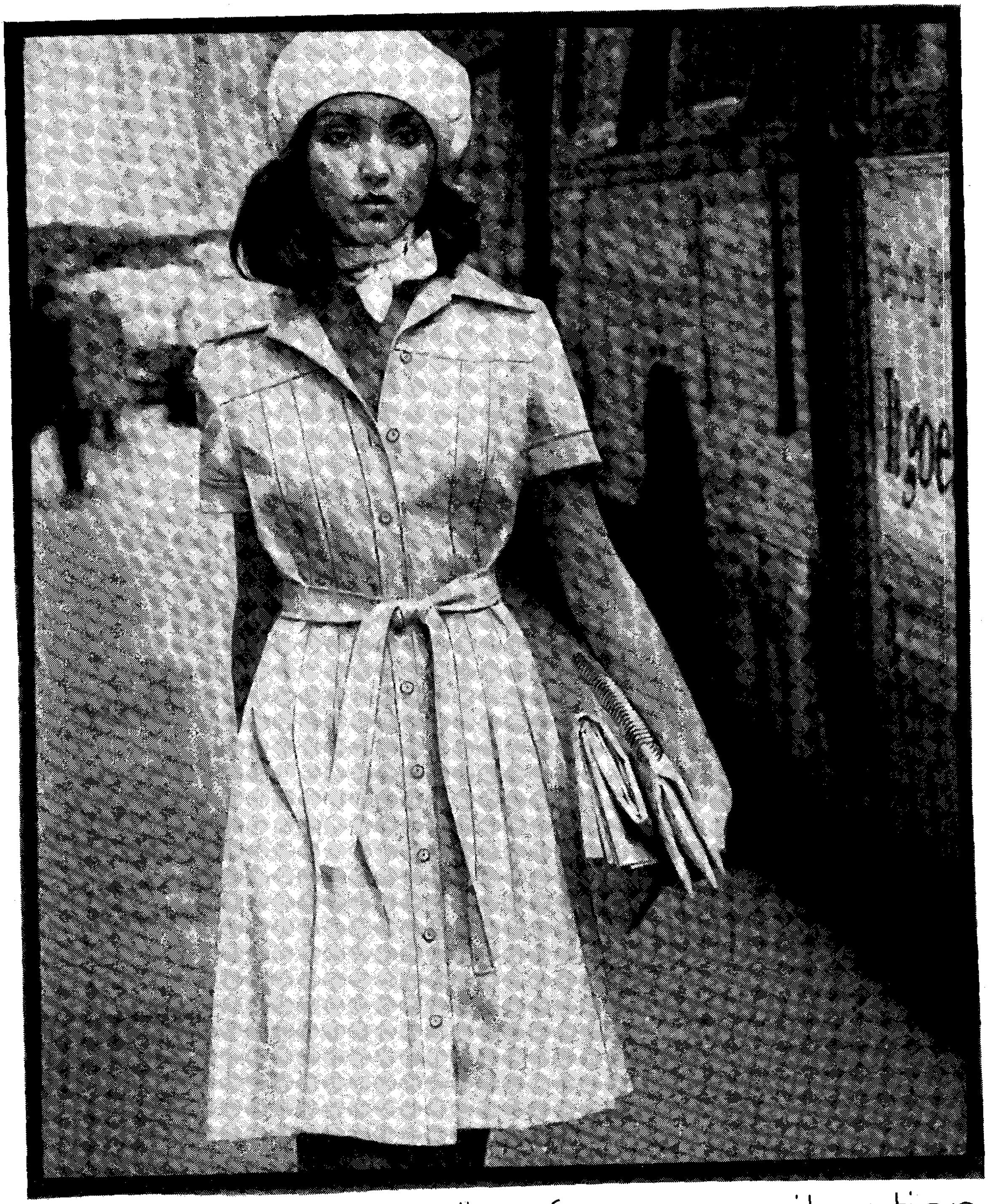

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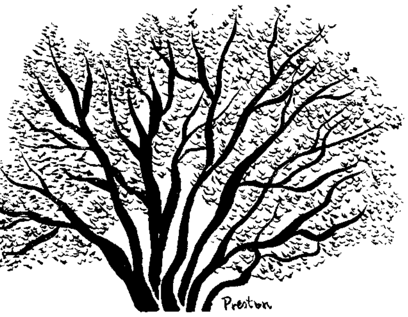
THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

THE master of concealment, in a sudden reversal, has stunned the nation with an avalanche of garbled disclosure. Although President Nixon may stand lower in the public's esteem than any Chief Executive before him, he has, in an exercise of seemingly unimpaired power, brushed aside the House Judiciary Committee, stupefied the Congress as a whole, and tied the judiciary in knots. And through the sheer volume of the release he has accomplished a takeover of our daily lives. The good citizen who reads it all finds himself leading Richard Nixon's life instead of his own. The new strategy was born of a new peril. It was that material already in the hands of the committee contained, as we can now see, everything that the nation needs to know about President Nixon. The President had asked us all to believe that he learned of the Watergate coverup for the first time on March 21st. But would an innocent President, upon learning that he had been betrayed by his closest aides, and that the White House was being blackmailed, say to one of those aides, "It seems to me we have to keep the cap on the bottle that much [by paying the blackmail money] or we don't have any options"? And would he, speaking of his aides' potential appearance before a grand jury, advise, "But you can say I don't remember. You can say I can't recall. I can't give any answer to that that I can recall"? To ask these questions is to answer them. The President's most pressing need, therefore, was not to conceal anything more, although there may be a lot more to conceal, but somehow to neutralize what was about to be put on the record. It is important to bear in mind that it is not really the President who has released the March 21st tape. Archibald Cox saw to that last fall, at the cost of his job. What the President has done is to preëmpt the Judiciary Committee's inevitable release of that same information to the public by making it public himself in a self-serving manner. His method is something new in the history of propaganda: It is to use an apparent confession of crime as a means of establishing innocence. He hopes that we will draw such a powerful inference of his innocence from the fact that he is releasing the evidence that we will be blinded to the proof of guilt that the evidence contains. We are meant to think, "How can this be the proof of his guilt when he has released it himself?" His method requires him to put out two opposing versions of the facts at the same time: first the "interpretation" of the facts, then the facts. For example, in his speech introducing the transcripts, he said that he rejected the notion of paying money to buy E. Howard Hunt's silence about White House crimes. But in the transcript he tells his legal counsel that they have "no choice" but to pay Hunt. Likewise, in the speech, the President described an instruction he gave to John Dean to write a report about the Watergate coverup as one measure he had taken to "find the truth." But the transcript shows that he planned to use Dean's report as a means of thwarting the Ervin investigation, which was coming up soon. As the President put it on March 21st, "Then I offer the Ervin committee [the] report this way, I say, 'Dear Senator Ervin. Here is the report before your hearings. You have the report, and as I have said previously, any questions that are not answered here, you can call the White House staff member and they will be directed to answer any questions on an informal basis.' " Or as John Ehrlichman said to the President, "Assuming that some corner of this thing comes unstuck, you are then in a position to say, 'Look, that document I published is the document I relied on. . . .' " In these and in a thousand other details, the President invites us all to set aside the reports of our own eyes and ears and brains as we read the transcripts and to let his "interpretation" take their place. He shows us thirteen hundred pages of what in tone and substance is apparently a record of criminals planning their crimes and tells us it is a record of the police trying to crack a case. He unveils a swamp and instructs us to see a garden of flowers. With the old method of concealment, he tried to tamper with the public record. With the new method of disclosure and contradiction, he tampers with the public's sanity. Having failed to conceal the evidence of crime, he has launched a campaign to destroy the country's capacity to recognize what crime is. He has contrived to use the full power of his office to drive the nation out of its mind.



Changing Course

THERE is a little service organization in midtown Manhattan whose work suggests—by now has proved—that the Church is not the bastion of job security and career certainty it once was. The name of the organization is Mainstream Associates, it occupies a small suite of offices on Madison Avenue, and it was founded about five years ago to help former clergymen and nuns find their way into new kinds of work. The founder and president, Carl Bielby, is himself a clergyman. Until 1963, he was a Methodist minister in Warren, Michigan, and also a doctoral student of psychology at Wayne State University. That year, feeling a higher—anyway, a stronger—call, he dropped out of preaching and went to work as a family-relations counsellor. By the late nineteen-sixties, Mr. Bielby started noticing that more and more clergymen and nuns were dropping out of regular church work, that they wanted to set out upon new occupations, but that, unlike him, they had no clear idea what they were qualified to do. Mr. Bielby, who was then living and working in Los Angeles, saw this as an opportunity to render a needed service, as well as to go into business on his own, and in 1969, after moving to New York, he founded Mainstream.

That is part of what we learned a few days ago when we stopped by Mainstream's offices for a talk with Mr. Bielby, who is a tall, athletic-looking man of thirty-nine, has a clean-cut, fifties Ivy League appearance, and was wearing a three-piece plaid suit with a striped tie. He is what they call today "an upper." That is, he laughs heartily, is generally cheerful and optimistic about things, and is very self-assured. He described Mainstream's work to us in these words: "Our main function is to help people make the transition from one career to another. These people, many of them around middle age, don't really know what they should be doing, what they can do, or what their skills are. They don't know how to go about shifting into something else. I'm speaking now not only of clergymen and nuns, for today we deal with other professions as well. We help these people to identify who, in fact, they are—because your occupation should be consonant with your image of yourself. After we help them through this process of discovery or rediscovery, we then tell them the kinds of new careers we think they ought to enter, as well as those they most definitely should not enter. We are not timid about giving our recommendations. This is what they come to us for. Sometimes, I realize we are sticking our necks out, but if we are going to be experts, then we have to take the risk. You see, my feeling about careers is this: A person is dynamic, not static. You are a different person today from what you were when you entered a career ten years ago. Ours is a rapidly changing society, and people are constantly changing with it. Many people who get into certain professions early in their lives tend to be motivated chiefly by idealism, or inspired by some hero figure. Then, later, as they go through what I call delayed adolescence, they decide they want to do something else."

We asked Mr. Bielby whether all this had had anything to do with his decision to leave the pulpit.

"Yes and no," he said. "I left the ministry because I wasn't using the kind of talents I wanted to use, and I wasn't in the type of environment that was suitable to my personality and ambitions. You know, the role of clergyman can be very stultifying. And the role expectations can be quite frustrating. Back when I started Mainstream, there was a large exodus from the Church, particularly the Roman Catholic Church, because of one revolution or another that was going on in that institution. In the Protestant Church, clergymen were leaving because of cutbacks in funds, and because there were not many positions available. There still are not; it is very tight in the Church. It also had to do with the changing times. Clergymen began to see that there were other things they would like to do, which the Church had no formal interest in doing."

"What branch of the clergy tends to come in the most?" we asked.

"Today, mostly Protestant clergymen," Mr. Bielby said. "I'd say we get more clergymen from the mainline denominations than we get from the smaller denominations. We get more from the liberal denominations than from the conservative or evangelical denominations. Which means we see Episcopalians most frequently, Methodists next, and Presbyterians third. Baptists tend to be more evangelical. We don't get very many of them."

We asked him to tell us something about his non-clergy clients.

"Gladly," he replied. "These days, we get people from across the board. There are a lot of educators coming to us. We've had lawyers, psychiatrists, businessmen, housewives, policemen, and women who are overqualified for the jobs they've been doing. Some of the women come to us complaining that they are not trained for anything specific. That seems to be a particular problem among women with liberal-arts degrees. Today, thirty or forty per cent of our clients are women. My impression is that many of them have been belittling themselves—especially those who have been housewives for some time. They have been locked into women's roles that lower their self-esteem. One woman came in the other day and said she was a domestic engineer—feeling, of course, that it sounded much better than 'housewife.' You talk about being fearful. The nuns are even more fearful than the housewives. At least the housewives have been in some contact with the outside world. Many nuns have not been. In some cases, self-esteem has been trained out of them. Any little bit of ego that they have, they have got to fight and scrap to maintain it. Also, I think the revolution in the thinking and philosophy of the Church has made a lot of them reassess their position in the Church."

We asked Mr. Bielby whether he had observed any interesting changes in the nuns' life style after they started new careers.

"We see an *enormous* change," he said. "And not with the nuns alone but with the clergymen as well. Some of them almost become swingers—swingers in the sense that they become emotionally much freer. First, when they come in, they almost want to crawl into the woodwork—they barely know how to say hello. Then, when some of them come back a few months later, they have gone on a diet and are asking us to recommend a good department store where they can do some shopping. You'd be surprised some of the things we find ourselves consulting on—hair, makeup, clothes, that sort of thing. And this is part of what we've been able to do, you see: not only to help people find new careers but also to liberate themselves, to take a whole new lease on life."

"What are some of the career changes your clients make?" we asked.

Mr. Bielby said, "Well, there's the former State Department employee who is now happy working for a banknote company; there's the former New York City policeman who is now a professor of forensic science at the Nassau Community College; there's the former Methodist minister who ended up as a human-relations counsellor for a trucking firm in New Jersey; there's the former nurse who is now studying to be an architect; and the former priest, with a degree in psychology and a fantastic mechanical ability, who now trains personnel in a hospital."

We asked him if Mainstream ran into a lot of ne'er-do-wells—people who just don't seem to be able to make it in any field of endeavor.

"Oh, no, no," Mr. Bielby said, throwing up one hand, as if to wave the question aside. "We don't want to touch those at all. We find out about them very early and send them somewhere else."

Eats

The taco is a tasty, crispy tortilla filled with beef, lettuce, shredded cheese, and special sauce. It is a wildly popular fast-food item in California and places like that. In fact, the taco is one of the reasons people visit California.

The Taco Trolly, a taco stand,

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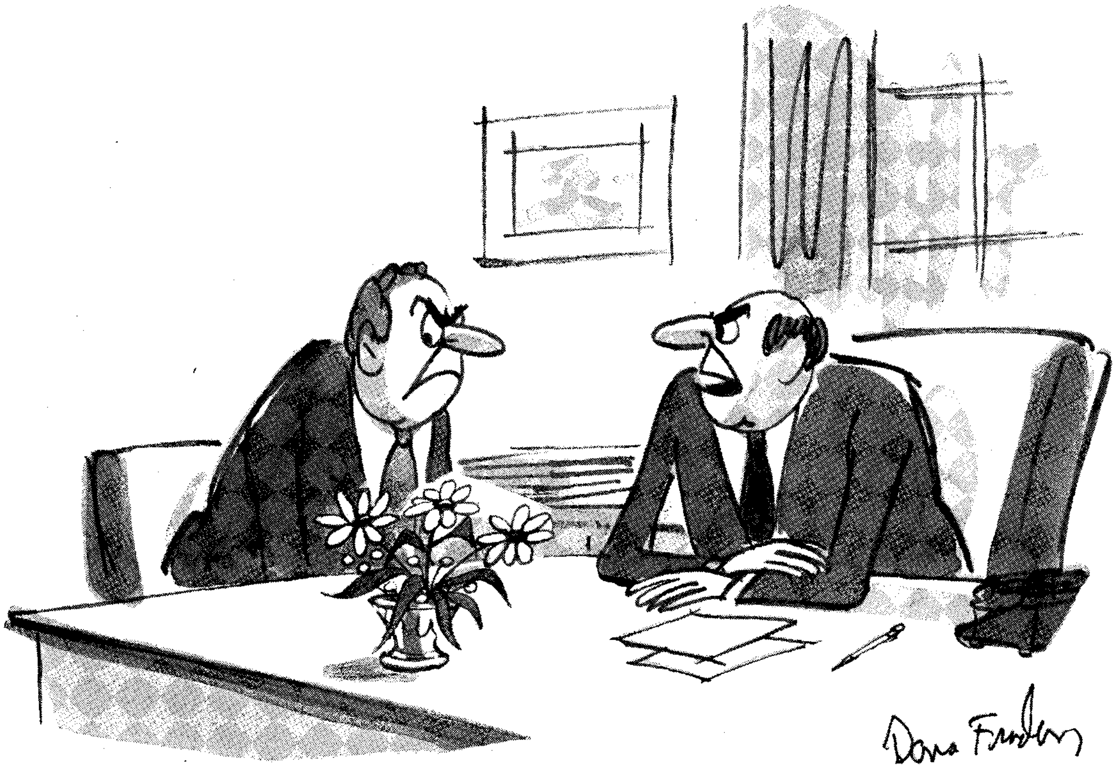
opened on April 17th at 103 West Forty-second Street. We really don't think there's anything else left now that New York needs—and there's a new Baskin-Robbins right next door. (It opened five days later.)

Why "Trolly"? Because Peter Nash, one of the two guys who run the place, grew up in Brooklyn and took the Coney Island Avenue trolly to the beach when he was a kid. Just believes in trollys. "We almost called the place Taco the Town," Peter told us. We talked with Peter over a burrito and a Tab on May Day. Burrito—soft tortilla rolled around beef, Mexican beans, cheese, and spices. Peter was inside the Trolly; we were outside. That's because the Trolly measures thirteen feet by fifty-one inches and used to be a hallway. It's painted a bright Mexican yellow and has an icebox; a freezer; a couple of ovens; a radio playing WHN, the all-country-and-Western station; a soft-drink dispenser; a fluorescent ceiling fixture; a color snap of Peter and his partner, Bob Williams, standing in the Trolly; a marionette of a Mexican *bandido;* and a poster of Mexico City. Peter was wearing a nickel-dime-and-quarter change holder at his belt. He drove a hack when he was a college student. Then he was in the water-bed business, but he sold out at a good time and became a free-lance exterminator, so he could travel around Mexico and other places on his motorcycle. "Ever get to Puerto Vallarta?" Peter asked us. "That's where the Gulf of California meets the Pacific. One rainbow going one way and another going another way."

"And now you're on Forty-second Street," said a customer eating an enchilada.

Peter said, "We make all our own food every morning—have a kitchen on Tenth Avenue. Then we bring over our five dozen tacos, five dozen burritos, five dozen enchiladas to the Trolly and stay open from about eleven until ten. Forty-second has everything, from transvestites to mugwumps to pistachio nuts, and they all seem to like tacos. I spent my first Friday night here last week—it was like living in William Burroughs' mind."

Then a friend of Peter's called Neil came by. He had a storefront-construction company and built the Trolly storefront, but he's just sold the company to open a greeting-cards-and-ice-cream store on Seventh Avenue (the



"Don't hold back on their account. They're plastic."

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Fashion Gallery). "Hey, Neil," said Peter. "Want to play some ball on Sunday?"

Then a fat fellow in a blue-denim jacket bearing a button that had Nixon's face and the words "An American Tragedy" on it ordered a taco and a root beer. He ate the taco, turned to Peter, raised his left hand, and made a circle of his thumb and forefinger.

After the Lecture

"WE'VE been getting a lot of practice at this—sliding across the back seat of a taxi," said Mrs. Francis L. K. Hsu. She smiled, and settled herself behind the driver.

We clambered in after her. Her husband came last. "The Sheraton," he told the driver. The cab pulled away and entered Central Park. It was night. Dr. Hsu seemed a bit drained. A professor of anthropology at Northwestern University, he had just given a two-hour lecture on Chinese social science at the Museum of Natural History.

The cab headed downtown through the Park. We asked Dr. Hsu about a new book that he, his daughter, and his son-in-law have put together. He said it was about a trip to China they had taken in 1972. The title is "China Day-by-Day." Yale University Press is bringing it out. We mentioned the current happenings in China.

Dr. Hsu suddenly revived. "The ideological campaign I consider practically the least important thing that is going on there," he said. "You must remember, anti-Confucianism existed in China in 1919, when there was another cultural upheaval. So that's not really new. And Confucius could stand a few 'anti' campaigns. He's not just one person; his teachings represent a way of life the Chinese have developed for the past two thousand years. One campaign against him couldn't eradicate his influence. The reason the Chinese have to have this campaign is like the reason Christians have to have revival meetings."

"Is it a religious matter?" we asked.

"I'm not saying that," Dr. Hsu said. He was about to go on, but the cab had arrived at the Hsus' hotel. The lobby was bright and swarming with out-of-towners. Mrs. Hsu bade us good night, and retired upstairs. Dr. Hsu went with us to the hotel's bar. We sat facing him in a booth; he is a stocky, clean-shaven man, and the author of several books on Americans and Chinese. "What I mean is that any social movement—whether revolutionary or religious or whatever—has to be worked at," he said. "You have to develop proper enthusiasm, and one way to do it is to stir people up. That's what the Chinese are doing."

"Is there a practice in China of holding up 'negative models' before the people?"

"I would say yes. Let me give an example. At the end of the Sung Dynasty, the Tungusic people invaded China from the north and occupied the land above the Yangtze River. That became the Chin Dynasty—the 'gold' dynasty. The Sung Dynasty became only the Southern Sung Dynasty. At that time, there was a general, named Yueh Fei, who nearly defeated the invaders and protected the Sungs, but his efforts at fighting the invaders were hampered at court by a man named Ch'in Kuei. What happened was that Ch'in got the Emperor's ear and had General Yueh recalled. And not only recalled. A crime was pinned on him—treason, I think—and he was executed. Later, the Chinese came to worship him as a hero. In front of his temple they put statues of Ch'in and his wife—kneeling, with their heads bowed. One on each side of the temple gate. When people entered the gate, they hit the statues. After a while, the bronze statues became worn down—no heads, no necks. All over China, Ch'in is a negative hero. So campaigns against negative heroes are not a Communist creation." Dr. Hsu leaned forward and became more emphatic. "I expect," he went on, "that the present campaign will not get out of hand. Because people learn from experience. I also bet that if there is another student movement in this country like the one from 1966 to 1970, there will not be another Kent State."

"That must be because you think well of people," we said. "You're an optimist."

"Yes, I am."

"But suppose there were a deep struggle between two important leaders in China."

"I'm not saying there won't be any struggles. When we were there, in '72, we were told there would be struggles. But I don't think they will get out of hand."

We changed the subject and asked a question that had been on our mind: "Do you think the American idea of civil liberties is applicable to China?"

"No."

"Is it sensible to say China is a free country or not a free country?"

"I think that's an irrelevant question."

"How could China not be one or the other?"

"Only Western Christians think that way—'You're either a theist or an atheist.' The Chinese say, 'That's irrelevant. Why should I bother? I don't either believe or disbelieve.' "

"What does that have to do with, say, freedom of assembly, freedom to form a new political party?"

"From the Chinese point of view, freedom is not the first concern. The importance of personal freedom is a Western premise—it has been from the time of the Greeks. On that premise, people always work for individual aggrandizement, individual sensuality, individual satisfaction. The Chinese have never felt that way. In the old days, the Chinese were supposed to submit themselves to the family and to the kinship group; nowadays, they are supposed to submit themselves to a larger group—a political group. In either case, they consider individualism to be selfishness. Chinese Communism is essentially a Chinese movement. It has Western trimmings, because the Chinese didn't have an opportunity to develop in a vacuum. In the eighteen-hundreds, it was the West that sought China out, not the other way around. *You* know that. Even if China wanted to chart her own course, she would have had to deal with the West."

"Don't you think that the idea of individualism has a force of its own?" we asked. "Even without the gunboats and the airplanes and the bombs, it would have spread. Consider what has happened in other Asian countries."

Dr. Hsu looked incredulous. "You think individualism has taken hold in Japan, the most Americanized Asian country?" he asked. "It hasn't. I just did a year's fieldwork there."

"In other words, the American elements we see there are all superficial."

"Yes." Dr. Hsu paused for a few seconds, then plunged ahead. "In human affairs, there are two levels. One is the level of structure, and the other is the level of content. Structure is how human beings are arranged: in a company, you have a president, a board of directors, janitors, and so on. Content is how the individuals who are in the structure feel about the whole thing—how they feel about their jobs, what they consider fulfillment, what they consider the meaning of life. There can be similar structures with different contents. The Japanese may have adopted many of the West's trimmings in their structures, but their *feelings* toward employment, toward the boss, toward subordinates are entirely different from those of Americans. I don't deny that there might be one or two who don't share the Japanese way, but the majority of Japanese do."

"Your technique in your books is often to contrast cultures. Do you think this tends to flatten them?"

"Flat*ter* or flat*ten*?"

"Flat*ten*. You seem to talk in generalizations."

"It depends on what level of generalization you mean. Of course, individuals can differ. But there are limits beyond which an individual cannot go. For example, in my lecture, you will remember, I showed a slide of a Chinese street scene in which all the persons of the same sex were holding hands. In the United States, if you wanted to hold hands with another male and walk down the street, you couldn't do it. Not and keep your job. That is a culturally set limit beyond which you cannot go. So in the first place we want to study in each society what are accepted things and what are unaccepted things. We also try to find the amount of deviations there are. For example, suicide is a deviation everywhere. But some societies have higher rates of suicide than others."

"As a matter of statistics, in America there must be more deviations of all kinds."

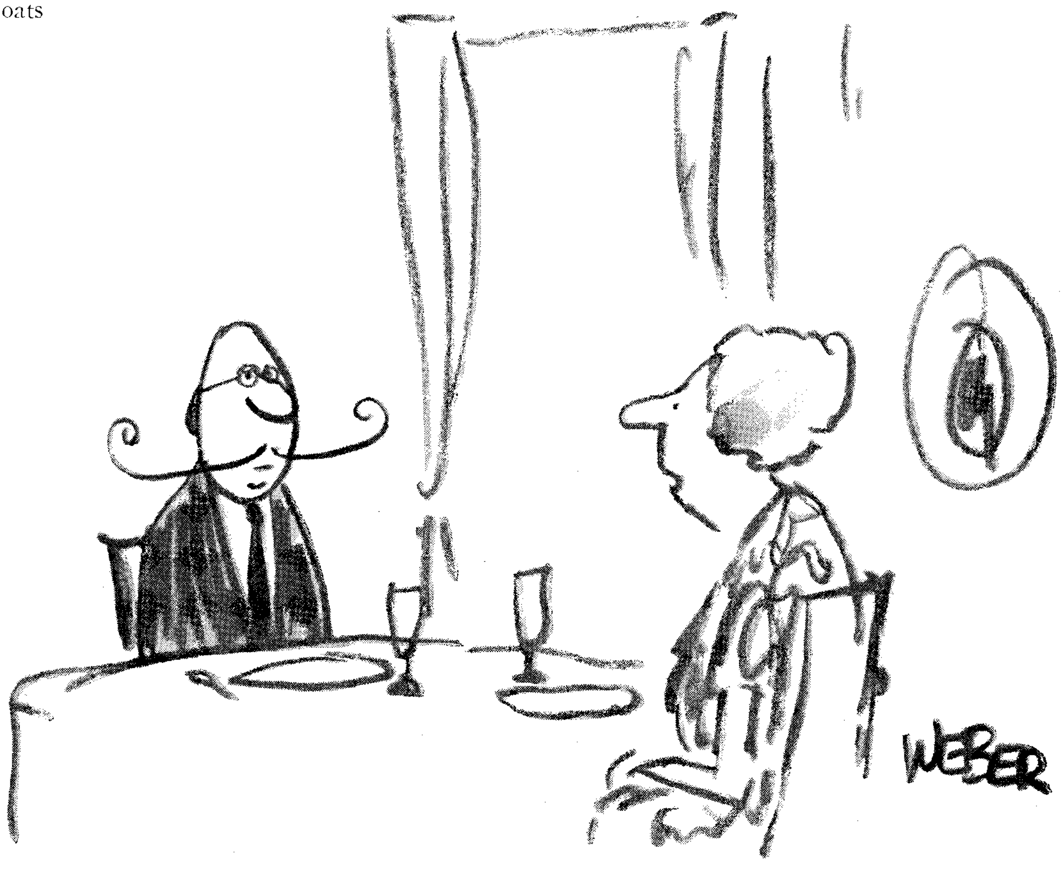
"There *are*. This society is far more complex than Chinese society. It *causes* more deviations. People will think of new ways of robbing banks. And the banks will think of new ways of defending themselves. That means increasing complexity. I'm not joking."

Dr. Hsu, we knew from his books, was raised in China but has lived in the United States since 1944. We asked him about his reasons for settling here.

"I started my career here, so I couldn't change back and forth," he said. "A man can alter his life only once or twice; he develops inertia. After he gets to a certain level, he can stand on his own, but at first he has to have people who know him, who are willing to look at his stuff. *You* know that. I also stayed here because I like to study large, literate civilizations—that's my specialty—and I can do it here better than I can do it anywhere else."

"There are many clichés and stereotypes about China in this country. Do you sometimes find that you have to bend to them—to play a role?"

"I have tried not to. And I don't. But there *are* lots of clichés—and lots of Western projections into Chinese psychology. For example, many American students—white students—tend to see the Chinese family as full of ten-



"Frankly, I never liked it. It makes you look like Salvador Dali."

sion. That's because, from the American point of view, if you live with your in-laws, as the Chinese do, you're bound to have tension. You're supposed to cohere very strongly with your wife, and when any quarrels arise between your mother and your wife you must side with your wife. Then, of course, your family breaks up. The Chinese idea is: one, obviously you should side with your mother or father; then, two, you should find a compromise. Westerners don't like compromises. They think they're wishy-washy."

"Are Chinese really so different?"

"Let me give you an example. Many Chinese parents, if their son comes home with a non-Chinese wife, will be opposed to it, but after a while they will accept it. There are no Chinese cases in which a son or daughter has been entirely disinherited because of an unsatisfactory marriage. What the Chinese parents will say is 'After all, the rice is cooked. You can't uncook it.' And then you have to see your grandchildren. That's compromise. On the other hand, I know of any number of Western parents who, if their son married an Oriental or an African, would cut him off."

Dr. Hsu has two daughters, one married and the other just out of college. We asked him how he felt toward them.

"I'm fairly satisfied with them," he said. "We have quarrels, but the relationship is very tenacious. They're both in Boston. I'm going up there tomorrow to see them."

"Do you feel more Chinese now than when you first came to this country?"

"No, not exactly. I have two cultures, and I'm trying very hard to find a synthesis of them in my work. In my other activities, I shift. All Chinese do. When I'm with Chinese, I behave in a Chinese way; when I'm with non-Chinese, I behave in an American way. For example, with my Chinese friends I very rarely argue about politics or other important matters, because Chinese easily get upset. With them, I tend more to play cards."

The conversation continued in this vein for a few minutes. Then, smiling, Dr. Hsu said good night.

Three Gatherings

TO our Hall of Fame of Fascinating Social Events we nominate last week's gathering in honor of Alfred Hitchcock, at Avery Fisher Hall. Lincoln Center has over the years evolved its own social traditions, and we noticed at the Hitchcock party all those characteristics (aimless crowds in flawed evening attire, little plastic champagne glasses, expensive tickets) that have given our première cultural complex the social reputation it has today. But what raised the evening to Hall of Fame status was the careful placing in the middle of the party of just one large round table, at which the principals of the evening could be seated, and at which everyone else could gape. This gave the aimless crowds in flawed evening attire something to aim for, and it gave to the dozens of people who came within close range of the principals the opportunity to note that Alfred Hitchcock was looking "well" and that Princess Grace of Monaco was looking "regal."

Among those seeking access to the round table was Steve Paul, who manages Edgar Winter, the albino rock-and-roll star. "I'm trying to get close enough to Hitchcock to ask him why he's never used an albino in any of his movies," Mr. Paul said. "I think an albino could stimulate him to make another great movie."

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IN case you want to know who John Driver is, we'll tell you. John Driver is New York's busiest and newest triple-threat talent, and we have a press release to prove it. He plays the romantic lead in "Over Here!;" he plays in the soap opera "Search for Tomorrow;" he is the author-composer-lyricist of "Ride the Winds," Off Broadway's very first martial-arts musical; he has completed a film script called "Kill Week" (about a martial-arts suicide club); he has done some work on a projected musical about the life of St. Francis of Assisi; and we met him the other day at a very quiet party given by him (after a fashion) for the Andrews Sisters. We went with our sassy black friend Jamaica Kinkaid, because she likes soap operas and other picturesque bits of white culture. When we arrived at the Act 1 Restaurant, on Times Square, where the party was held, nothing very much was happening. Small groups of people were gathered around small tables eating small hors d'oeuvres. Some music from the forties was being played, but no one was dancing. "It doesn't look to me as if there are too many punch lines here," Jamaica said. A black man walked by and said hello to Jamaica. "The only strangers who speak to each other in New York are blacks, and they only do it at white parties," Jamaica said.

We sat at a table with a good view of the Dixie Hotel, and John Driver (who is young and blond) came over to talk to us. He told us that his father is a research engineer, that his mother is a curriculum coördinator, that he was one of ten men in a graduate program at Smith College, and that he is usually cast in roles six years or so younger than his real age, which is twenty-seven. He told us that he is a serious student of the Japanese martial arts and that he meditates twenty-five minutes a day, although he doesn't necessarily think of himself as a spiritual person. We asked him about his work. "'Ride the Winds' is about a young man who grows up through a desire to be a great swordsman. It is martial arts in a beautiful sense. 'Kill Week' is martial arts in almost an antithesis sense," he said.

Jamaica asked about "Search for Tomorrow."

"I play Gary Walton, Stu Bergman's grandson," John Driver said. "My character is changing. So far, Gary has been too goody-goody. Too much the Wasp. Now he's going to be more of a human being."

"I hate to tell you, but I think Wasps are on the way out," Jamaica said.

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IT is seldom that we meet a voice of real authority in anarchic New York, but we met one the other night at a party for Cybill Shepherd's new record, which is downright adequate. There were many celebrities standing around in the gloom, and when the TV lights hit them, they stared like deer in auto headlights. David Janssen, Madeline Kahn, Jennifer O'Neill, Truman Capote, the lead singer for The Eagles, Ruth Gordon, Garson Kanin, Bud Cort, Maureen Stapleton, Rosemary Kent, Michele and Lance Loud, Brenda Vaccaro, and Charles Mingus were all there, as well as a throng of reporters, agents, photographers, and TV people. When Frank Yablans, president of Paramount Pictures, made a speech about the future of Paramount Records, nobody paid him much mind. He went on talking, and people went on with their conversations. Suddenly Frank Yablans shouted, "*You wanna keep it down back there?*" and the whole room—celebrities, near-celebrities, trend-spotters, pacesetters, pulse-feelers, and tastemakers—fell absolutely silent.

DOWN THE [ADJECTIVE DELETED] ROAD

EDITED TRANSCRIPT OF CONVERSATION TAPED IN NEW YORK TAXICAB ON THE WAY TO LAGUARDIA AIRPORT

THE transcript came into our possession through sources we cannot reveal—unless threatened with prison, in which case we intend to plea-bargain:

MAY 1, 1974
(8:32 A.M.-9:03 A.M.)
The Cabdriver, Sawyer, and Wilkerson

C. [Expletive deleted]

S. [Expletive deleted]

W. [Expletive deleted]

C. That [characterization deleted] could've caused a wreck.

S. I guess a lot of people think that just because they're in the right lane nobody can make a right turn in front of them. [Laughter]

W. Even though they're turning right themselves, the—

S. Hypocrites.

W. Right.

C. Listen, driving in this [adjective deleted] city is war. I spent too many years letting the guy next to me take the first right turn just because he was in the right lane. No one is going to take advantage of Irv Culchek's fairness and decency anymore.

S. Who's Irv Culchek?

C. I'm Irv Culchek.

S. On your hack license here it says your name is Oswaldo Gonzales.

C. [Expletive deleted]

W. I think you have a problem here. I mean, couldn't someone turn you in for driving under a false name?

C. Sure. Then I could [inaudible] the [characterization deleted]. But that would be the easy way. I would probably just [unintelligible].

S. Well, whatever it is you're doing—and I don't have any personal knowledge of what it is—people have been doing it for years. I really think you should simply say—

W. Watch that truck!

C. [Expletive deleted, adjective deleted, characterization deleted, and inaudible] Get his license number.

S. You mean you can turn someone in for going through a green light?

C. What turn in? The license number is for me. Then someday I see the truck parked and—whammo!—I drive his [adjective deleted] hood right through his [expletive deleted]. I've been too easy on these [characterization deleted].

S. Well, I think you have to put things into—

C. From now on, nobody messes with Frank T. Murphy.

S. Who's Frank T. Murphy?

C. I'm Frank T. Murphy.

W. But—

C. Oh, they think they can push around Frank Murphy. And shove him. And pummel him. Well, I'll show those [characterization deleted]. I'll [inaudible].

S. Please watch where you're driving!

C. The dirty little [characterization deleted] with their big-shot [expletive omitted].

W. Please slow down! Please!

C. The [adjective deleted, characterization deleted]!

S. Listen, Mr. Murphy, I think this corner here is close enough for us. Fifty-eighth and Lexington here. That's practically to LaGuardia.

W. Yeah. No use your getting tied up in that traffic in front of the terminal.

S. This whole scenario is making me very nervous and depressed.

C. [Expletive deleted. Expletive deleted. Expletive deleted]

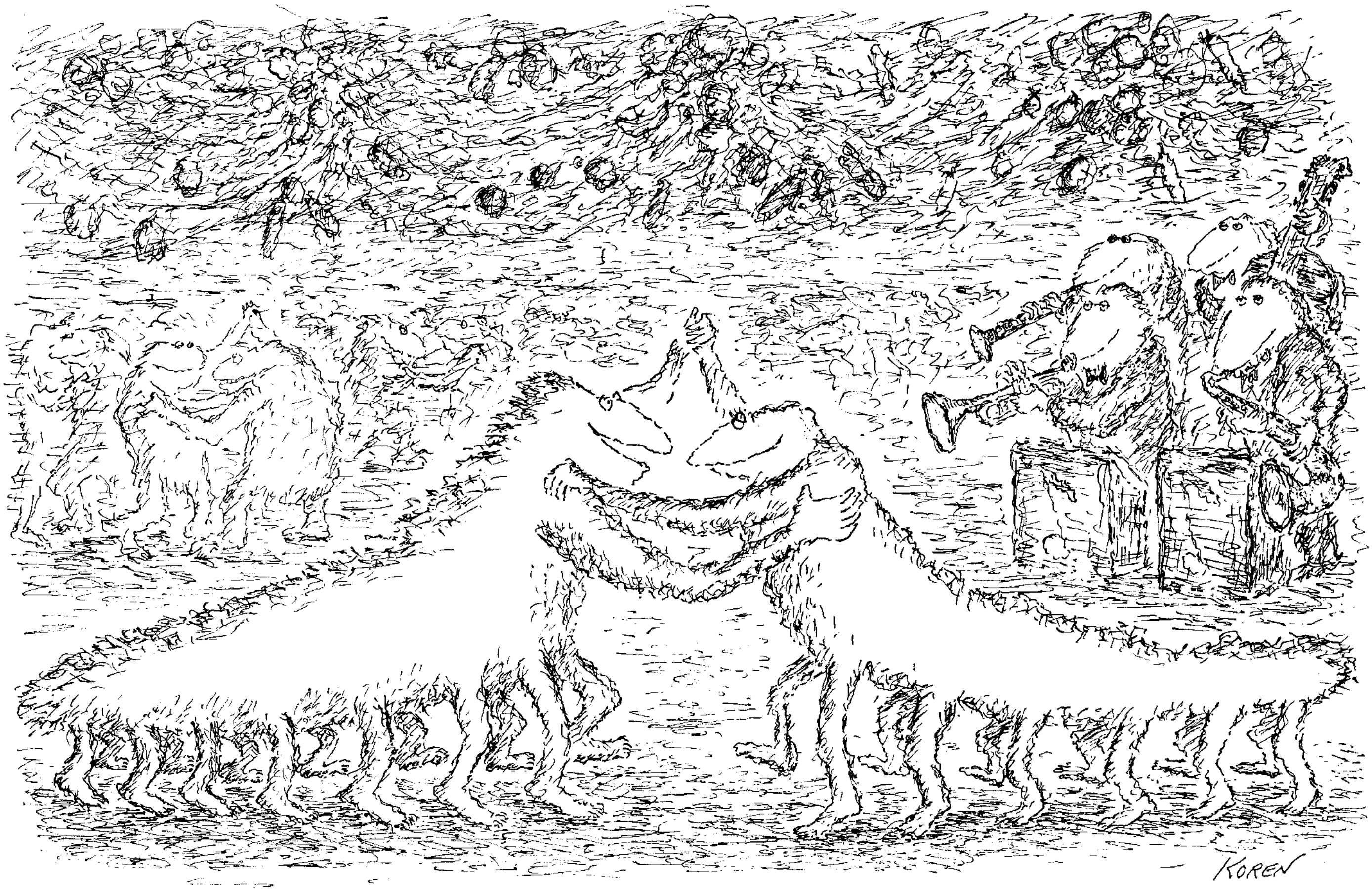
S. Mr. Murphy?

C. [Inaudible]

W. Frank?

C. [Unintelligible]

—CALVIN TRILLIN



"One, two, three. One, two, three. One, two, three. . . ."

SAM PALKA AND DAVID VISHKOVER

Sam Palka sat on the sofa—stocky, a tuft of white hair on each side of his bald head, his face red, with bushy brows and bloodshot eyes that changed from pale blue to green to yellow. A cigar stuck out between his lips. His belly protruded like that of a woman in late pregnancy. He wore a navy-blue jacket, green pants, brown shoes, a shirt with purple stripes, and a silk tie on which was painted the head of a lion. Sam Palka himself looked to me like a lion which by some magic had turned into a rich man in New York, a Maecenas to Yiddish writers, a supporter of the Yiddish theatre, president of an old-age home in the Bronx, the treasurer of a society that supported orphans in Israel.

Talking to me, Sam Palka shouted as though I were deaf. He lifted a thick manuscript from the coffee table and yelled, "Over a thousand pages, huh! And this is not one-hundredth part of what I could have written. But fix it up the way it is."

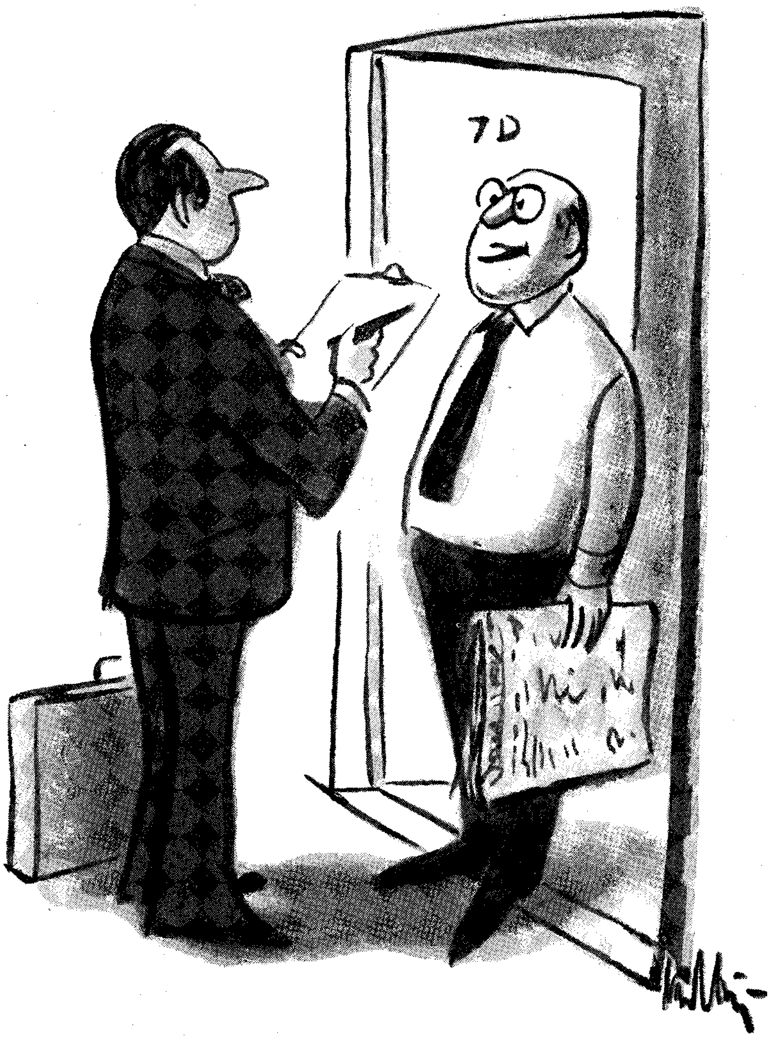
"I will do what I can."

"Money doesn't matter. Even if I should live a thousand years, I have enough. I will pay you three thousand dollars for the editing, and when the book comes out and they write about it in the papers I will give you—what do they call it?—a bonus. But make it tasty. I can't read the books writers bring me—three or four lines of a novel and you have to fight to stay awake. In my day a book grabbed you. You began to read a novel and couldn't put it down, because you wanted to know what happened. Dieneson, Spector, Seifert! And there were thoughts that took you who knows where. They contained history, too. Samson and Delilah, Jephthah's daughter, Bar Kokba. They hit the spot. Today you read half a book and you still don't know what it's about. These scribblers write of love, but they know as much of love as I know of what's going on on the moon. How should they know? They sit all day long and half the night in the Café Royal and argue about how great they are. They have sour milk and ink in their veins, not blood. I haven't forgotten Yiddish. The man I dictated this book to tried to correct me all the time; he didn't like my Polish Yiddish. But he didn't bother me. I would dictate an episode and he would ask, 'How can that be? It's not realistic.' He came from Ishishok, some godforsaken village, and to him whatever he hadn't experienced didn't exist—a bookworm, an idiot.

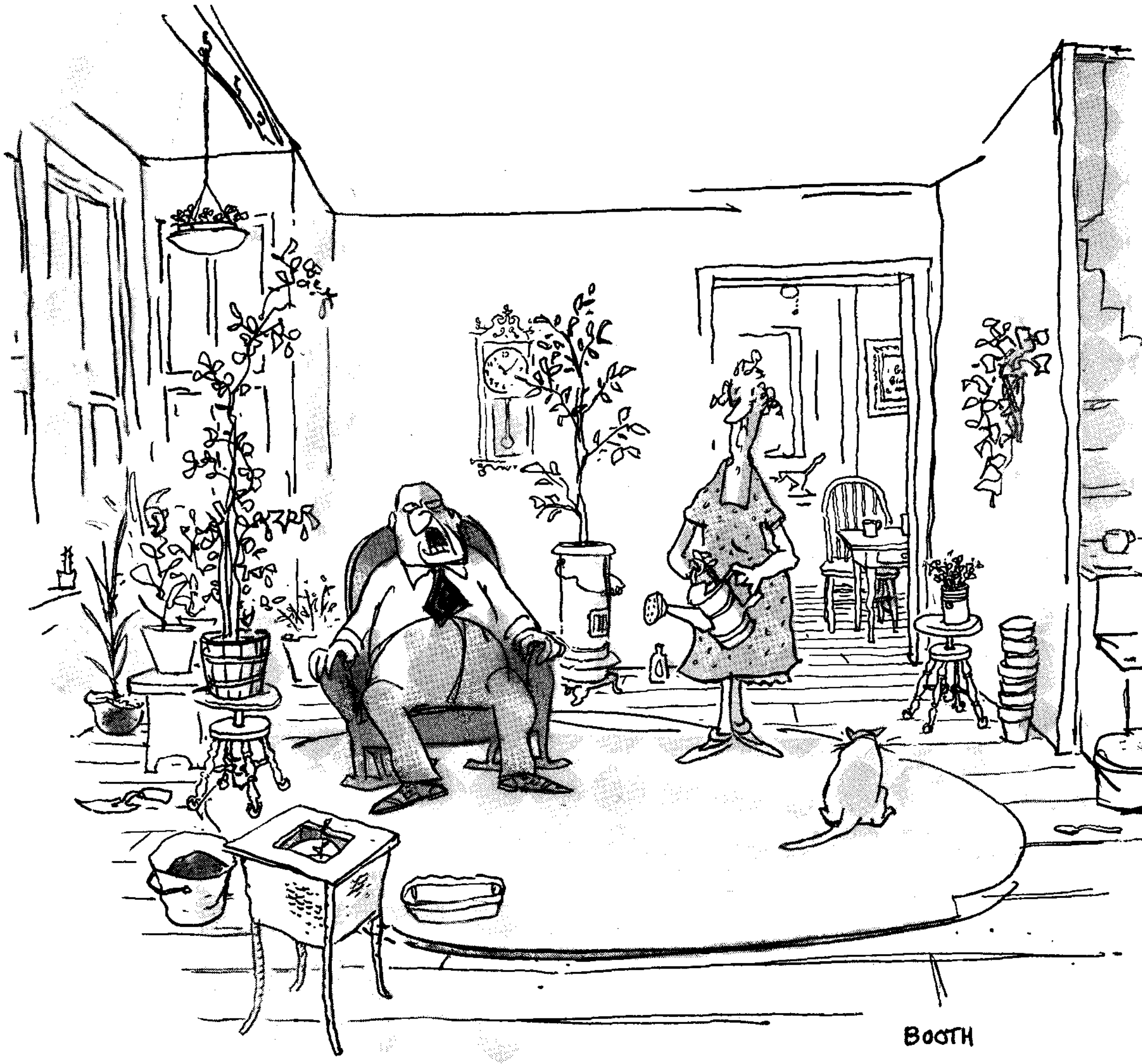
"Now, I want you to know that even though I dictated over one thousand pages I had to leave out the main thing. I could not describe it because the heroine is alive and she reads. She does one thing in her life—she reads. She has heard of all today's writers. Wherever a new book can be found, she gets it and reads it from cover to cover. My life wouldn't be worth living if I were to publish the truth and she should learn about it. What I am going to tell you can be written only after my death. But who is there to do it? You are still a young man, you know your way around, and when I kick the bucket I want you to add this story to the book. Without it the whole thing isn't worth a damn. I will provide for your additional work in my will.

"Where should I begin? I was born in a pious home. My parents were old-fashioned Jews, but even when I was still a cheder boy I heard about love. Does one have to look far for it? It's right in the Torah. Jacob loved Rachel, and when Laban, the cheat, substituted Leah in the dark night Jacob labored another seven years. Well, and what about King David and King Solomon with the Queen of Sheba and all that stuff? Book peddlers used to come to our village and they brought storybooks—two pennies to buy a book, one penny to borrow it. I was a poor boy, but whenever I could get hold of a penny I spent it on reading. When I came to America and I earned three dollars a week, I spent my last cent on books or on tickets for the Yiddish theatre. In those times actors were still actors and not sticks of wood. When they appeared onstage the boards burned under their feet. I saw all of them! Adler, Mme. Liptzin, Schildkraut, Kessler, Tomashevsky—every one of them. Well, and the playwrights of those times—Goldfaden, Jacob Gordin, Lateiner! Each word had to do with love, and you could have kissed each one. When you read my book you will see that I had no luck in my marriage. I fell for a rotten woman—a bitter piece, a bitch. How she ruined my days and how she set my children against me is all there. As long as I was young and poor I worked in a sweatshop, and then I took to peddling. I had no time for love. I lived in a dark alcove and I couldn't afford to buy clothes. We worked then fourteen hours a day, and when it was busy even eighteen. When it became slack we had barely a crust to eat. If your stomach is empty you forget about love.

"I built my first bungalow quite a number of years after I married, and I soon became so successful it was as though Elijah



"Shoot. Pollwise, I'm virgin territory."



"You filled an old tire with marigolds. I never said a word. You planted petunias in a potbellied stove. I kept my mouth shut. You put geraniums in the birdbath. I didn't say anything. This morning, you filled that damned old white enamel washing machine with morning glories, and *__now__, by God, I'm going to say something."*

• •

had blessed me. One day I had nothing and the next money poured in from all sides. But I still worked hard, perhaps even harder than ever. No matter how successful a man is, he can slip in no time from the top of the heap to the very bottom. You have to be on the watch every minute. As long as I had a job or carried a pack on my shoulders and peddled, at least I rested on the Sabbath. With prosperity, my Sabbaths too were gone. My wife got wind that I had a spare dollar and began to tear pieces off me. We moved from the lower East Side and took an apartment uptown. The children came one after the other and there were doctors, private schools, and the Devil knows what else. My wife—Bessie was her name—bedecked herself with so much jewelry you could hardly see her. She came from petty and mean people, and when these get the smell of money they lose their heads. I was in my late thirties, and I still had not tasted real love. If I had ever loved my wife it was only from Monday to Tuesday. We quarrelled constantly, and she threatened me with jail and judges. She kept reminding me that in America a lady is something so special you have to bow to her as though she were an idol. She carried on until I couldn't look at her anymore. When I heard her voice I felt like vomiting. She indulged in all sorts of trickery, but she still expected me to be a husband to her. Impossible! We no longer shared a bedroom. By this time I had an office, and secretly I got a little apartment in one of my buildings. I'm sorry to admit it, but if you hate a wife you're bound to care less for the children. After Bessie, that fishwife, realized we would never be close again, she began to look for others. She did it so crudely men were afraid to start anything with her. She snatched at their sleeves like Potiphar's wife. I know what you want to ask me—why I didn't get a divorce. First of all, in those times to get a divorce you had to jump through hoops, knocking on the doors of the courts and so on. Today you fly to Reno and in six weeks you are as free as a bird. Secondly, she would have set a bunch of shysters on me and they would have fleeced me of my last penny. Besides, one gets a divorce when one is in love with someone else. If no one is waiting for you why look for more headaches? I had partners in the business, and even though they had good wives they kept company with loose women. Today these women have become fancy call girls, but a whore is a whore. They all did it—the manufacturers, the jobbers, anyone who could pay. For them it was a game. But if these prostitutes were all you had you realized your misfortune. It happened more than once that I just looked at one of these sluts and lost my appetite. I would give her a few dollars and run away like a yeshiva boy. I would go to a movie and for hours watch the gangsters shooting one another. So the years passed, and I thought that I would never learn what love was. Do you want to hear more?"

"Yes, of course."

"This alone would make a book. When you write it, you will know how to embellish it."

"Why embellish? As you tell it is good enough."

"Well, writers like to embellish.

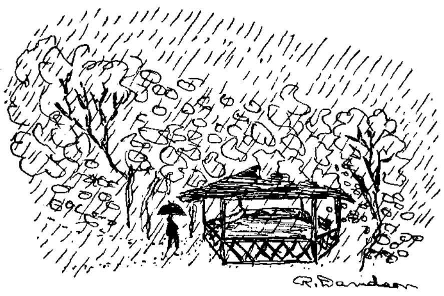
"WHEN I was about forty-two or forty-three I was really rich. Once the money starts to flow, you can't stop it. I bought houses and lots and made huge profits. I bought stocks and they rose overnight. Taxes were nothing in those days. I owned a limousine and wrote checks for all kinds of charities. Now women swarmed around me like bees around honey. I got more love in a week than I could make use of in a year. But I am not a man who fools himself. I knew what they wanted was my money, not me. As they kissed me and tried to make me believe I was the great lover, they talked about what they would get out of it: trips to Florida, to Europe; mink coats; diamonds. It was all bluff. You lie in bed with them and they don't let you forget that what you really are is a sugar daddy. I wished I could meet a woman who did not know about my money or an heiress so rich that in comparison I would seem poor. But where and when? I began to think that true love was not for me. How do they say it in Poland? Sausage is not for dogs.

"Suddenly a miracle happened. I acquired an old house on Blake Avenue in Brownsville. Today Brownsville is full of Negroes and Puerto Ricans; then it was the Land of Israel. You couldn't find a Gentile to save your life. I wanted to put up a new building, but first I had to get rid of the tenants. Often these things went easily, but this time some of them balked. I didn't believe in going to court; I preferred to settle with them myself. I had a free Sunday and decided to go and see what could be done. My car happened to be in the garage, so I took the subway. After all, I wasn't born a Rockefeller.

"At the house I knocked on the door, but in Brownsville they didn't know the meaning of that. I pushed the latch, the door opened, and I saw a room that looked exactly like one in the old country. If I hadn't known that I was in Brownsville, I would have thought that I was in Konskwola: whitewashed walls, a board floor, a broken-down sofa with the stuffing sticking out. Even the smells were from Konskwola—fried onions, chicory, moldy bread. On the sofa sat a girl as beautiful as Queen Esther. One difference. Esther was supposed to be greenish and this girl was white, with blue eyes and golden hair—a beauty. She was dressed like a greenhorn who had just arrived: a long skirt and shoes with buttons. And what was she doing? Reading a storybook: 'Sheindele with the Blue Lips.' I had read it years before on the other side. I thought I was dreaming and I pinched myself, but it was no dream.

"I wanted to tell her that I was the landlord and had come to make her move out. But some power stopped me. I began to play a role as if I were an actor in the theatre. She asked me who I was and I said I was a salesman of sewing machines. I could get one for her cheap. She said, 'What do I need a sewing machine for? When I want to sew something, I use my own ten fingers.' She spoke a familiar Yiddish.

"I could sit with you until tomorrow and not tell half of it, but I will make it short. She had been in this country only two years. Her father had been a Talmud teacher in Poland. He was brought to this land of gold by an uncle. Three days after the father and daughter left Ellis Island, the uncle died. Her father became a beadle for some little rabbi here. I asked her how old she was and she said twenty-six. 'How does it happen,' I asked her, 'that such a beautiful girl is unmarried?' She answered, 'They offered me many matches but I refused to marry through a matchmaker. I have to be in love.' What she said was not silly; she was like a child and her talk was also like that of a little girl. She was not retarded—just naïve. She had lived for twenty-four years in a tiny village in the hinterland—Wysoka. Her mother died when she was still young. Each word she uttered was the pure truth. She could as much lie as I could be the wife of a rabbi. I asked her name and she said, 'Channah Basha.' Why drag it out? I fell in love with her—head over heels. I couldn't tear myself from her. I was afraid she would make me



THE HUMANITIES BUILDING

All the bad Bauhaus comes to a head
In this gray slab, this domino, this plinth
Standing among the olives or the old oak trees,
As the case may be and whatever the clime.
No bells, no murals, no gargoyles,
But rearing like a fort, with slits of eyes
Suspicious in the aggregate, its tons
Of concrete—glaciers of no known color—
Gaze down upon us. St. Thomas More,
Behold the Humanities Building!
On the top floor
Are one and a half professors of Greek,
Kicked upstairs but with the finest view,
Two philosophers, and assorted Slavics;
Then stacks of languages coming down,
Mainly the mother tongue and its dissident children
(History has a building all its own),
To the bottom level with its secretaries,
Advisers, blue-green photographic light
Of many precious copying machines;
All is bathed in cool fluorescence
From top to bottom, justly distributed:
Light, Innovation, Progress, Equity—
Though in my cell I hope and pray
Not to be confronted by
A student with a gun or a nervous breakdown,
Or a girl who closes the door as she comes in.

The Old Guard sits in judgment and wears ties,
Eying the New in proletarian drag,
And the Assistant with one lowered eyelid
Plots against Tenure, dreaming of getting it,

And in the lobby, under the bulletin boards,
The Baudelairean forest of posters
For Transcendental Meditation, Audubon Group,
"The Hunchback of Notre Dame," Scientology,
Arab Students Co-op, "Case of the Curious Bride,"
Two students munch upon a single sandwich.

—KARL SHAPIRO

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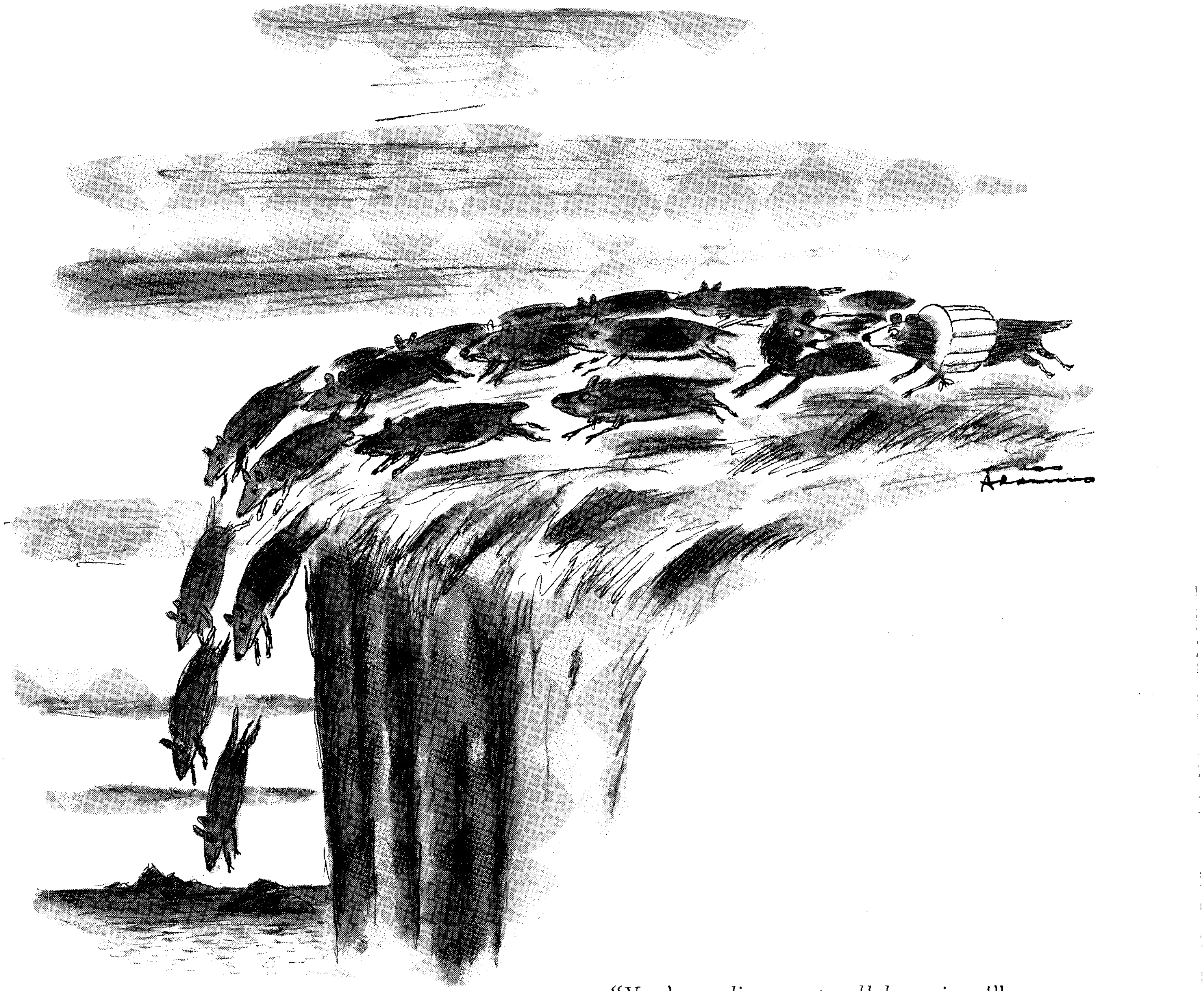

"You're a disgrace to all lemmings!"

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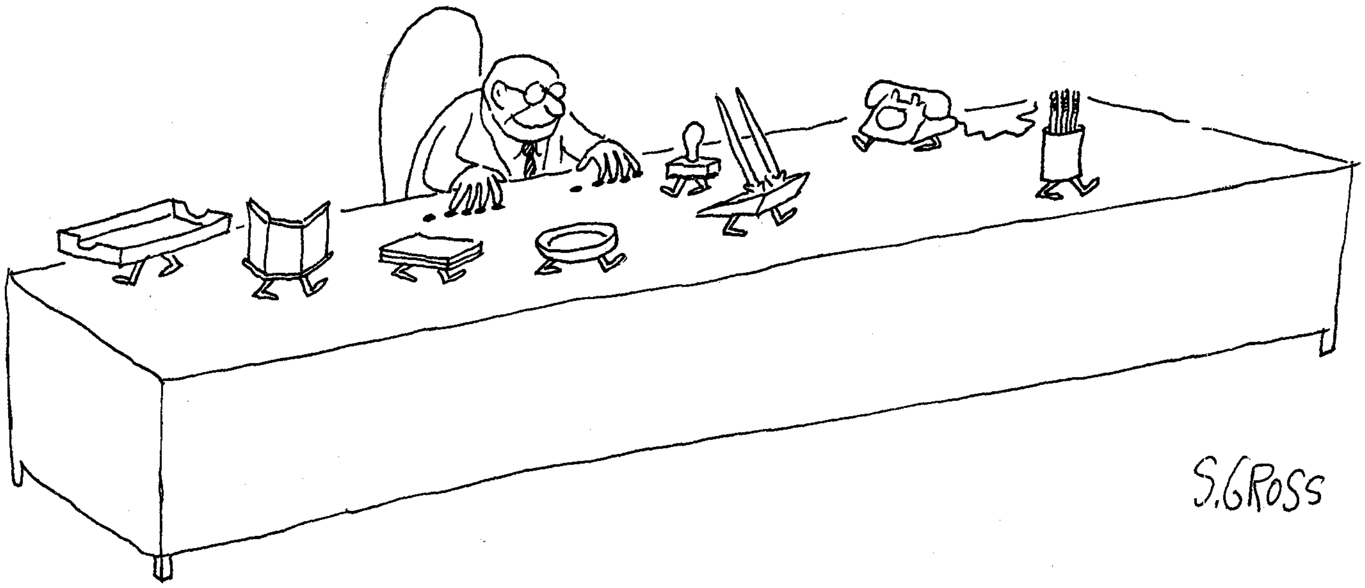
go, but she asked, 'Aren't you hungry?' 'Yes, I am hungry,' I said and I thought, For you! She said, 'I cooked a burned-flour grits and I have a full pot of it.' I hadn't heard the words 'burned-flour grits' for goodness knows how long and, believe me, no aria sung by an opera singer could have sounded sweeter.

"Soon we were seated at a broken-down table, eating the burned-flour grits like an old couple. I told her that I too read storybooks. I could see that she had a whole pile of them, all brought over from the old country: 'The Story of the Three Brothers,' 'The Tale of Two Butchers,' 'The Adventures of the Pious Reb Zadock and the Twelve Robbers.' She asked me, 'Do you earn a living by selling sewing machines?' I said, 'I manage to scratch together a few dollars.' She asked, 'Do you have a wife and children?' I told her about my wife and poured out my bitter heart to her. Channah Basha listened and she grew pale. 'Why do you hold on to such a shrew?' I said, 'Here in America when you divorce a wife you have to pay alimony. If not you go to jail. The alimony amounts to more than a man earns. This is the justice in the land of Columbus.' She said, 'God waits long but He punishes severely. She will soon come to a bad end.' She cursed my wife. She said, 'How do you live if she takes away your last bite?' I said, 'I still have enough for a piece of bread.' She said, 'Come to me. I often cook more than I need for my father and myself. I am always alone because my father comes home late, and with you it will be cozy.' It was the first time that someone showed compassion for me and wanted to give instead of take. We ate the grits with fresh bread from the bakery and we washed it down with watery tea while we babbled about the Three Brothers, of whom the first took upon himself the good deed of ransoming innocent prisoners, the second of helping poor orphans to marry, and the third of honoring the Sabbath. Then I told her a story about a young man who found a golden hair and travelled all over the world in search of the woman from whose head it had fallen. He found her on the island of Madagascar and she was the queen herself. Channah Basha listened eagerly to every word.

"Why go on? There grew up a great love between us. I saw to it that the house remained untouched. I visited her each week, and some weeks I took the Canarsie line to Brownsville two or three times. Whenever I went there, I wore a shabby suit and an old hat. I brought her presents of the kind that a sewing-machine salesman might bring: a pound of farmer cheese, a basket of fruit, a box of tea. The neigh-



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bors knew me and they wanted to buy sewing machines on the installment plan. I soon realized that if I sold them such bargains all of Brownsville would run after me, and I told Channah Basha that I had changed to the insurance business. I have forgotten the main thing: I called myself by another name—David Vishkover. It wasn't invented; I had a cousin of that name.

"For some time I managed to avoid her father, the beadle. As for Channah Basha, she fell in love with me with such passion that no words can describe it. One day I was a stranger and four weeks later her whole life hung on me. She knitted sweaters for me and cooked for me every dish I like. Whenever I tried to give her a few dollars she gave the money back and I had to beg her to accept it. I was a virtual millionaire, but on Blake Avenue I became a poor insurance agent, a starving schlemiel whose wife bled him of his last penny. I know what you want to ask; yes, Channah Basha and I became like husband and wife. She was a pure virgin. How a girl like that could be talked into an affair is a story in itself. I know a little Jewish law, and I persuaded her that according to the Torah a man is permitted to have two wives. As far as she was concerned, since she was unmarried she was not committing adultery. If I had told her to stand on her head, she would have done that too.

"As long as Channah Basha's father did not learn what was going on, everything went smoothly. We lived like two pigeons. But how long can such an affair remain a secret? When he found out that a married man was visiting his daughter and she had accepted him like a bridegroom, all hell broke loose. I assured him that the moment my vixen of a wife divorced me I would stand under the wedding canopy with his daughter.

"Just as Channah Basha was beautiful, her father was ugly, sick, a broken shard. He warned me that I would be excommunicated. As time went on he grew more violent; he even hinted that he might have me thrown into prison. I was frightened, all right. One shouldn't say it, but luck was on my side. He became mortally sick. He had bad kidneys and God knows what else. I sent him to doctors, took him to the hospital, paid for nurses, and I pretended that he was getting all this care for nothing. He lingered a few months and then he died. I erected a tombstone for him that cost fifteen hundred dollars and I made his daughter believe that it came from the *landsleit* of Wysoka. One lie leads to another. How is it written in the Talmud?"

"One sin drags another after it," I said.

"Right.

"AFTER her father's death, Channah Basha became even more childish than before. She mourned him as I never saw a daughter mourn her father. She hired a man to recite the Kaddish for him. She lighted candles in the synagogue. Every second week she visited his grave. I told her that my business was going well and I tried to give her more money. But no matter how little it was she insisted it was too much. All she needed, she said, was a loaf of bread, a few potatoes, and once in a while a pound of tripe. Years passed and she still wore her same shabby dresses from the old country. I wanted to give her an apartment on Ocean Avenue and furnish it. She refused to move. She kept on dusting and polishing her old junk. She read the Yiddish papers, and once she found my picture there. I had become the president of an old-age home and it was written up. She said, 'See here, that Sam Palka looks just like you. Is he a relative or something?' I said, 'I wish he was a relative. In my family we are all paupers.' If I had told her then that I was Sam Palka, our love would have been finished. She needed a poor man to look after, not a rich one to pamper her. Every time I left her to go home she offered me a bag of food so that I wouldn't starve on my wife's rations. Funny, isn't it?

"The years passed and I scarcely knew where they went. One day I had dark hair and it seemed overnight that I turned gray. Channah Basha too was no longer a spring chicken. But her thoughts stayed those of a child. The house on Blake Avenue became so ramshackle I worried that the walls might cave in. I had to bribe the inspectors not to condemn it. The storybooks that Channah Basha brought from Wysoka had finally fallen apart, and she now read the books of the Yiddish writers in America. There was no lack of that merchandise in my house! Every time I went to Brownsville I brought her a stack, and she admired them all no matter how bad they were. She loved everyone except my wife. On her she poured sulphur and fire. She never tired of hearing about the troubles Bessie made for me, and I had plenty to tell. She had gotten herself a gigolo, a faker, and she travelled all over Europe with him. My children gave me no joy, either. My son didn't even graduate from high school. I have three daughters and none of them married happily. Their mother planted hatred of me in them. I was good for only one thing—to write checks. Still, I had a great happiness: Channah Basha. She was always the same. In all those years she learned only a few words of English. Most of the Jewish tenants had moved out of the house and Puerto Ricans had moved in. Only two old women—widows—stayed, and Channah Basha watched over them. One had cataracts and later became blind. The other one had dropsy. Channah Basha took care of them like the best nurse.

"Would you believe it? In all this time Channah Basha never visited Manhattan. The subway terrified her with its din and noise. There was a Yiddish theatre on Hopkinson Avenue, and once in a while I took her there. Sometimes they showed a Yiddish movie. There were moments when I thought I ought to put an end to this false game I was playing. Why shouldn't she enjoy my riches? In the summer I wanted to rent a cottage in the Catskills for her. I offered her a trip with me to California. But she wouldn't hear of it. Air-conditioning did not exist then, and I wanted to buy her a fan. She refused it. She had a deathly fear of machines. She wouldn't allow me to install a telephone. The one thing she accepted was a radio; it took her a long time to learn how to turn on the Yiddish stations. This is Channah Basha—so will she be until her last day.

"My dear friend, I promised to make it short and I will keep my word. Bessie died. She had a quarrel with her gigolo—the pimp—and she went alone to Hong Kong. What she was looking for there I will never know. One day she collapsed in a restaurant and died. It was 1937. In all the years I had been coming to Channah Basha, we promised ourselves that if something happened to Bessie we would get married. But somehow I postponed telling her. There could be no thought of living with Channah Basha in the ruins of Blake Avenue. It was just as impossible to take her to my ten-room apartment on Park Avenue. My neighbors were all snooty rich. I had a Negro maid and an Irish housekeeper. I went to parties and I gave parties. No one spoke a word of Yiddish in my crowd. How could I bring Channah Basha into this Gentile-like world? With whom would she be able to talk? Besides, to find out that I had been lying to her all these years might be a shock that would tear our love apart like a spider web. I began to plan to go with her to Palestine, maybe to settle somewhere in Jerusalem or at Rachel's grave, but Hitler was already baring his teeth. At a time like that it was good to be in America, not wandering around faraway countries.

"I put things off from day to day, from month to month. Why deny it—I wasn't completely faithful to her during all those years. As long as I didn't have true love I spat on frivolous women, but now that I had a true love it suited me to play around with others too. When women know that a man is alone they offer themselves by the dozen. I became a real Don Juan. I frequented night clubs and restaurants where you meet the big shots. My name was even mentioned in the gossip columns. But these phony loves were enjoyable only because in Brownsville on Blake Avenue a real love waited. Who said it? One ounce of truth has more weight than ten tons of lies. I figured one way, then another, and meanwhile the war broke out. There was no place for us to flee to anymore—unless, perhaps, Mexico or South America. But what would we two do there?

"My dear man, nothing has changed up to today, except that I have become an old man and Channah Basha is in her fifties. But you should see her; her hair is still gold and her face is that of a young girl. It is said that this comes from a pure conscience. Now that there was war and she heard how the Jews were tortured in Europe, she began to cry; she went on crying for years. She fasted and recited prayers, like the God-fearing matrons in my village. Some organization advertised that they mailed packages to Russia, and every cent that I gave her Channah Basha sent there. She was so upset that she forgot I was a poor insurance agent and she took large sums of money from me I was supposed to have been saving for my old age. If she hadn't been Channah Basha she would have recognized that something was wrong. But suspicion was not in her

"I have my mother on the phone. Can you spare a dime for the next three minutes?"

nature. She hardly knew the value of money—especially when it was in checks. I knew that the shrewd people in charge of those packages swindled her right and left, but I also knew that if even one dollar out of a hundred served its purpose the deed was good. Besides, if I had told Channah Basha that people with beards and sidelocks stole money from refugees she could have suffered a heart attack. Finally, I gave her so much that I had to tell her I was connected with a relief organization and they provided me with funds. She questioned nothing. Later, when Palestine became a Jewish state and the troubles with the Arabs began, she again tried to help. Believe it or not, I am still getting money from all those nonexistent committees."

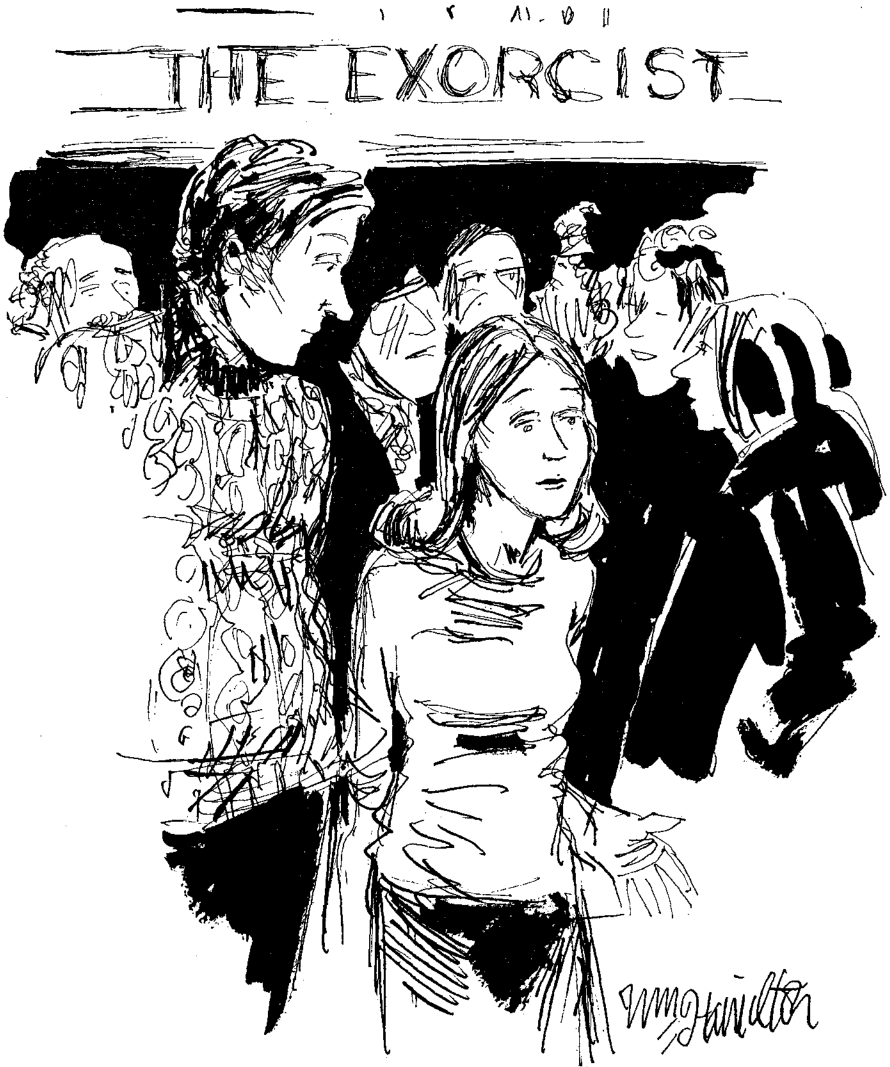
Sam Palka winked and laughed. He puffed once on his extinguished cigar and threw it into the ashtray. He lit another and said, "You may call me a charlatan, but I have never been able to tell her the truth. She loved David Vishkover, the poor man, the victim of a false wife, not Sam Palka, the landlord, the millionaire, the woman chaser, the gambler. Everything had to stay the same. I still visit her on Blake Avenue. It has become almost completely black. It makes no difference to Channah Basha. 'Here I have lived,' she says, 'and here I want to die.' I come to her in the morning, spend the day with her—we take a walk and go to bed right after supper. I'm known there. The blacks and the Puerto Ricans say, 'Hi, Mr. Vishkover.' We still eat burned-flour grits, noodles with beans, kasha with milk, and we talk about the old country as though we had stepped off the ship just yesterday. It's no longer a game. To her, Bessie is still alive, making me miserable. She thinks that I sustain myself on a small annuity from the insurance company and my Social Security. The buttons keep falling off the jacket and pants I wear, and Channah Basha continues to sew on others. She begs me to bring her my shirts; she wants to wash them. She darns my socks. A pair of my pajamas that are twenty years old hang in her bathroom. Every time I come, I have to report about Bessie. Is she still so wicked? Haven't the years softened her? I tell her that age doesn't change character—once bad, always bad. Channah Basha asked me to buy a plot in the cemetery of the Wysoka *landsleit* so that when we die we can lie side by side. I did so, even though another plot waits for me next to Bessie's grave. I will have to die twice. When I die, Channah Basha is going to be surprised by my legacy to her. I have made her the beneficiary of an insurance policy for fifty thousand dollars. The house on Blake Avenue will also be hers. But what will she do with it? There comes a day when money is useless. We are both on diets. She now cooks with vegetable oil instead of butter. I am afraid to eat a piece of babka—cholesterol.

"One day I was sitting with Channah Basha and we were talking about olden days—how they used to bake matzo, send gifts on Purim, decorate the windowpanes for Shabuoth—and suddenly she asked, 'What is the matter with your wife? Will her end never come?' I answered, 'Weeds are hardy.' Channah Basha said, 'I would still like to be your wife before God and the people, even if only for one year.'

"When I heard these words I was beside myself. I wanted to cry out, 'Channah Basha, my darling, no one stands in our way anymore. Come with me to City Hall and we will get the license.' But this meant killing David Vishkover. Don't laugh—he is a real person to me. I have lived with him so long that he is closer to me than Sam Palka. Who is Sam Palka? An old lecher who has made a fortune and doesn't know what to do with it. David Vishkover is a man like my father, peace be with him. Well—and what would happen to Channah Basha if she should hear the truth? Instead of becoming Sam Palka's wife, she would become David Vishkover's widow."

—ISAAC BASHEVIS SINGER

(Translated, from the Yiddish, by the author and Dorothea Straus.)



"I mean, it's hard to believe this is the same country that produced 'Casablanca.'"

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PARK'S WHOPPER PEANUT

So huge as to be almost unbelievable. They average about 2¾ inches long and each plant yields about a pound. Not every peanut is a giant but each is of superior quality with delicious, rich flavor. Truly one of the world's largest peanuts, plant 3 feet apart as this Whopper will need room to develop. A new Park Exclusive.

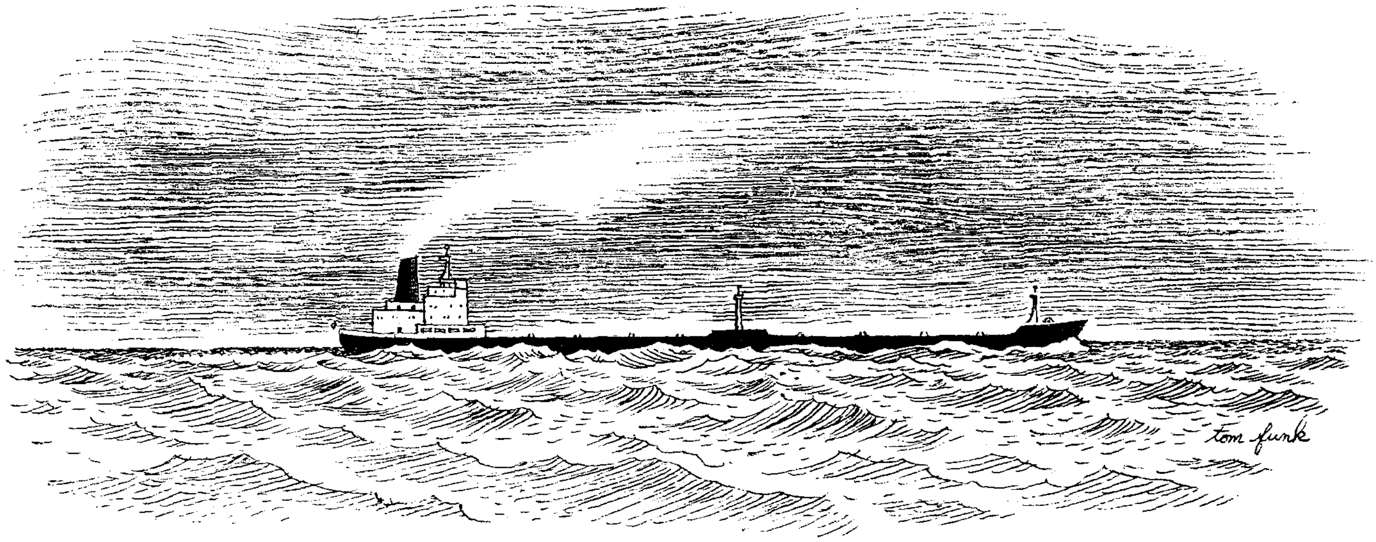
Sorry crop failure—can't supply.

—Park's 1974 flower catalogue.

That's 1974 in a nutshell.

PROFILES

SUPERTANKERS—I



FOR most of us, the old Cunard Queens Elizabeth and Mary still provide the handiest basis for comparison in judging the size of ships. During two generations, they symbolized the ultimate achievement of marine engineering, and most seamen predicted that nothing bigger would ever be built. They were right, in a sense. In terms of visual bulk, nothing will ever equal the Queens, because the days of the passenger liner, which as a class gave us our towering ships, are fast coming to an end. The Queen Mary now lies permanently moored as a museum and tourist hotel at Long Beach Harbor, in California; the Queen Elizabeth, one thousand thirty-one feet from bow to stern and once the largest liner afloat, was apparently sabotaged by fire in Hong Kong Harbor in 1972, and is now being demolished where she lies. In any event, when big ships such as the Queen Elizabeth 2 are built today, advanced technology allows them to carry about the same number of passengers within more modest dimensions. What the marine prophets failed to imagine, however, was a cargo carrier on the scale of the old Queens. And oil tankers surpassed that scale in the early sixties.

To compare a supertanker to the old Cunard Queens is a somewhat tricky business. While a giant passenger liner mounts into the sky, an oil tanker spreads below the water, rather on the principle of the iceberg. Eighty per cent of the ship is below the surface when she is fully loaded. All ships designate their size in terms of tonnage, and any comparison between the Queens and supertankers is further confused by the fact that tankers always describe themselves in deadweight tonnage, while passenger ships do so in gross tonnage. Gross tonnage is a ship's enclosed cubic capacity, a gross ton being equal to a hundred cubic feet of permanently enclosed space; this is the usual measure for a passenger ship, whose gross tonnage rises rapidly with each cabined deck added to her superstructure. Deadweight tonnage, which excludes the weight of the ship itself, is the weight in tons of the cargo, fuel, stores, and ballast that a ship can carry before submerging her load line, or Plimsoll mark. Since fuel, stores, and ballast make only a small difference in how deep a tanker sits in the water, deadweight becomes a rough description of how much oil she can carry. Laid alongside the old Queen Elizabeth, the S.S. Ardshiel, a more or less typical British supertanker, on which I have sailed from Europe to the Persian Gulf and back, would be thirty-three feet longer and thirty-nine feet wider. She has a deadweight measurement of 214,085 tons, and her gross tonnage may be reckoned at 119,678 tons, against the 83,673 tons of the Queen Elizabeth. The Elizabeth normally drew thirty-nine and a half feet of water; the Ardshiel, fully laden, draws sixty-three. It is when supertankers ride high in ballast, however, that they truly match the old Cunarders. When the Ardshiel is empty of cargo, her hull sides are virtually as high as those of the Queen Elizabeth were: a smooth steel cliff, the more formidable for being unbroken by portholes and embarkation ports. And, big as she is, the Ardshiel is less than half the size of the world's largest tanker, the S.S. Globtik London, which has a deadweight measurement of 476,292 tons.

The evolution of the supertankers has proceeded at an astonishing pace. When the Second World War ended, the largest tankers had a deadweight measurement of 18,000 tons. In 1950, a 28,000-ton ship was considered important enough to be launched by Princess Margaret. By 1956, tankers of 45,000 tons were sailing the seas, and plans for a 100,000-tonner had been announced. In the early sixties, the first ships in the latter class were being saluted with all manner of superlatives, and these were extended, in turn, to the tankers of 150,000, 170,000, 200,000, and 250,000 tons, which followed fast upon each other. The consequence was that by 1968, when the first of six 326,000-tonners entered service on charter to Gulf Oil, all exclamations of amazement had grown weak from repetition. The novelty was over. There was a weary concession that anything was now possible at sea. Moreover, public wonder had by then turned to consternation as a result of the wreck of the Torrey Canyon, a 118,285-ton Liberian-registered supertanker, which, fully laden, ran herself onto rocks off the Scilly Isles early in 1967, with devastating results for the adjacent coasts of the English Channel, and which has become the symbol of the environmental threat all supertankers represent.

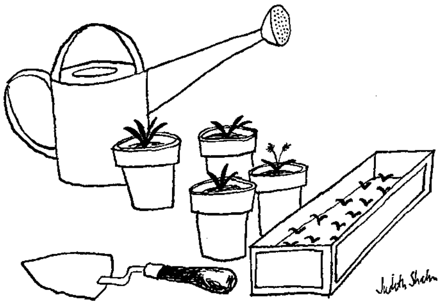
The title of biggest ship in the world has become as ephemeral as that of Miss America. Even now, who of those who ever saw them could forget the Aquitania, the Berengaria, the

Leviathan, the Normandie, the Rex, the Bremen, and the Conte di Savoia as supremely big ships, though it is decades since their demise? Supertankers, unhappily, have no true distinction to preserve them from anonymity once the mere novelty of their size has worn off. I doubt if you would find any tanker sailor who could recite the successive titleholders since the first 100,000-tonner hit the water. On the other hand, I would bet that any able-bodied seaman on the Queen Mary in 1939 would, if pressed, have been able to give a pretty accurate summary of competition for the Atlantic Blue Riband—awarded for the fastest passage between the Ambrose Lightship and the Bishop Rock—since 1907, when the Lusitania and the Mauretania began the big-ship and high-speed era. Be that as it may, when the 366,813-ton Nisseki Maru succeeded the 326,000-ton Gulf ships as the biggest vessel in the world in 1971, the event passed virtually without remark, and the launching of the 476,025-ton Globtik Tokyo a year later was an event noticed mainly by the industry. The Globtik Tokyo itself fell back in line when the Globtik London was launched the following year, and it will be superseded when several 540,000-tonners now ordered are completed. Globtik London's owners have announced that eventually they intend to build a tanker of more than 700,000 tons. Until science provides an alternative source of energy, or until all heavily industrialized nations attain self-sufficiency in oil, neither of which is immediately in prospect, oil will continue to be the principal cargo on the seas, and tankers presumably will continue to increase in size. Japanese and British shipbuilders have been busy for some time with feasibility studies and dockyard preparations for a million-tonner—they call it the megaton tanker—and some shipping men already have started talking about a 1,250,000-tonner.

The fate of much of mankind has often been affected by ships of various kinds, usually fighting ones, and the survival of individual nations occasionally has been dependent upon shipping as a whole, as Britain's was for periods during the Second World War, but never before has the continuation of life itself for millions in every segment of the globe been so inextricably linked to the daily passage of any one class of merchantmen. Without oil tankers, as recent events have forced us to realize, much of the world would simply stop. The world tanker fleet at the end of 1973 stood well over two hundred million deadweight tons. Ships scheduled for delivery in 1974 amount to more than forty-five million tons—the equivalent of the entire world oil fleet in 1957. An organization of the United States shipping companies that register ships in Liberia and Panama has estimated that an international fleet of three hundred and fifty million tons deadweight could be necessary by 1980 to handle the world's oil shipments, including those to the United States. Undoubtedly, the new ships would all be supertankers. Not having developed the necessary deepwater ports, the United States has not so far imported any petroleum directly in tankers of 100,000 tons or more. Each year, about half of the United States' imports has consisted of refined products brought in small tankers from the Caribbean, and of the crude oil that has been imported some thirty-eight per cent has arrived by pipeline from Canada. Now that the oil embargo has been lifted, plans are being made for supertankers to crowd into North American waters in large numbers, and if they do they will surely bring with them their many special problems, and, at some point, disaster.

Supertankers, by and large, have assumed a look of such brutal and uncompromising functionalism that they strike the observer as being not so much ships designed to carry oil as mere tank barges fitted with engines and a place in which men can bunk and steer. Until the early sixties, tankers as big as 100,000 tons still had their bridges amidships. The crew and the engineers lived aft, above the engines, and the master and the other navigating officers lived in the midships structure below the bridge. In effect, the ship consisted of two communities connected by a catwalk. Although being segregated aft with the crew meant being conveniently near the machinery, the engineering officers on the old tankers felt that the living arrangements simply enhanced the deck officers' traditional sense of higher caste and over-all superiority. It was a quarrel as old as steam propulsion. Then, in the early sixties, the bridge and everything else in the midships structure were moved to the stern, and now the captain peers forward over a fifth of a mile of deck to the water breaking on his bow. Whatever the all-aft principle of construction (introduced for economy, and because it was felt to be safer in the event of explosions) has done to aesthetics, it has entirely changed the social structure of tankers, putting the engineers and the navigators together, with the chief engineer and the ship's captain finally and unequivocally accorded equal status and space on the same deck.

Automation has carried these changes even further. Where once there were only two castes of officers, the navigators and the engineers, there is now a third, the electronics men. Only a decade ago, the ship's electrician was a petty officer who changed the light bulbs and fixed the fuses. He is now called the electrical-engineer officer, and approaches the master's and the chief engineer's level of seniority. There



CITY

I have been here before
I have entered through a glass door
at the end of a corridor
surprised to find nothing locked
but knowing that someone was watching
I have arrived through a hospital
I have steered in through the tightening outskirts
in the morning crowd
I have undergone inspections been counted have believed
I have learned the streets like seasons
I have forgotten whole years
but never have I seen it with so few people showing
not even at this hour before daylight so little traffic
never so like held breath
all the traffic lights dark
never such temptation to drive too fast

—W. S. Merwin

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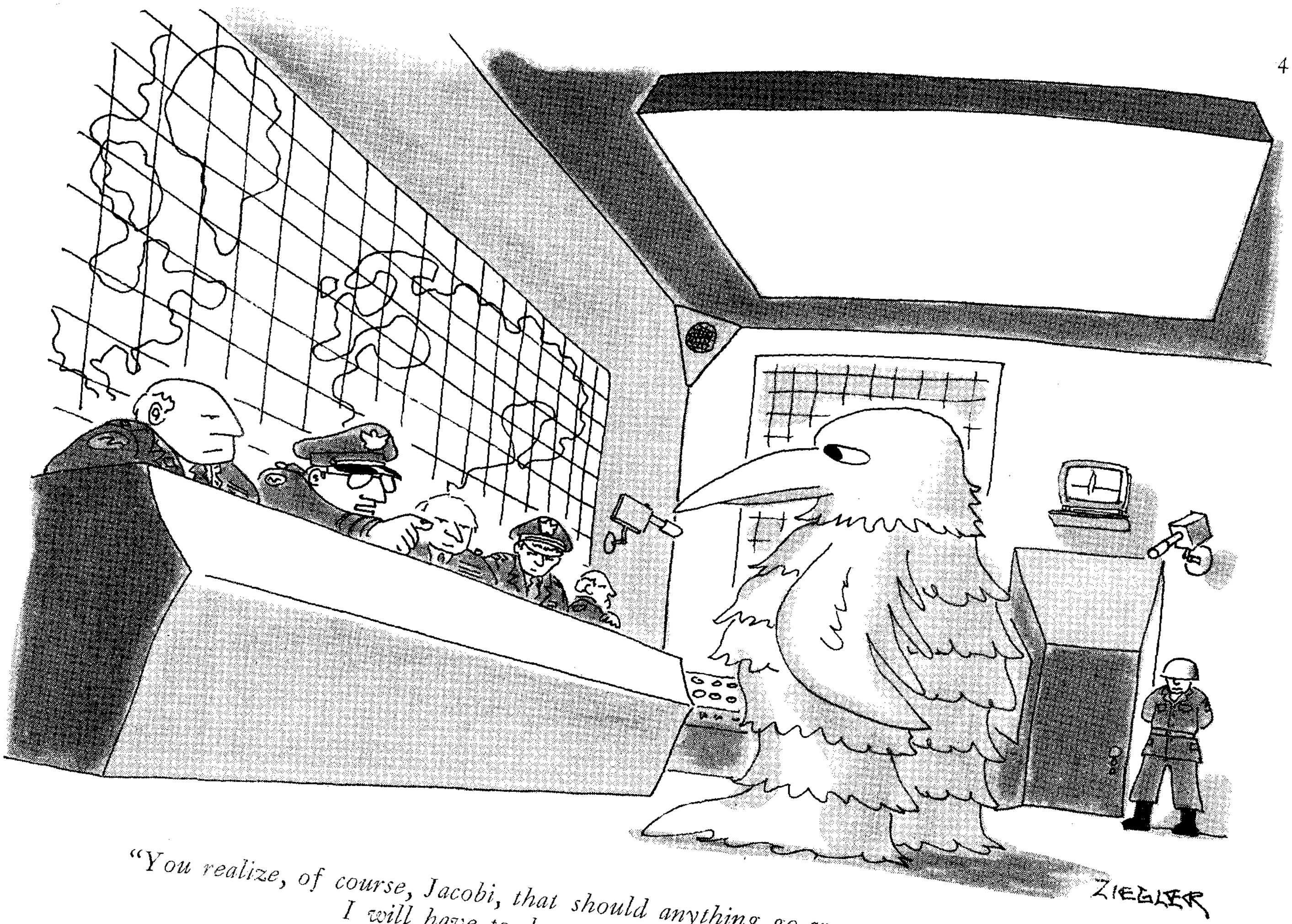

"*You realize, of course, Jacobi, that should anything go wrong the General and I will have to deny any knowledge of this.*"

are supertankers in operation today on which the navigation, the cargo loading and discharge, the engine operation, the crew's wages, and even the medical reports and histories are handled by computer. The computer receives a ship's position from satellites; the computer avoids collision by monitoring the radar's reports of surrounding ships. Though such installations are too costly to be general, they represent the trend. The unmanned ship sailing the seas by remote control may not be seen for some time, but within a decade ships could be run by teams of technician-navigators which would be no larger than the flight crews of 747s, and, like flight crews, would depend upon navigational instructions from the terminals they are approaching. I have heard that one British company, whose ships are being run by committees consisting of navigation, engineering, and electrical officers, has already dropped the title of captain, and is calling the ship's master the manager. Even the word "ship" seems to be going out of style. Tankers of between 200,000 and 400,000 tons are called V.L.C.C.s, or Very Large Crude Carriers, and those of more than 400,000 tons U.L.C.C.s, or Ultra-Large Crude Carriers.

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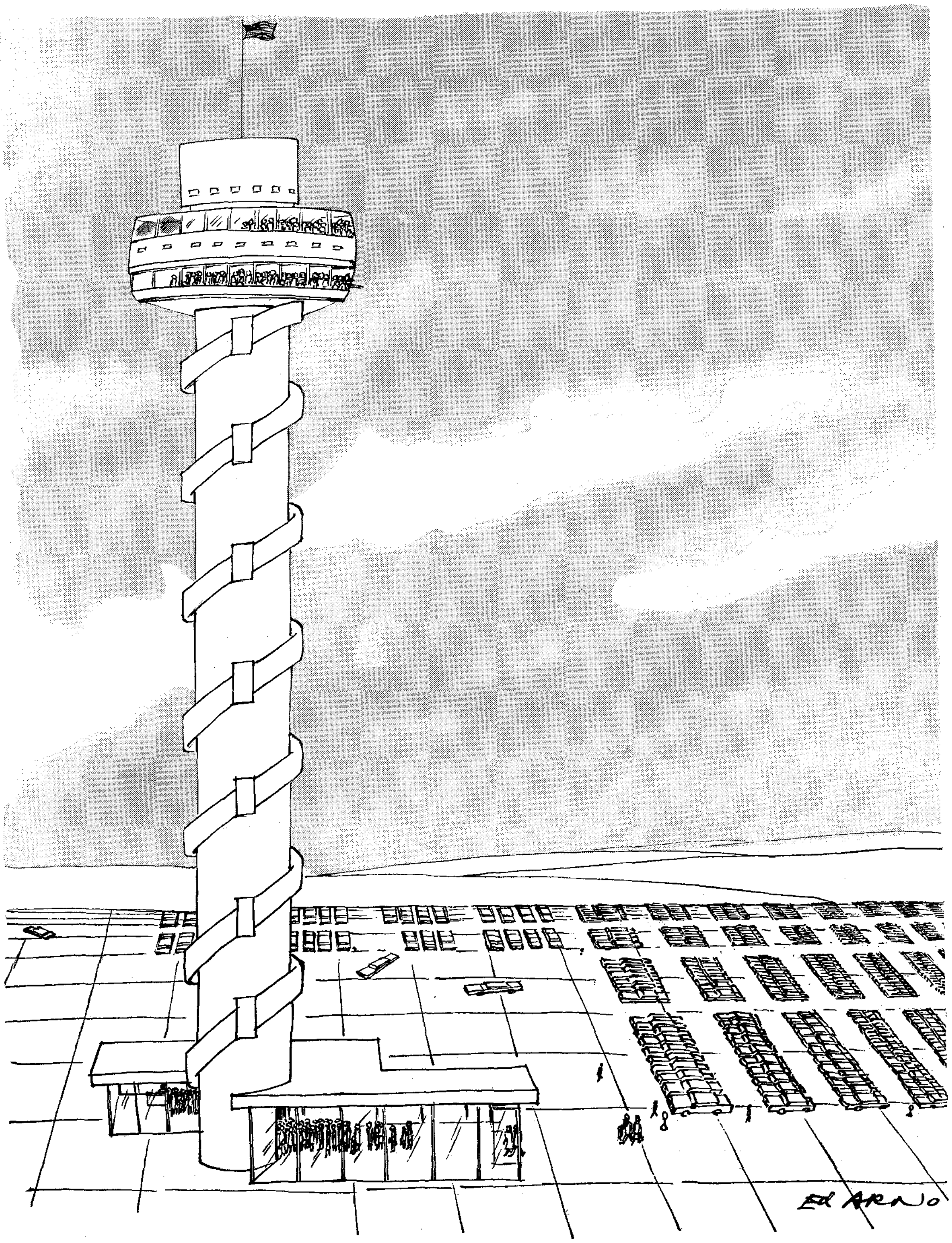
Offering so little charm in their profile and practically no speculation about their purposes, the supertankers have brought monotony and a feeling of loss to the maritime horizons as they have come plodding past in endless procession; they dim the seaward imagination. I live above the Strait of Gibraltar, with a view over this passage from Tangier's Vieille Montagne, and if I scan the sea there through my glasses there is a good chance that at any given moment every vessel of the twelve to twenty in sight will be a tanker. I do this many times a day when I am home, and I feel elated when the sweep of the deeply laden or ballasted and high-riding oil carriers reveals in its midst an old "three-island" merchantman, at least thirty years old, moving imperceptibly, at eight or ten knots, and blowing smoke in such quantities that one knows her to be a coal-burner. (A three-island ship is one with the traditional balance of a forecastle, a midships bridge and officers' living quarters, and a poop.) The ship I might see would very likely be Spanish, but she could be Portuguese, Greek, Turkish, Cypriot, Maltese, or Algerian—hand-me-down tonnage that was probably built on the Clyde or the Tyne, holds five or six changes of name to her credit at Lloyd's, has tramped at one time or another through every trade in the world, and is now reduced to coasting at an arthritic pace in the Mediterranean, with Casablanca, Lisbon, and the Canaries as the limits of her endurance beyond. Such a vessel does at least open every sort of conjecture. She *looks* like a ship, sits upon the sea as though fitted to it, and is adaptable to all its caprices, because, for one thing, she has sheer, meaning that her lines flow with an upward slope at both stem and stern, and she also has rake, in the nicely calculated angle at which her two tall masts and single funnel lie from the perpendicular. Rake, where it still exists (most elderly passenger liners and freighters have it), is the steamship age's last, lingering inheritance from sail; the rake of the great masts of a square-rigger helped diminish the tremendous strains put upon the hull by full canvas and the pitch and lurch of the ship. In composing the raked balance of the masts and funnels of the passenger liners of the North Atlantic, marine architects often achieved a memorable beauty, and one has only to return to photographs of ships such as



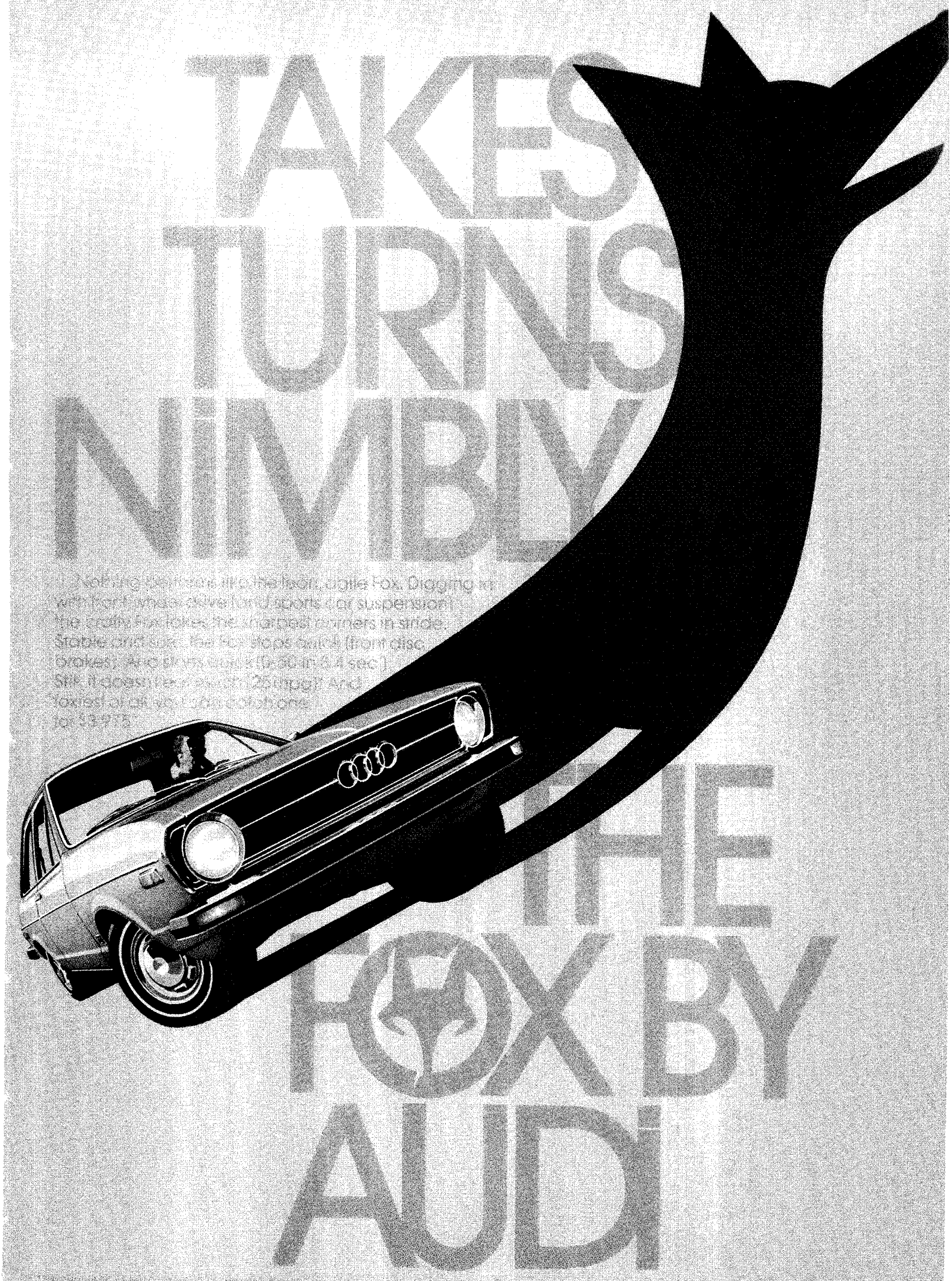
"Hey, look! Sixth row, tenth from the end! The blue one! That's ours!"

• •

the old Cunarders Mauretania (1907) and Aquitania (1914) to confirm this. When these or any of the big liners of the thirties used to sail down the Hudson and then slowly stand out on their course for the Narrows, they went with a stateliness and serenity that seemed strangely poignant for such vast and powerful structures. Passing before the arrogant uprightness of the skyscrapers, the delicate slant of their masts and funnels implied a healthy acceptance of the essential fallibility of all man's works, a graceful concession to their element. So when I see one of these three-island relics dawdling through the Strait of Gibraltar, what I am really admiring is the aesthetic qualities that were possessed not so long ago by practically all ships, from the grandest to the humblest.

Of rake and sheer the V.L.C.C.s and U.L.C.C.s have almost none. Just about the only lines these ships have are straight ones. The bow may have a slight protective upward tilt for taking the seas, but the hull runs back to the stern like a wide, solid steel pier. The stern itself, instead of gracefully closing off the hull with some form of curve or fold, is often flattened, as though sawed off. The lofty, slanting masts of yesteryear are replaced by some type of steel tower atop or abaft the bridge; it is intended mainly for aerials and radar scanners, which do the job once left to the man in the crow's nest, that lonely lookout barrel that was set halfway up the mainmast.

The two routes for which supertankers were principally designed—between Europe and the Persian Gulf via the Cape of Good Hope, and between the Persian Gulf and Japan through the Strait of Malacca—are long ones. The distance between Rotterdam and Ras Tanura, in the Gulf, is 11,170 miles, so fetching a cargo from there means a round trip roughly equal to a circumnavigation of the globe. It is, moreover, a painfully slow trip, because a modest speed—usually something between fourteen and sixteen knots—is the most economical one for these ships. (The most illustrious clipper of all, Cutty Sark, often ran seventeen knots and easily did fifteen, and could have outflown a V.L.C.C., as she occasionally did some steamships of her day; most modern freighters average eighteen to twenty knots, and the last Blue Riband holder, the S.S. United States, has been said to be capable of forty knots and possibly more. She won the Blue Riband by hitting an average of 35.59 knots.) For a supertanker, a round-trip voyage between Europe and the Gulf requires at least two months, sometimes more. The voyage to North America is of approximately the same duration. During the voyage, supertankers stop nowhere. Mail and fresh supplies are taken aboard at the Cape, but either they are delivered by a helicopter, which drops its packages onto the deck while the ship steams at a slow speed, or they are brought by launch to a rendezvous point twelve miles off Cape Town



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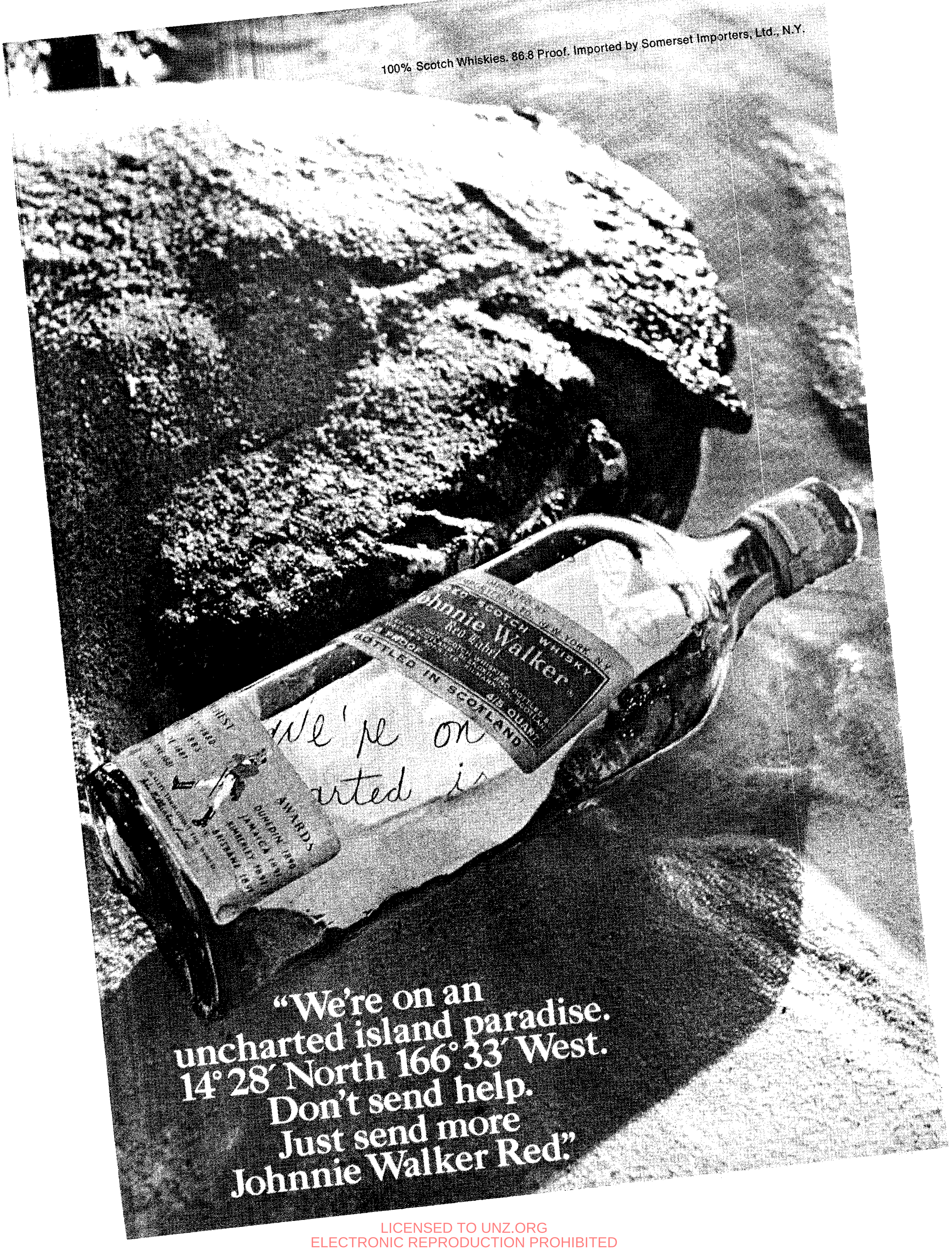100% Scotch Whiskies. 86.8 Proof. Imported by Somerset Importers, Ltd., N.Y.
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Harbor. When a ship reaches the Gulf, the loading usually takes place from sea rigs miles offshore. It is all done in twelve to twenty-four hours, and the ship starts the long haul back to its European destination, which may change several times during the voyage, depending upon the prevailing pattern of European demand. Such changes of orders are of only brief interest to the crew, for it scarcely makes any difference to those on board whether they wind up in Bantry Bay, Eire, or Taranto, Italy—unless, of course, they are getting off and going home on leave. If they are not, the activity of discharge is too brief and intense to offer much chance of getting ashore. There would probably be nowhere to go anyway, the tanker berths being, as a rule, the farthest reach of any port. An increasingly common practice, in Europe as well as in the Persian Gulf, is to moor tankers to offshore pipeline buoys, fifteen or twenty miles out, so that a ship travelling constantly between these two areas is forever at sea and removed from the shore.

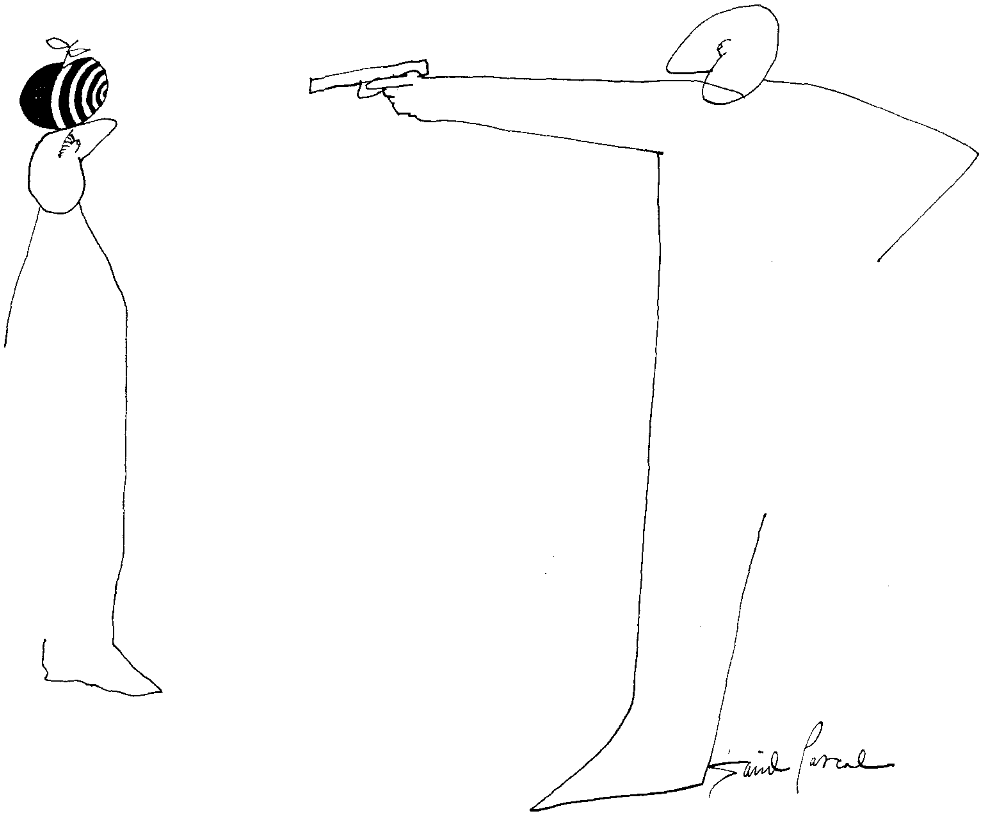
Supertankers, like jet aircraft, are too expensive to be kept idle. Until recently, there was a rough assumption that a ship spent a third of her time in port, loading or discharging or waiting, and the rest at sea. A tanker spends less than ten per cent of her time in port. Estimated costs of tanker operation are based on the ship's being at sea three hundred and forty to three hundred and fifty days a year. Strenuous efforts are made to increase even this where it is possible, and tanker masters must account for literally every minute of delay; Shell International Marine once calculated that cutting one hour in port from the fourteen thousand or so port calls made by its tankers could save five million dollars a year. It costs from thirty to fifty thousand dollars a day to operate a V.L.C.C., whose profit can be as much as three or four million dollars on a voyage; such profitability alone makes any idleness an anxious matter.

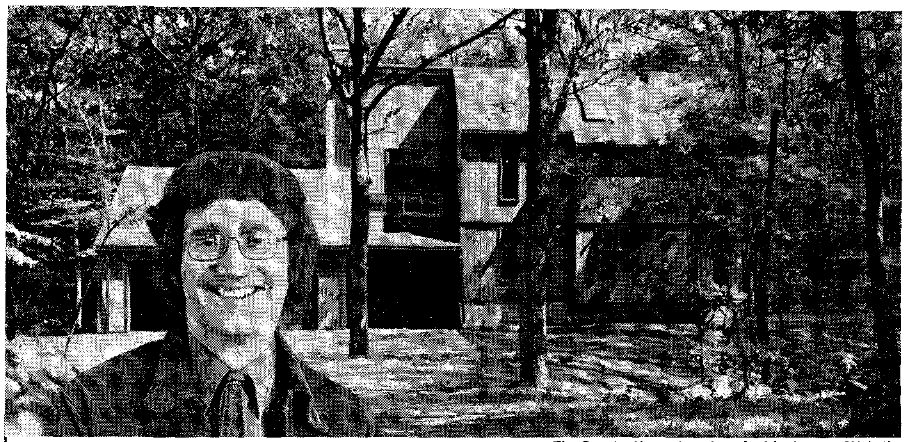
What all this means as far as the tanker sailor is concerned is that once aboard the ship he seldom gets off until his immediate period of service on the vessel is over; men have stayed on board ship for a year without setting foot on land, and I have heard of even longer periods. The chief engineer aboard a Shell tanker on which I sailed in 1966 told me that he had been twice around the world—through the Mediterranean, to the Far East, across the Pacific to Fiji, through Panama to Curaçao, South America, and to all sorts of other exotic and interesting places—and "seen nowt of the lot of 'em, nowt but the bloody engines and the bloody bulkheads of me cabin, and the back of the old man's gin bottle." On some ships, officers may have their wives and children aboard, and all scrupulous tanker operators make a great effort to give their supertanker crews a fixed rotation of service and leave. But few sailors expect to do less than two consecutive voyages, and that means four and possibly six months on board. The leave period is from six weeks to two months—then back for another bout. In 1971, three young British tanker sailors were sent to jail for trying to set fire to their ship, the British Hussar, while she was discharging at Trieste. They were said by the prosecutor to be so fed up with life on the ship that they had planned to set her on fire in the hope that the crew would be paid off and flown back to Britain. They, at least, got their wish.

NAVIGATION of these huge ships is virtually a new skill. Conning them requires a revised set of reflexes and judgments concerning what such a long, wide vessel can and cannot do in harbor or in an emergency. Esso and other companies train their masters and pilots aboard miniature exact-scale models of V.L.C.C.s on an eight-acre lake near Grenoble, France; the facilities include scale models of piers, sea berths, loading buoys, and typical narrow channels. At Delft, Holland, tanker senior masters and mates can be trained in a simulator, which is on the order of the simulators used for flight crews but in this case is the facsimile bridge of a 250,000-ton ship. It is supposed to reproduce the exact experience of taking a supertanker into shallow coastal waters while preparing to enter a harbor in all sorts of weather and tidal conditions, as well as of coping with various situations that might arise on the open sea. Usually, only masters who work for the big oil companies are sent to Grenoble or Delft to train. Other V.L.C.C. masters have to learn on the job.

Even on the open water, supertankers need plenty of sea room. It takes more than three nautical miles and twenty-one minutes to stop a 250,000-ton tanker going sixteen knots, and there is a strong sidewise slip for a tanker that is stopping. Anchors don't stop these ships; where an ordinary merchantman would drop its anchors in an attempt to hold its motion, putting down anchors to stop a supertanker that was even slightly under way would simply cause the cables to be wrenched from the deck. Experiments with braking flaps, and even with underwater braking parachutes, have not produced any practical solution to the problem.

Trying to stop or maneuver a V.L.C.C. or a U.L.C.C. on the open sea is tricky enough, but in confined, crowded, or shallow waters it is infinitely more so, and is sometimes impossible. Supertankers, like all ships, sail according to an international set of





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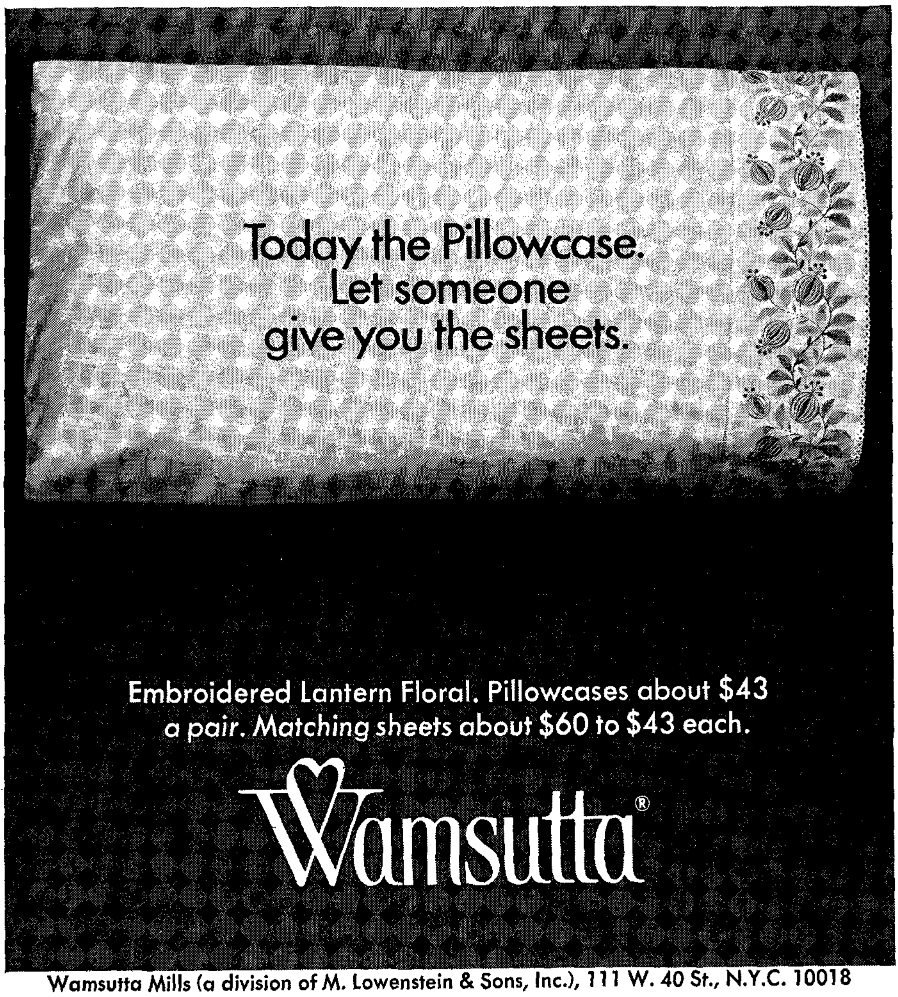
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rules of the road which are substantially an inheritance from the nineteenth century. These rules served shipping well until the present era, but for tankers they are often impractical, or even downright dangerous. The master of a 200,000-ton tanker passing through the Strait of Dover could (as recently happened) find that none of the prescribed procedures do him any good in a collision situation, because he is unable to stop in time and the only alternative, putting the helm over, would take the long hull out of its depth and put it hard aground. So he is dependent upon the courtesy and vigilance of the oncoming vessel. The collision regulations have been revised, and this will help supertankers, but the new rules are not to become effective until January 1, 1976, at the earliest. There are also to be new regulations concerning navigation lights, which identify a vessel and its course at night. Many instances have been reported of smaller ships' trying to steer *between* the forward and after lights of a supertanker, on the natural assumption that the distance between the two indicated two different ships.

Supertankers enter shallow waters at great risk. Fully laden, U.L.C.C.s cannot enter the Baltic at all, and V.L.C.C.s have to be taken with extreme delicacy along some of the passages they most frequently use, such as the North Sea, the Strait of Malacca, and the Strait of Dover. These and other shallow waters have always been a worry to sailors, but the deep hulls of the big supertankers have extended subsurface navigational requirements to depths that had previously been the concern only of submarine captains. In some areas, particularly the Strait of Dover, supertankers sometimes sail with a clearance of as little as two feet above the sea floor. The danger is compounded by the fact that supertankers tend to squat by the bow, and in ships over 200,000 tons the difference can amount to as much as four feet even at reduced speed; moreover, the squat is increased by quite ordinary wave effects, tidal surges, or currents.

Shell International Marine, the single largest owner and charterer of tankers, declared in 1967 that its policy was to allow a minimum clearance of two feet for its ships. Commenting on this in an article written for the June, 1971, issue of a maritime monthly, *Safety at Sea International*, Commander M. B. F. Ranken, a British marine engineer and maritime consultant, remarked, "While this may be sufficient in well-maintained dredged channels

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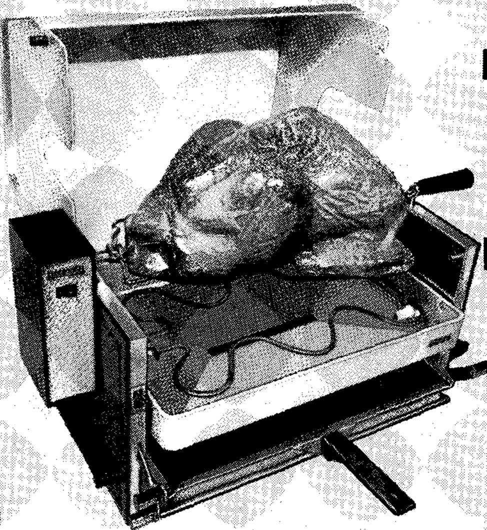

1 It's a rotisserie

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It's a griddle 2

With heavy aluminum Teflon II® coated griddle in place over heating element, you're ready for pancakes or bacon and eggs. Control heat by moving heating element to desired position beneath griddle.

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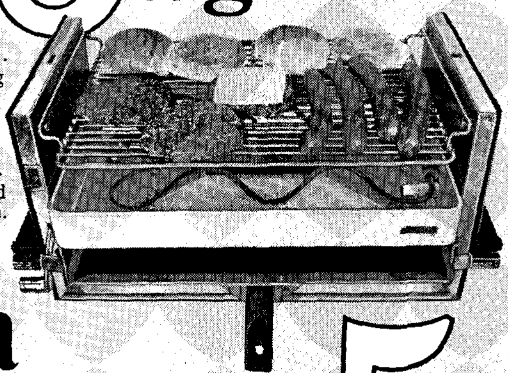
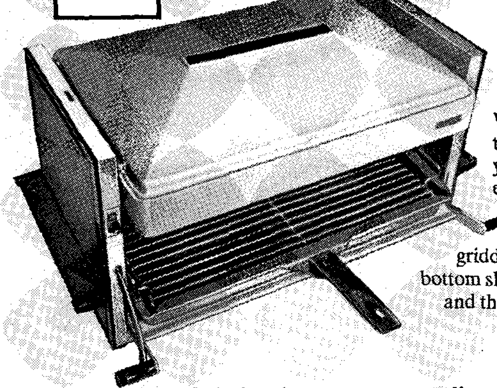
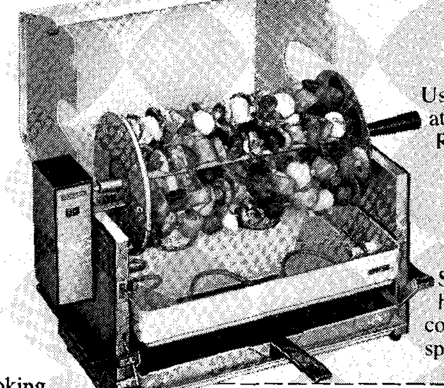


4 It's a broiler



With heat reflector above the heating element, you've got a fast-cooking, easy-to-clean Infra-Red broiler. Simply slide Teflon II coated griddle and grille onto bottom shelf, flip switch on, and that's it!

It's a shish-kebab 5



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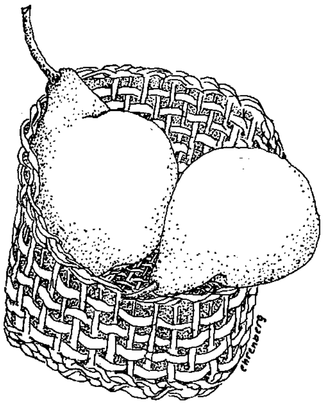
with a sand or mud bottom, it certainly is not in open sea conditions, more especially if the bottom is rock or coral, if there are any wrecks in the area, if the weather is stormy, or if there have been few chances for accurate position-fixing."

The Hydrographic Department of the British Navy estimates that there are thirty-five hundred known wrecks in the English Channel alone. Seabeds are also well strewn with submarine cables. But the most disturbing new element in the situation is the discovery, as a result of a closer scrutiny of the seabed, of huge sand waves moving along the bottom in certain areas; they are often as high as twenty feet, and can even reach fifty feet. Large expanses of mobile undersea dunes have been found in the English Channel and the North Sea, at least three of them athwart the main tanker routes; the master of a 250,000-tonner has reported to the Admiralty that his ship touched bottom where the charts indicated that he had twenty feet of water below him.

Merely getting these huge ships into port and alongside a pier has become a serious problem in seamanship. The normal procedure in a port is to put a ship parallel to the pier and then to nurse it alongside with tugs and the use of the vessel's engines. This requires the minimum motion, which is extremely hard for a master or a pilot to judge when he is standing a hundred feet above the water and a fifth of a mile from the bow of the ship. If a V.L.C.C. hits a pier with an impact speed of only a quarter of a knot—that is, twenty-six and a half feet per minute—both ship and pier are certain to be badly knocked about, with the chance of either oil leakage or an explosion. Some tankers have been equipped with lateral thrusters to help maneuver them, and some piers have been banded with strong shock-absorber devices to catch and deflect the weight of the ship. In some ports, sonic mooring devices have been installed. These measure movement down to four feet a minute and measure the distance off the pier down to two feet. At Rotterdam, traffic signals of red, amber, and green help give immediate visual warning of the diminishing or accelerating approach speed of a supertanker.



When they were first emerging from the yards, V.L.C.C.s were ships virtually without havens. Even now, fewer than a dozen ports in the major oil-consuming nations of the world can accommodate ships drawing more than sixty feet, as is required for a loaded 200,000-tonner. Supertankers forced a new pattern of port development wherever they sailed. The Dutch have spent many hundreds of millions of dollars deepening the North Sea and providing facilities at Rotterdam, which is today the biggest oil port in the world. Once undertaken, such effort becomes virtually ceaseless as the size of supertankers increases. After the Dutch prepared for drafts of nearly sixty feet and then of sixty-two, channels had to be deepened to accommodate ships drawing sixty-five feet, and work is now under way to allow ships drawing seventy-five feet to enter Rotterdam. This *must* be the limit, because the North Sea's approaches to Rotterdam won't accommodate ships sitting much deeper in the water. As it is, vessels of this draft must go all the way around Britain, passing north of Scotland, to make their approach. The French undertook to deepen channels at Le Havre, and they are now digging and dredging to bring in the new race of 500,000-tonners. Another solution has been to build new ports at places where sea commerce would never otherwise have been expected. Deep water influences the choice of site, and since in Europe deep inshore water often goes with some of the most spectacular scenery—the bays of Ireland, the lochs of Scotland, the fjords of Norway—that is where one must now expect to see the supertankers. Gulf chose Bantry Bay, one of the most beautiful places in Ireland, as a terminal for its six 326,000-tonners. Bantry Bay is, in effect, an oil-transit port: from there the crude is reshipped in 100,000-tonners to refineries in Wales, Denmark, Holland, and Spain. This entrepôt concept has become central to all plans for handling the very biggest ships—anything above 300,000 tons. It has also been applied to the initial installations for V.L.C.C.s in North American waters. Supertankers of V.L.C.C. size have been built in the United States, but at present no United States port can handle V.L.C.C.s when loaded. On the east coast, deep inshore water starts at Maine and is amply provided along the

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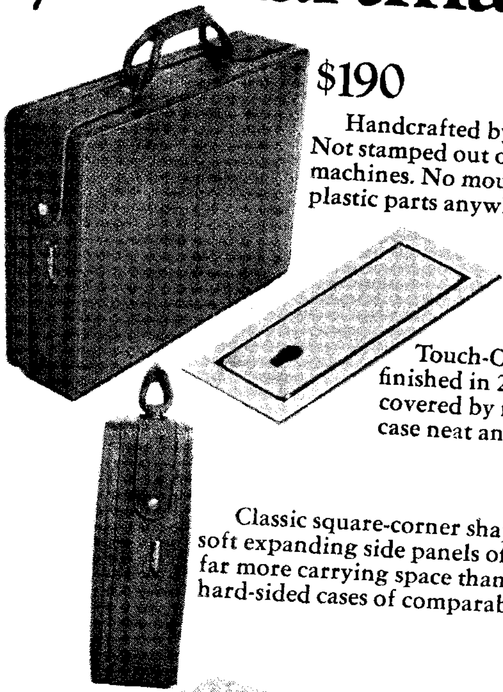

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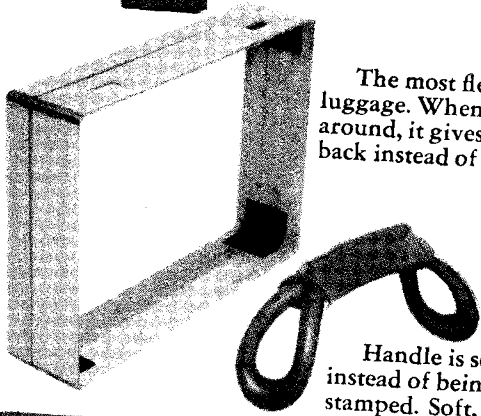

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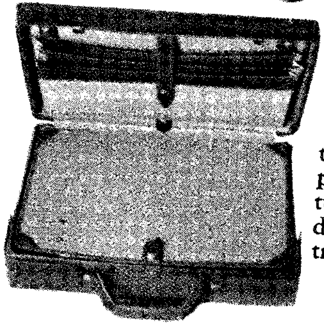
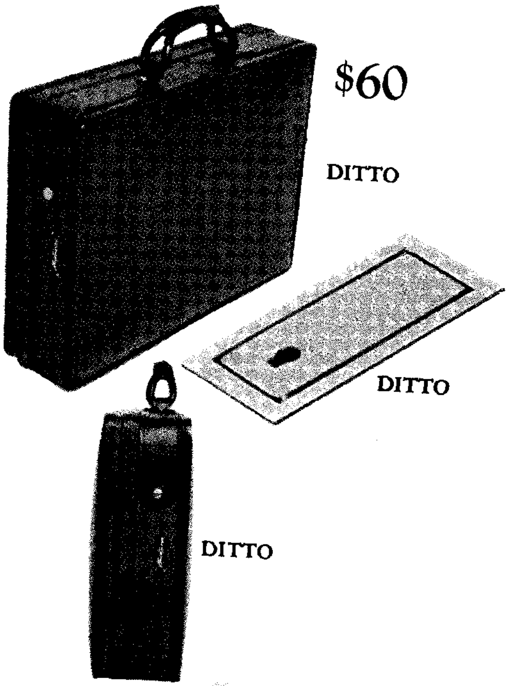


Interior crafted and tailored by hand and completely backed. Edges are turned and bound. Removable desk and file sections. Zepel® treated lining repels stains.



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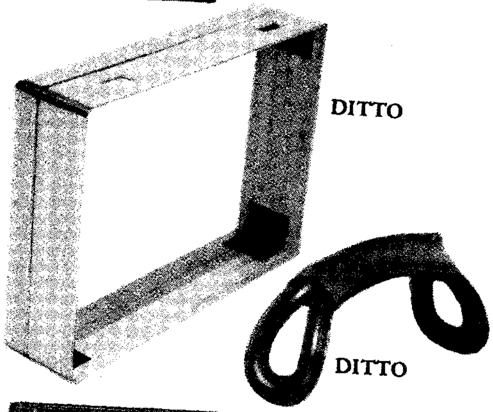

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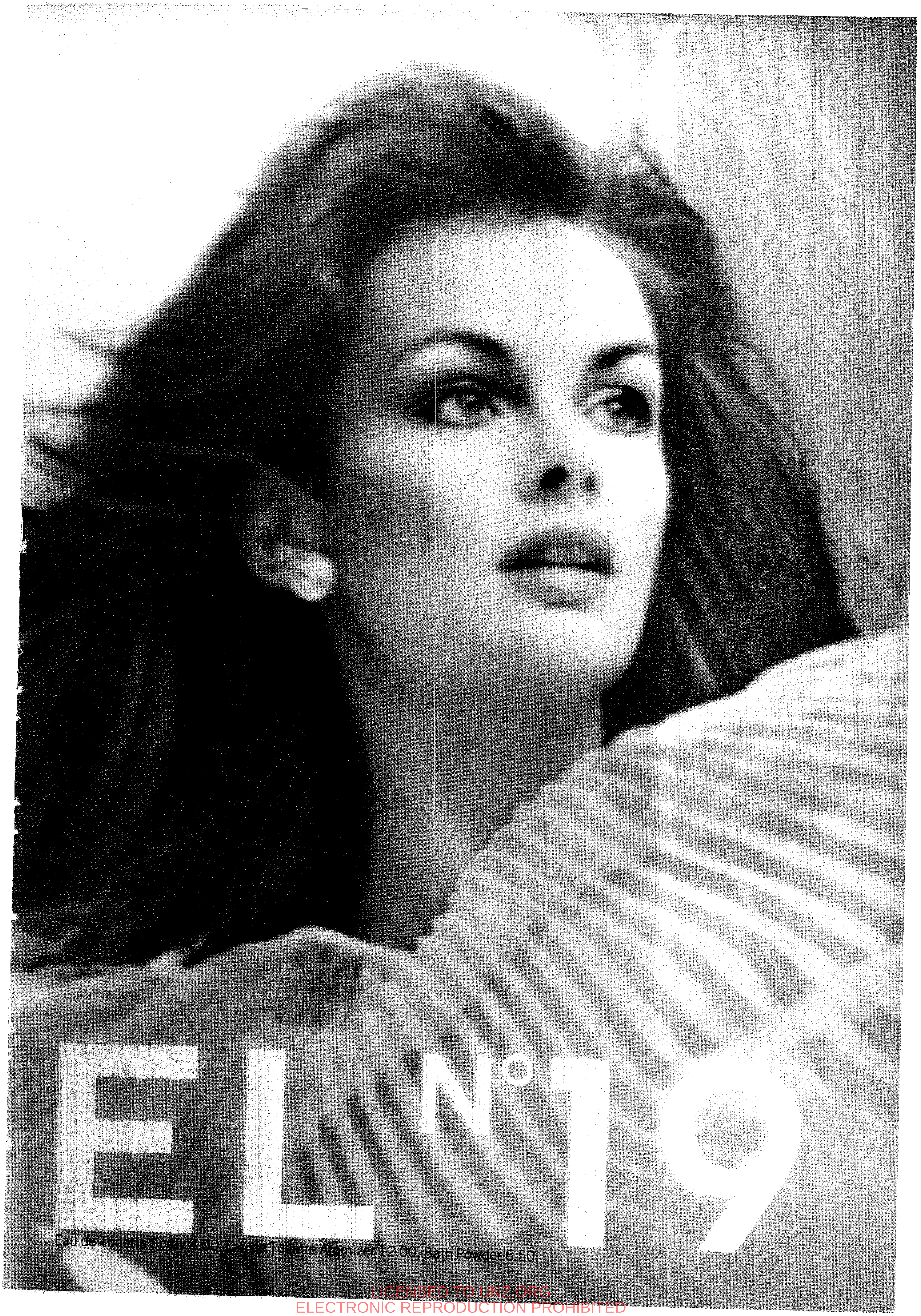

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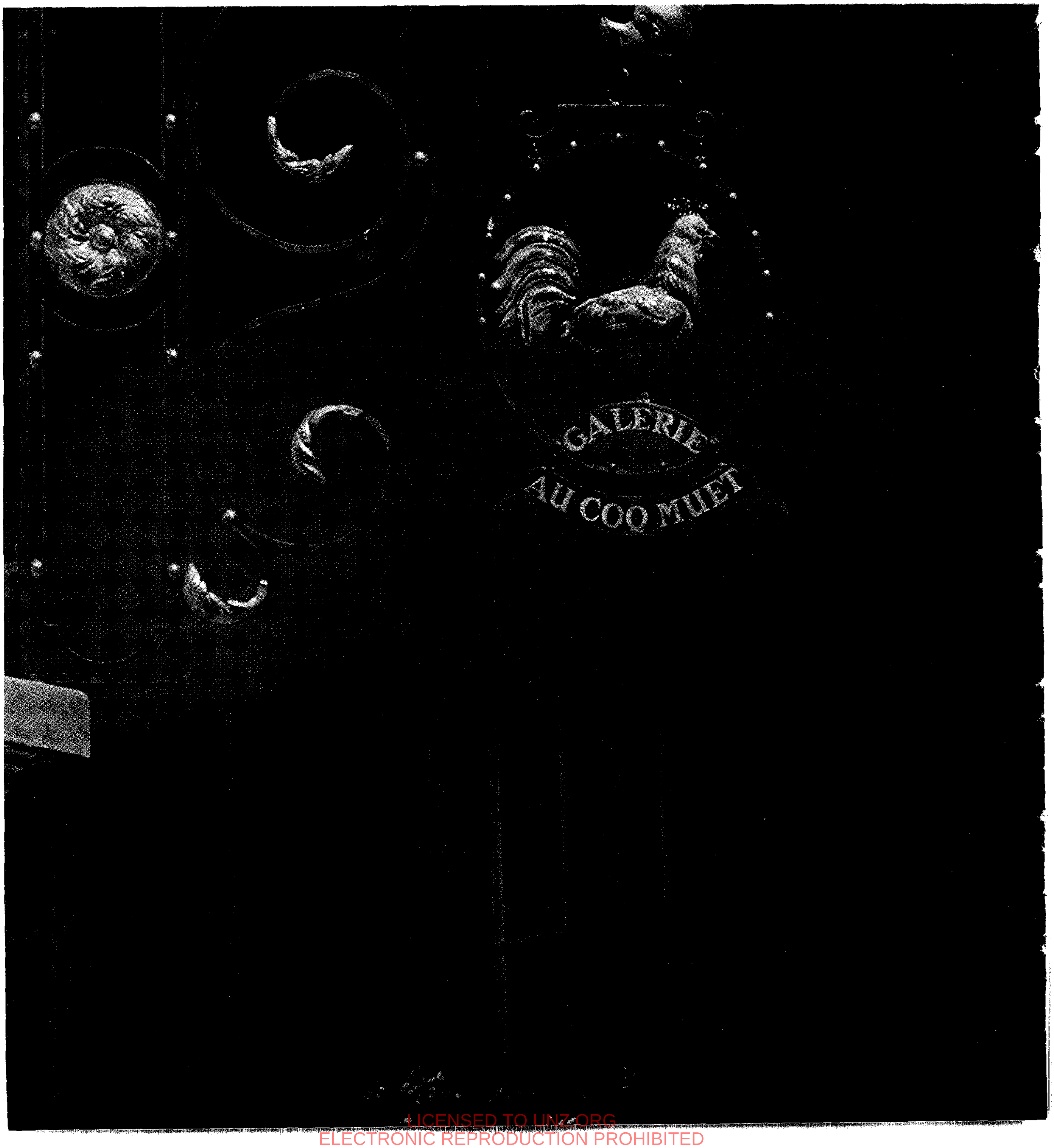
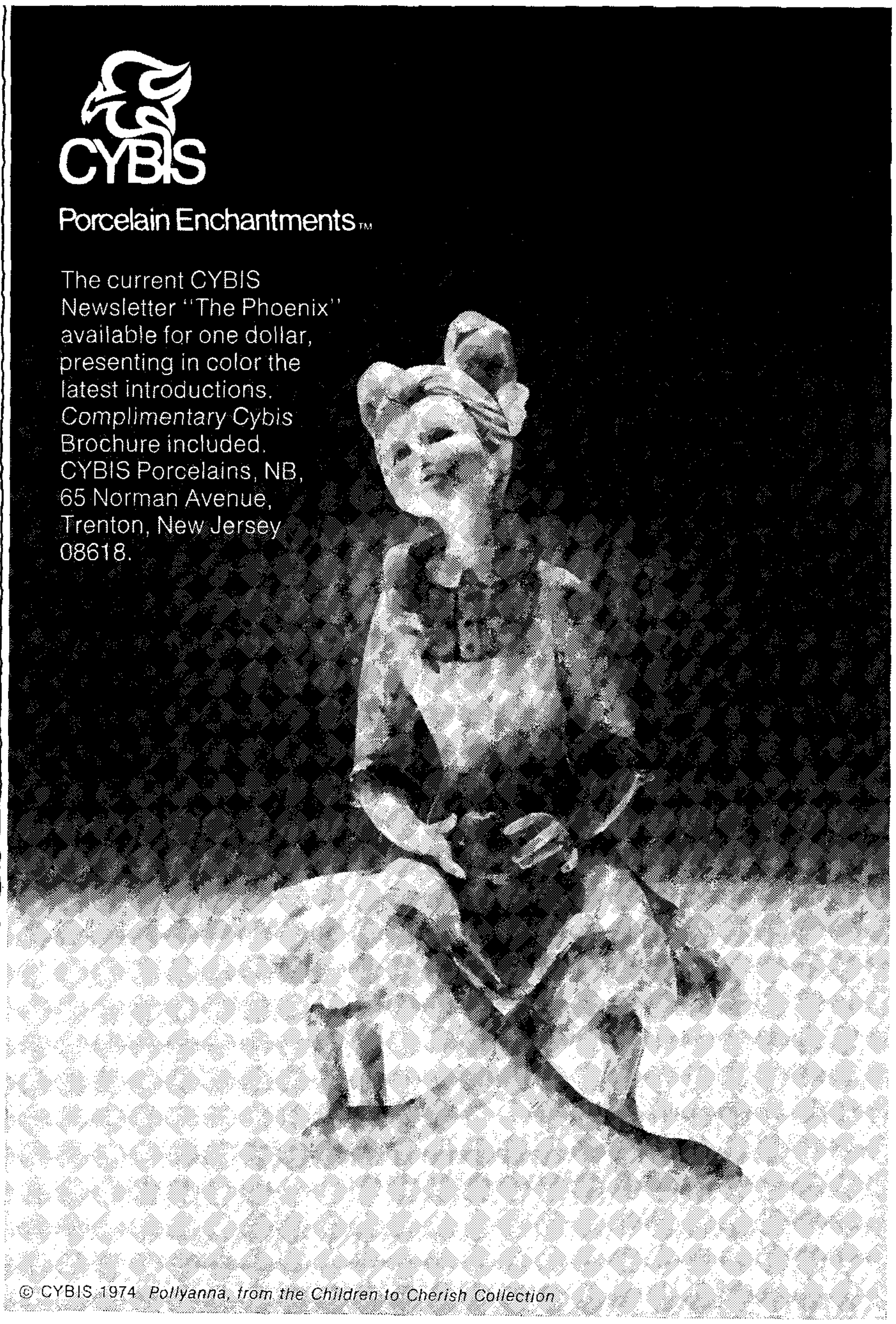


shores of the Canadian provinces of New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, Quebec, and Newfoundland. As in Europe, these deeps lie beside some of the finest scenery and most unspoiled country. The first sizable tanker oil spill in North American waters came on February 4, 1970, when the Liberian tanker Arrow, crawling through poor weather toward the V.L.C.C. terminal at Port Hawkesbury, Nova Scotia, ran aground in Chedabucto Bay and lost ten thousand tons of oil. The Arrow was a small, old-fashioned tanker, but the spillage from her wreck gave a chilling indication of what might have been had it happened to one of the V.L.C.C.s for which the Port Hawkesbury installation was built.

Attempts to build V.L.C.C. ports at Portland and Eastport, Maine, have run into strong resistance so far. In the latter case, the Canadian government has opposed the project, because the approaches are through narrow, tricky waters that lie mainly within Canadian jurisdiction. But if America is to meet its energy requirements during the rest of the decade, there is sure to be great pressure to accommodate these huge ships. By European standards, the United States is already eight or ten years behind in planning for the reception and handling of supertankers. John I. Jacobs & Company, Ltd., a British firm that publishes specialist studies and statistics on tanker operations, has predicted that the lack of deepwater facilities on the United States Atlantic Seaboard will compound the problems of "unprecedented traffic congestion" by the nineteen-eighties, with all the consequent environmental risks. Too many ships will be fighting for berths in too few ports or circling aimlessly, and dangerously, until they can get in. The pattern of most new port facilities in the Persian Gulf may be adopted for North American waters—a string of man-made single-point moorings could be established in deep water far offshore, probably about fifteen miles off, where the depth runs to a hundred feet or more. These would keep the tankers away from the coast, and facilitate distribution, since the moorings could be spotted offshore at intervals down the east coast.

But, wherever the terminals are to be, one problem that cannot be solved is the damage that any form of tanker-unloading is bound to cause. A three-year research program undertaken by an oil-pollution research unit of Britain's Field Studies Council found that small quantities of oil escaping from refineries during normal operations cause



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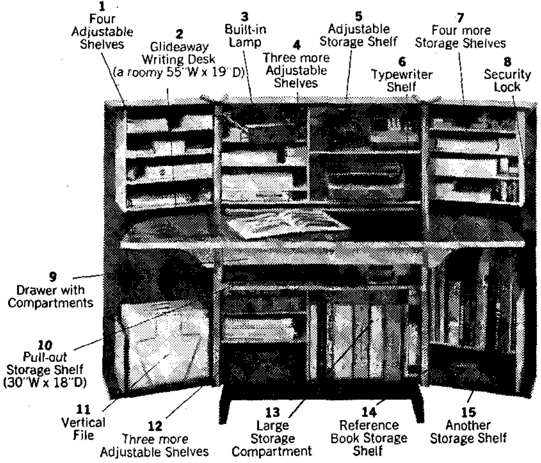
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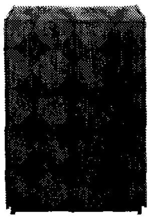

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greater long-term damage to the ecology of the shore than one major inundation from a wrecked tanker. The main trouble, the report said, comes from apparently insignificant traces of oil discharge in refinery effluent and from small amounts splashed overboard from time to time during loading and unloading. This chronic pollution causes long-term damage to marine life, and even causes deterioration of the sand and silt in which marine organisms live. The deepwater ports where supertankers tie up will inevitably be the most severely affected, but the persistence of slicks around any man-made moorings will certainly harm sea life in the immediate vicinity or upon adjacent shores.

The limited access of supertankers to the shore has complicated the business of repairing them when they break down. An ordinary ship simply goes into drydock, but there are only seventeen drydocks in the world that can accommodate a 300,000-ton ship, and most of these are the ones in which such ships were actually built. On the long haul between the Persian Gulf and Europe, crippled supertankers have practically no refuge. Cape Town, the principal point of succor on that route, can handle only V.L.C.C.s riding light—and, in any event, can't take in anything bigger than 260,000 tons. Even where there are drydocks, ports often refuse to let tankers in if they are leaking. Damaged tankers can find themselves knocking at door after door, begging to be let in, and dirtying the sea as they go. In 1971, a 200,000-tonner suffered collision damage in the Persian Gulf and had to be towed to the Far East. The port to which she was towed refused to let her in, because of her leaking tanks, and she spent more than sixty days being dragged from place to place before she finally found a haven. What will happen when a deep-laden V.L.C.C. is crippled off Maine or Nova Scotia in winter? No drydock on the east coast will be able to take her in. If she remains afloat, she may have to be lightened at sea and then towed across the North Atlantic, which is famous for its battering winter gales.

THE richest men in the world these days, starting with J. Paul Getty, are nearly all operators of oil tankers. And the biggest fortunes have been made in supertankers since the Middle East Six-Day War, in June, 1967, when the Suez Canal closed down. The new tycoons include the Hong Kong magnates C. Y. Tung (who

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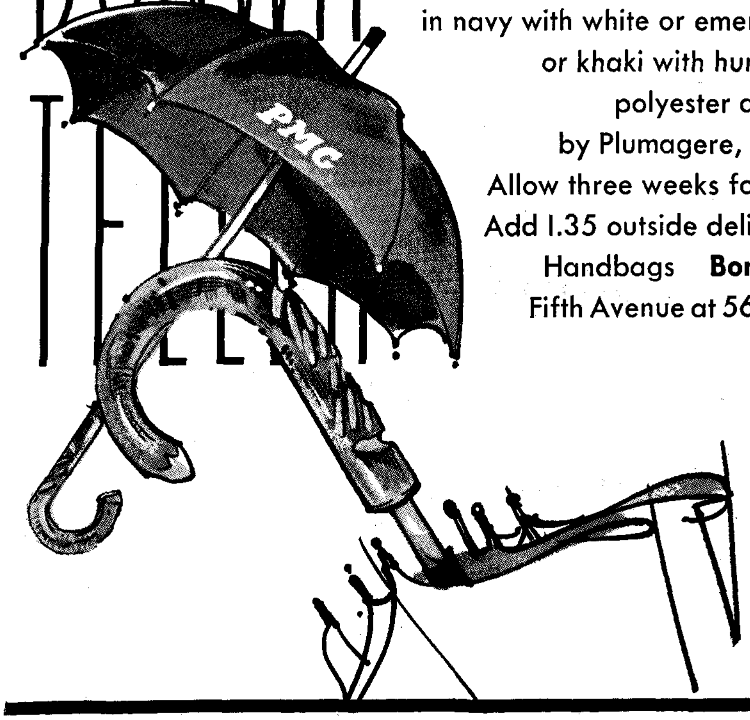

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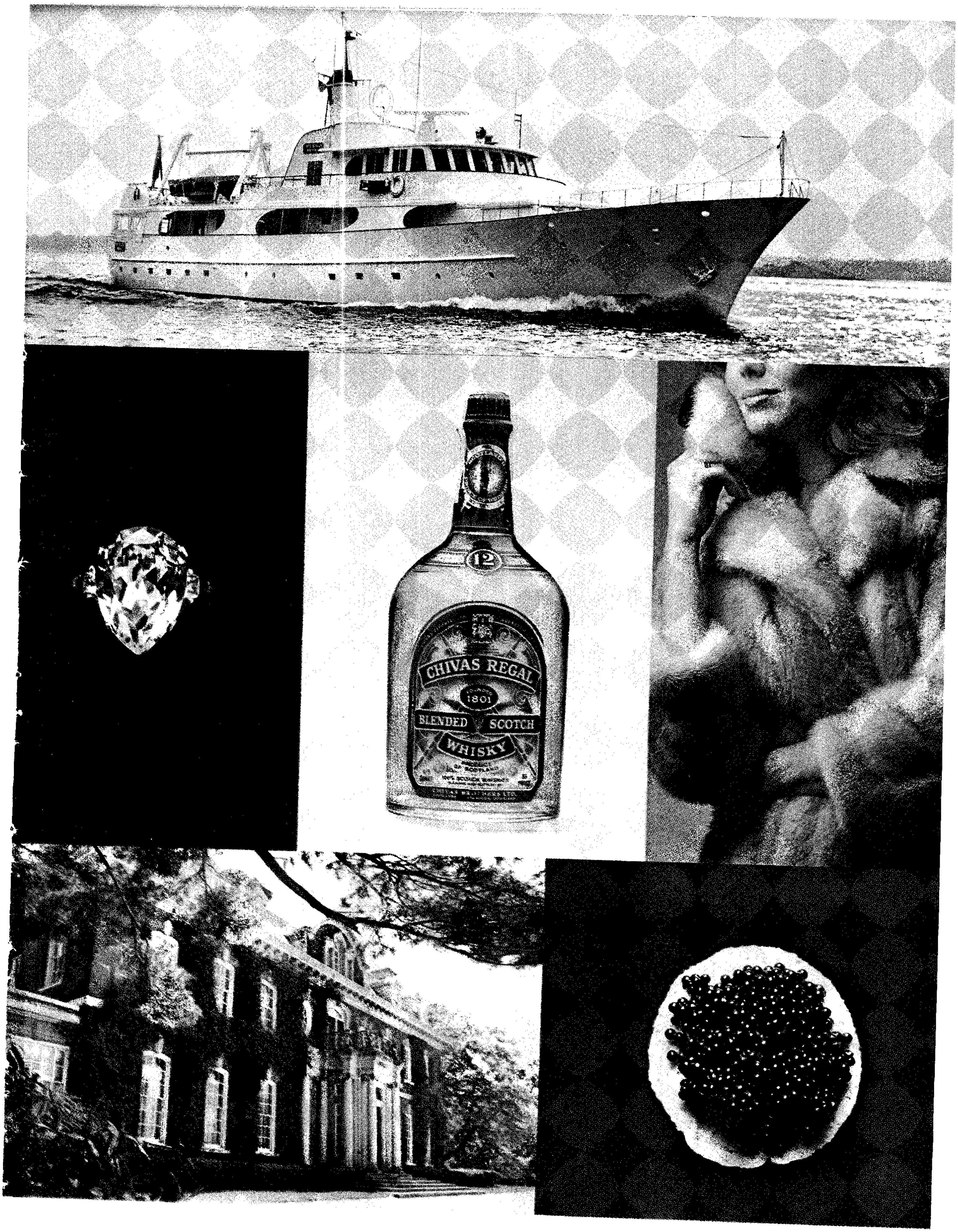
owned the Queen Elizabeth when she burned) and Y. K. Pao, the Norwegian Hilmar Reksten, and the Indian Ravi Tikkoo. But it was primarily three men who pushed the oil business into supertankers. These were the Greek Aristotle Onassis; Stavros Niarchos, another Greek, who has been Onassis's fierce rival in the business; and the American Daniel K. Ludwig, founder and owner of National Bulk Carriers, who probably has more tanker tonnage than any other individual in the world.

All three men were operating ships of from 40- to 50,000 tons in 1955, but in that year Ludwig ordered an 85,515-tonner, the Universe Leader, which, as the true prototype of the supertankers, gives him reasonable claim to be the real pioneer of the very big tankers. The Universe Leader was scarcely in the water when, in mid-1956, Onassis ordered the first two 100,000-tonners. Niarchos topped this by ordering a 106,000-tonner, and Ludwig outdid them both by asking for five 100,000-tonners. They might have remained a trio of eccentric gamblers on big ships if it had not been for the first Suez crisis, in 1956, and the general political instability of the Middle East in the years that followed, for their experiment was regarded skeptically by much of the shipping world, including other tanker owners. The temporary closing of the Suez Canal after the Anglo-French landings of November, 1956, demonstrated the risk to European economies of their total dependence on getting oil from the Middle East through the canal. But sending a year's supply of oil around the Cape meant almost doubling tanker capacity, because the distance was nearly twice that of the route through the canal. The choice was to build a great many more small ships or a few big ones, on the model provided by Onassis, Niarchos, and Ludwig. A 100,000-ton ship would be far cheaper to build and to run than four 25,000-tonners or three 33,000-tonners, but the shipping world was still dubious. In March, 1957, five months after the Suez closing, the shipping correspondent of the London *Times*, commenting on the advent of the 100,000-tonners, wrote, "These vessels will never form more than a small proportion of the world ship-building programme, and, with perhaps three or four exceptions, British yards might be wiser to leave them to others to build." Basil Mavroleon, chairman and managing director of London & Overseas Freighters, Ltd., a major independent company, con-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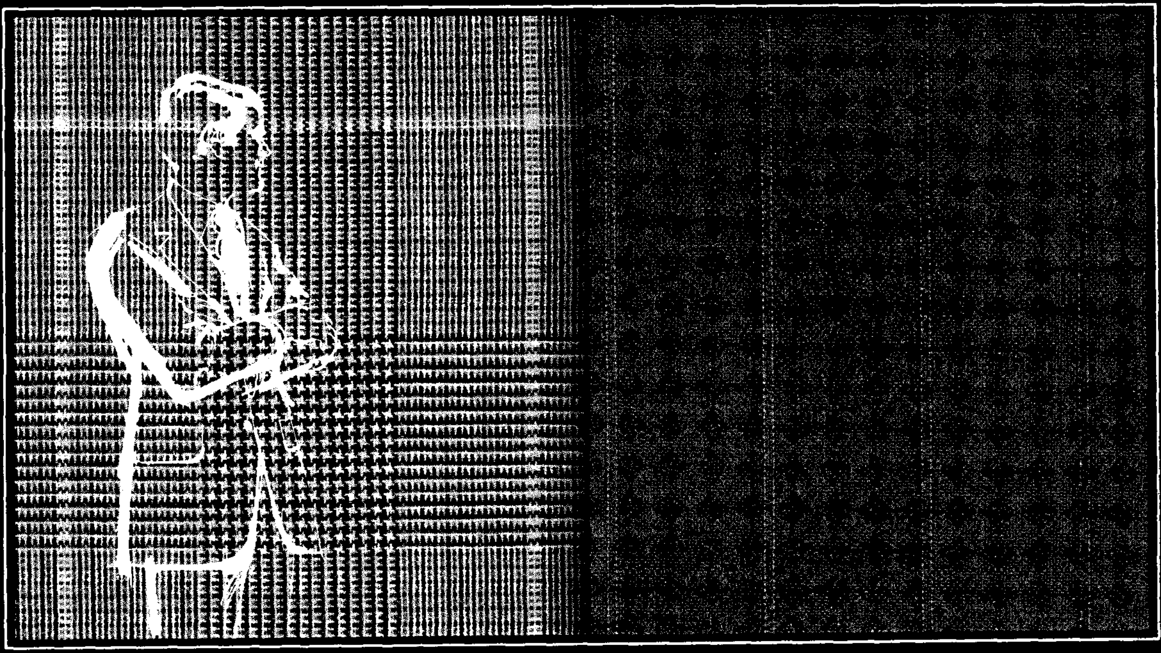

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curred in this view in a subsequent letter to the *Times:* "Quite apart from the scarcity of dry docking facilities . . . the potential cost and loss of earning time could be enormous if a long tow proved necessary from the scene of a major breakdown or mishap to the nearest dry dock. On the other hand, one 25,000-tonner out of four being put out of action in similar circumstances could be more quickly restored to service at a port near by, and while the ship was under repair the other three ships would continue trading." Furthermore, the biggest supertankers could not get through the Suez Canal at all unless it was greatly widened and deepened. But the closing of the canal after the Six-Day War in 1967 settled the question once and for all.

While the economic advantages of one 100,000-tonner over a fleet of four 25,000-tonners were considerable, the best results of all appeared when designers began working with multiples of 100,000 tons. The model that most operators settled for was one in the 200,000-to-250,000-ton range. This is what tankermen and oil companies now refer to as the plateau in supertanker construction. In recent years, more supertankers have been built in this class than in any other; they now account for more than a quarter of the tanker tonnage afloat. In 1967, it cost three dollars and twenty-nine cents per ton of oil in an 80,000-tonner to make the round trip from Rotterdam to Kuwait, at the head of the Persian Gulf, going through the Suez Canal both ways. A 200,000-tonner could carry the same oil between the same points but via the Cape for less than two dollars and forty cents a ton, making the longer route considerably cheaper than the traditional shorter one, and raising questions about the future of the Suez Canal even when it does reopen. Shipbuilding costs don't rise in proportion to size. An increase of twenty-five per cent in dimensions provides an increase in capacity of something like ninety-five per cent, and the sixty-three-foot draft of a 200,000-ton ship is only ten to fifteen feet more than the draft of a 100,000-tonner, so the weight of steel used for each ton of cargo carried is much less with the bigger ship. The capital cost of machinery falls as well. And because of the hydrodynamics of the bigger ship, which moves more easily through the water, it requires relatively less propulsive power. A big tanker requires no more crew than a small tanker, sometimes less. On top of it all, one ship instead of two or

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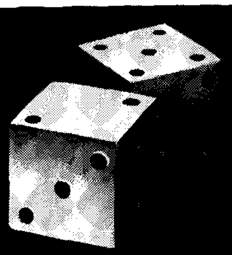

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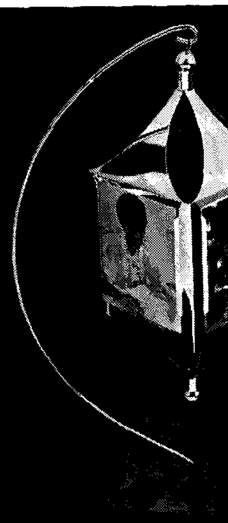

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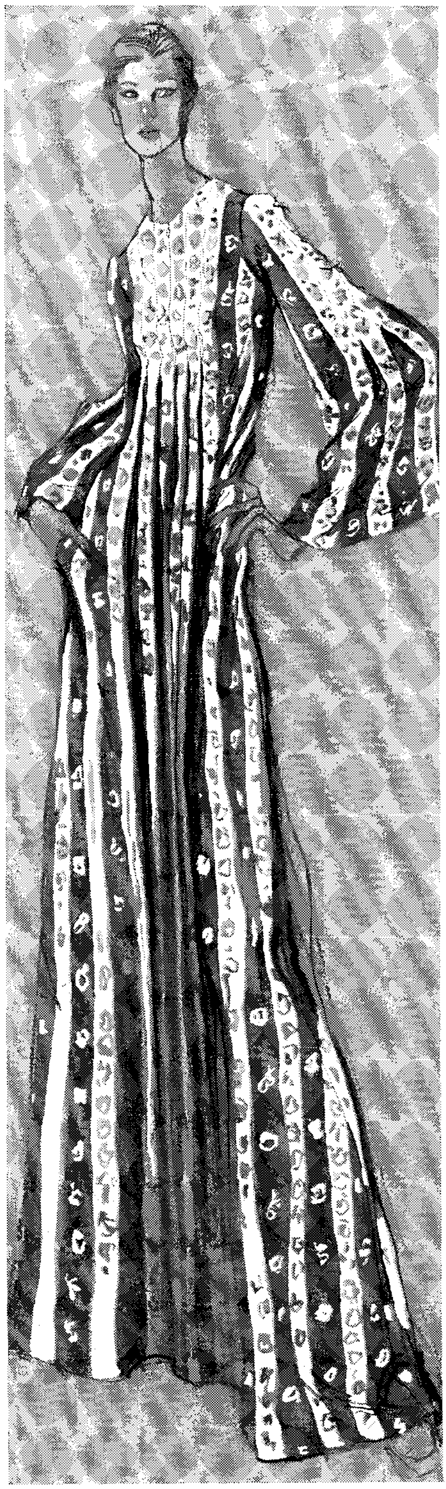

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It is nonetheless doubtful whether supertankers would have become the phenomenon they now are without the promotion and almost frenzied dedication of the Japanese, whose commitment to these ships was one of the most powerful factors in their development. Tankers would certainly have got bigger, but at a far more modest pace, and they might well have settled down to a range of from 60,000 (the largest ship able to navigate the Suez fully loaded in the nineteen-sixties) to 100,000 tons, with an occasional giant built by one of the independents. The Japanese, however, shared with Onassis, Niarchos, and Ludwig—all of whom had built small supertankers in Japan before 1956—a conviction that ever larger ships were inevitable. The growing Japanese dependence upon oil and the long route between Japan and the principal source naturally helped convince them, but they had also been searching, as they recovered from the war, for major technological and industrial opportunities, and had settled upon shipbuilding as one, with an emphasis on supertankers. Some of the early 100,000-tonners were built in the United States, but the Japanese thereafter made the construction of supertankers practically a national skill and resource. Since the late sixties, Japan has accounted for about half the new tonnage built every year throughout the world. In an ordinary year, the yards of Mitsubishi Heavy Industries and Ishikawajima-Harima Heavy Industries together build more than the combined output of such heavy-shipbuilding nations as Sweden, West Germany, France, and Spain. Japan built the first 200,000-tonner and most of its sisters, and it built the 326,000-tonners, the 370,000-tonners, and the 470,000-tonners—though France is building the first 540,000-tonners.

To build the big ships at the speed and the price at which they were offered required new formulas and a new technology, and these were produced under great pressure. For the actual creation of the ships, the Japanese shipbuilders adapted the prefabrication and welding techniques that they had devised under pressure during the war. These were advanced by what the Americans had taught them during the Occupation—techniques that had been developed in the United States during the war, when vessels such as the Liberty ships were delivered with steam up ten days after their keels were laid. The Japanese method is to build the vessel in huge welded sections—such as the whole of the stern, the whole superstructure, and various whole tanks—which are then assembled inside a drydock, having been placed there by giant cranes; after the sections are welded together, the dock is filled and the ship floats out for her outfitting and trials. It took twenty-one months and about eleven million rivets to build the basic, unequipped steel shell of the Normandie; Mitsubishi Heavy Industries takes seven months from laying the keel to produce a 260,000-ton supertanker ready for her maiden voyage.

As other nations followed Japan into giant tankers, they introduced their own variations on these principles of prefabrication. The idea was always to turn a ship out as fast as possible and as cheaply as possible, and, as might have been expected, supertankers, no matter where they were built or by whom, began to reveal unusual stresses and strains and a high and dangerous rate of structural failure. For one thing, the long hulls showed a great deal less than their estimated strength. They had a propensity for buckling and cracking under certain pressures, sometimes even in dock or on the slipway while they were still under construction. Some incurred serious damage when they were launched, and others have returned from their trials or their first commercial voyages with their internal strengthening members buckled. Numbers of tankers have simply torn apart in heavy seas—a misfortune reminiscent of the tendency of some mass-produced American ships travelling in the cold waters of the North Atlantic and the Arctic to break up during the Second World War. Those ships sometimes cracked their hulls at a rate of five thousand feet per second and vanished as swiftly as though expunged by explosion. About two million tons of shipping was lost in this manner. It was the price paid for haste and innovation in an emergency. Yet it seems to have made no impression upon the architects and builders of the first truly mammoth tankers, even though they were dealing with a grossly enlarged, infinitely more complex version of the techniques that produced those wartime ships.

HASTE and innovation, so characteristic of the development of supertankers, have always been alien to

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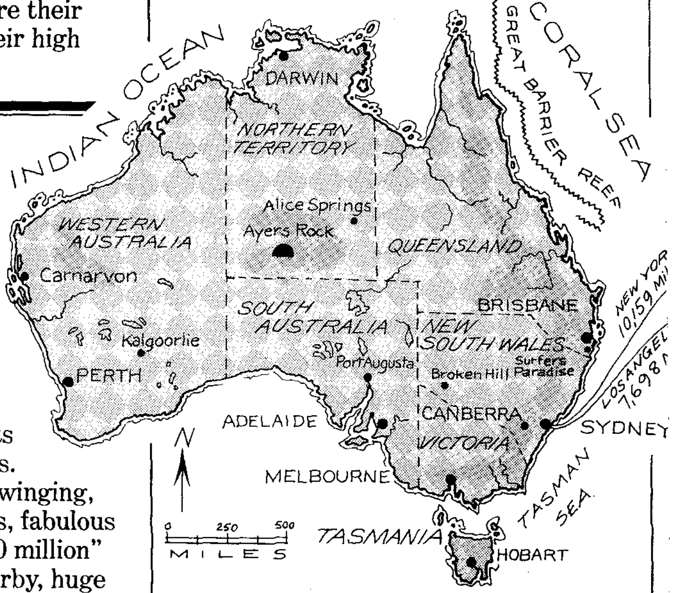
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the seagoing experience. Before the advent of the supertankers, ships evolved at such a gradual pace that they remained recognizably the same from age to age, century after century: vessels comfortably shaped to sit upon or between the waves. The ships of Trafalgar were not so very different from those of the Armada. The shift from sail to steam was so gradual that—except for Brunel's Great Eastern, which was an isolated freak—there was no point during that whole epochal century of maritime transition and overlap when anyone could say that the ships of his generation were remarkably different in appearance or behavior from those of the generation before. The Queen Mary, set upon the drawing boards in the late nineteen-twenties, was the natural descendant of Samuel Cunard's Britannia, of 1840. At the beginning of this century—six decades after the first steam crossing of the Atlantic—quite sizable steamers were still equipped with sail-bearing yards on their mainmasts, in case of engine breakdown. Even in the nineteen-twenties, there were freighters similarly fitted, and commercial square-rigged vessels were still being launched. This meant that until quite recently the commanders in steam were still largely sail-trained. They kept their old cautions and inculcated them in their juniors, who form our present senior generation of mariners. Steam thus naturally extended the sea's continuity of outlook and habits. Ships, however massive and powerful, were still vulnerable, and the sailor's demeanor before his element could therefore be only the abiding one of humility. Any deviation from this, any scornful overconfidence of the sort indispensable to the landsman's vision of progress, would soon exact some retributive balance, as Captain Edward J. Smith of the Titanic might have affirmed as he regarded the sudden fateful slope of his warmly lighted and apparently impregnable decks. The Titanic was probably better run than most ships afloat today, but despite the presumptions of her shorebound owners and operators, who were responsible for her design and routing, she was not unsinkable. To seamen, her loss demonstrated with renewed vigor the need for deference and humility in facing the temper and unpredictability of the sea.

That these precepts remained valid even for the Titanic's mighty successor the 83,673-ton Queen Elizabeth was made clear when she came close to an appalling tragedy during the Second

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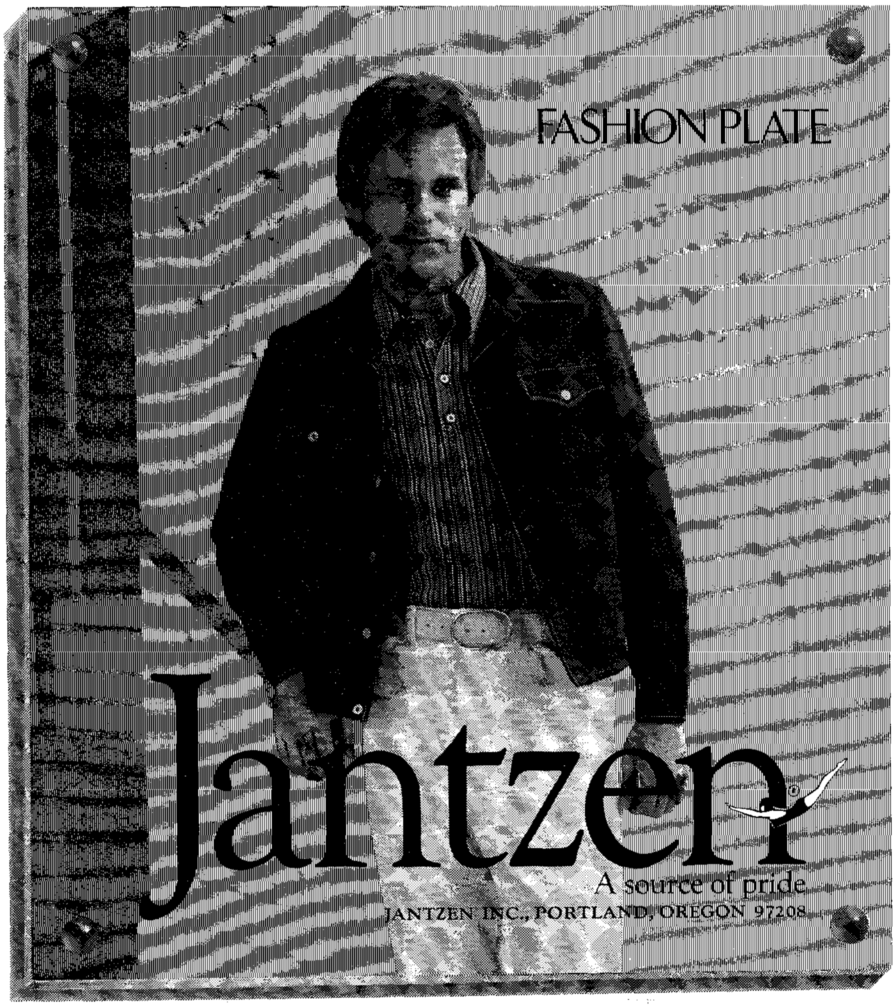

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World War. Off Greenland, with thousands of troops on board, she was very nearly overwhelmed by seas in a manner all too reminiscent of the days of sail, during which ships were simply swept under when immense solid masses of water fell on top of them. The Queen Elizabeth incident is as illustrative as anything can be of the power and surprise of the sea. As she was moving through a bad storm, her bows dropped into the trough below a gigantic wave, which fell upon them, burying them deep. A second huge wave piled atop the first, shoving the bows even deeper, so that the ship seemed to be set virtually upon her nose—to such a degree, indeed, that an officer staring from the bridge toward where the bow should have been found himself gazing obliquely down toward the bed of the ocean. Such an experience upon what was the biggest ship in the world might have been considered beyond belief if it were not that the thick plate-glass windows of the bridge, ninety feet above the waterline, were shattered by the torrent, which washed the quartermaster from the wheel as though he had been on the open poop of a wool clipper rounding the Horn, and washed another sailor from the wheelhouse itself out to the wing of the bridge. The Queen Elizabeth's staff captain, shaving in his cabin, immediately below the bridge, was knocked down by a block of plate glass from his own shattered window, and, dazed, found himself sitting waist-deep in water. The ship's foredeck had been hammered six inches below its normal level, and all equipment there was out of action; her anchors were jammed.

It is against this background that the hasty evolution of the supertankers must be considered. Sixteen months of tests with models in tanks were undertaken merely to determine the hull form of the Normandie. For the Queen Mary, there were more than eight thousand tests, using twenty-two models, which travelled a distance of more than a thousand miles up and down the testing tank of her builders—John Brown's yard, on the Clyde. The stresses upon the huge supertanker hulls were at first calculated theoretically, on the basis of the measurements and the basic hull design that had served reliably for tankers since the construction of the Glückauf, in 1886. The scantlings (the bone structure of the hull) of the first 200,000-tonners were thus mere enlargements of those in the standard 18,000-tonners of the immediate postwar period, even though just one of the five tanks in these big ships

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would hold the full cargo of the small ones. Furthermore, before the behavior of the ships was fully experienced or understood, widespread attempts were made to economize even on these hulls by building lighter structures, in order to use less steel, which is the costliest item in such enormous craft.

It was soon discovered that building a bigger ship by simply enlarging the dimensions of a smaller one wasn't good enough; to have structural integrity, it had to be a different ship altogether, with compensation for the weak points created by new stresses. Structural analysis carried out by computer has helped strengthen succeeding generations of tankers, but the sea has no pattern to its moods, and its caprice is generally so variable that the fullest strain and stress upon a new form of hull or gear may not be properly assessed for many years. It took ten years of intensive postwar research to discover why the American war-built ships cracked. It may take much longer, despite computer analysis, to know the true limits of the biggest of the supertankers. The total bending stress of the Queen Elizabeth's hull had been designed for the worst conditions possible for her anticipated route. The chances of the ship's meeting such seas as those which nearly swamped her had been considered remote, but from time to time wartime precautions sent the Cunard Queens along northerly tracks that they would not normally have used. They also carried a human load more than five times that for which they were designed. There can be no doubt that a ship of lesser strength would have fared very much worse, and, indeed, might not have survived the huge wave.

Supertankers are now laying course through the one area of the world's seas where such huge waves are endemic. These waters, off the Cape of Good Hope and along the South African coast, are among the most dangerous in the world, and they have taken a dismal toll of tankers since the 1967 closing of the Suez Canal. Ships cracked; some vanished without a trace. One of those that broke apart and sank was the 46,434-ton World Glory, once the pride of the Niarchos fleet; when built, in 1954, by the Bethlehem Steel Corporation at Quincy, Massachusetts, her principal dimensions were exceeded by only five passenger liners in the world—the two Queens, the United States, the Liberté, and the Ile de France. She snapped in two in a storm off the South African coast in June, 1968; sparks from the

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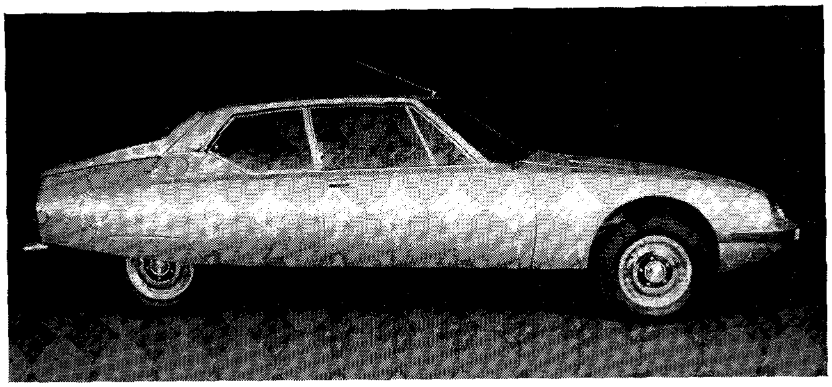

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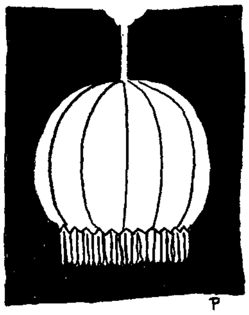
splintering steel touched off an explosion, which further shattered the vessel and left her remnants blazing. She was only one of many tankers either lost or severely damaged in those waters during the first seasons of navigating the Cape; countless tankers have since been smashed, disabled, or lost.

Possibly the most astonishing aspect of all this is that during the southern winter every fully loaded tanker rounding the Cape is violating one of the oldest and, in all other circumstances, most rigorously applied precepts of marine safety: that a ship should be loaded according to the climate of the seas through which she will sail. If she is too heavily loaded for winter seas, a vessel can strain her plates and frames, spring a leak, and start to sink, break up, or capsize. The world's seas, accordingly, are divided into tropical, summer, and winter load zones, the tropical seas allowing the heaviest loads, the winter ones the least heavy. On a voyage from the Persian Gulf to Europe starting in the northern summer, a tanker would pass into tropical conditions, then into winter ones, back to tropical, and on back to summer. The winter passage is a matter of five days or so, as the ship rounds South Africa, and, technically, for this brief portion of the journey any vessel should be down only to her winter marks. In the case of a tanker, this would mean that she would have to load less at the outset to comply. In the case of a 200,000-ton supertanker, for example, this could mean loading about five thousand tons of oil less—a lot of oil and a lot of profit to sacrifice. In July, 1968, one year after Suez closed, in the middle of the southern winter, a crucial regulation was amended by the Intergovernmental Maritime Consultative Organization to permit tankers to round the Cape on their summer marks; moreover, it was done after big tankers had already been given sanction to load deeper than had formerly been considered safe. In this state they have sailed ever since and, because the suspension was put into effect by international law, will continue to sail indefinitely, thereby offering the alarming paradox of a load-line convention suspended at the point of greatest danger. South African marine surveyors, knowing their waters, have protested strongly. They, at least, are convinced that many of the accidents to loaded tankers during winter weather are attributable to the suspension of the rule concerning winter load lines, and that some very bad slicks in the area are caused by ships' dumping oil to lighten themselves when they appear to be losing buoyancy in bad weather.



SHIPS have always been liable to breakdown, either from the shattering force of the weather upon their hulls and means of propulsion or because of mechanical failure, but probably no class of ship since the age of steam began has been more systematically prone to breakdown than supertankers. Nor has any class of vessel, whether in the age of sail or of steam, been less able in the face of disaster to make do, mend itself a little, and get to where it is going through patchwork and improvisation.

In the days of sail, artifice could always make something new of what was available. In effect, the sailmaker and the carpenter were the most important men aboard after the master and the mate. The sailmaker had to patch or remake sails torn and shredded by the winds. On a bad voyage, a ship might have to have an entirely new suit of sails, and just one of those sails of brutally heavy canvas could hold as many as two million stitches. If his ship was dismasted or otherwise damaged, a carpenter could hammer a manageable rig or steering gear from splinters, so to speak; improvisation was navigation's complementary art. It had to be, for such a vessel was entirely cut off, alone in its own unbeseechable eternity.

The age of steam and its mechanical breakdowns often required even greater resourcefulness from sailors. Lacking radio, early steamships sometimes drifted for days, even weeks, while repairs were made to engines or steering gear. When, for example, the 5,000-ton British tramp steamer Titania lost her propeller during heavy gales in the South Atlantic in 1900, the ship's head was held to the wind and sea by a sea anchor, the forward holds were flooded to raise the stern, and, with the ship lurching and pounding in this dangerous position, the spare propeller was swung outboard by cargo winches, guided onto the wildly gyrating tail shaft, threaded onto it, and then sealed in place by a locknut. The whole business took several days, and was supervised by the ship's master, suspended outboard in a bos'n's chair, which alternately swung him across the

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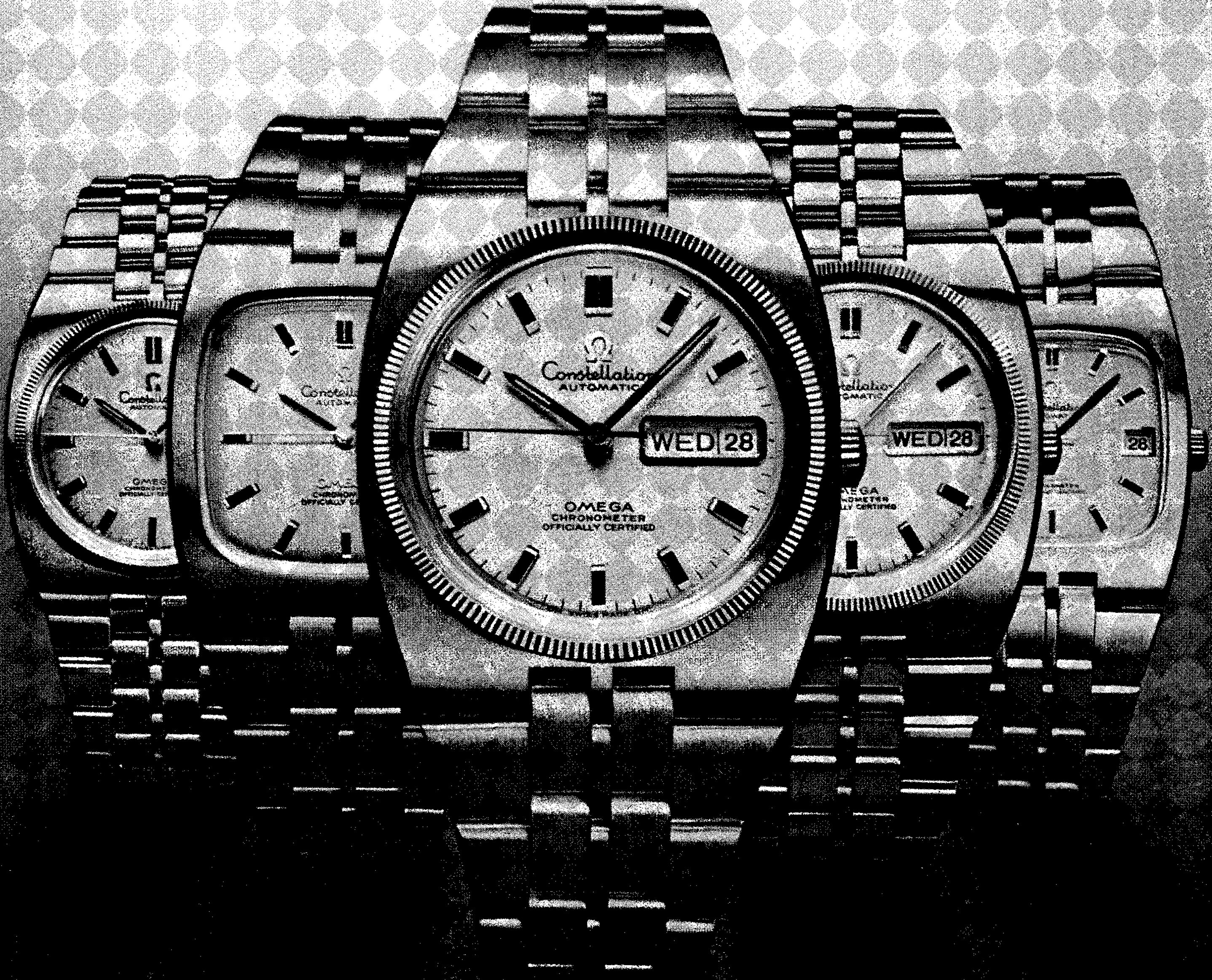
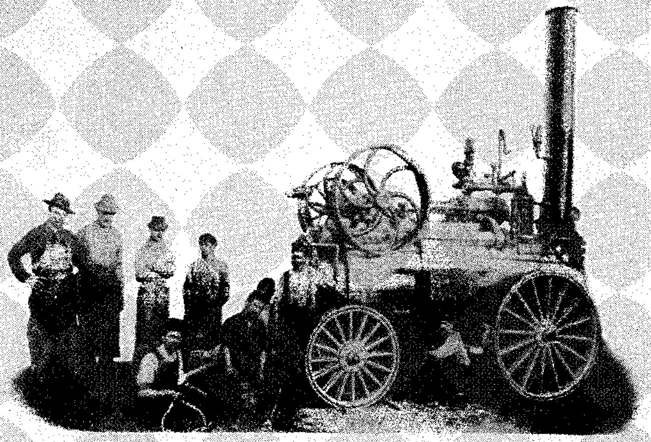
That's why the Omega Constellation Chronometer flows so very smoothly from case to band and back again. The Constellation is a completely integrated design, inside and out, all around. The case is carved out of a solid block of metal (18 karat gold or stainless steel), then finished by hand. Each link of the band is precisely contoured and fitted to the next, so that the overall look is one of perfect harmony.

Take a good look at the Omega Constellation. It's a good way to tell a total chronometer from a watch.

Omega Constellation Chronometers. Stainless and 18k gold, $295 to $2500. Prices subject to change. For brochure write Omega Watch Co., Omega Bldg., 301 E. 57th St., New York, N.Y. 10022.



Ω OMEGA CONSTELLATION CHRONOMETERS



From the beginning, no problem has been too tough for Union Oil's people. In 1896, when these men couldn't find the kind of steam engine they needed, they built one from scratch. Today, we tackle more complicated problems.

Rowland Hansford may not look like your idea of a pioneer. And his field, commercial catalysis research, may not sound very exciting.

But Hansford's pioneering was the key step in the development of a refining process that helps to turn four barrels of low-grade oil into five barrels of high-octane gasoline.

It's called Unicracking, and while it helps us use our oil resources more efficiently, it also reduces pollution by removing the sulfur and nitrogen from the oil it processes.

Unicracking was, of course, the product of many scientists, engineers, and technicians at Union Oil, but it was Rowland Hansford who perfected the catalyst without which the chemical reactions that make up Unicracking wouldn't happen.

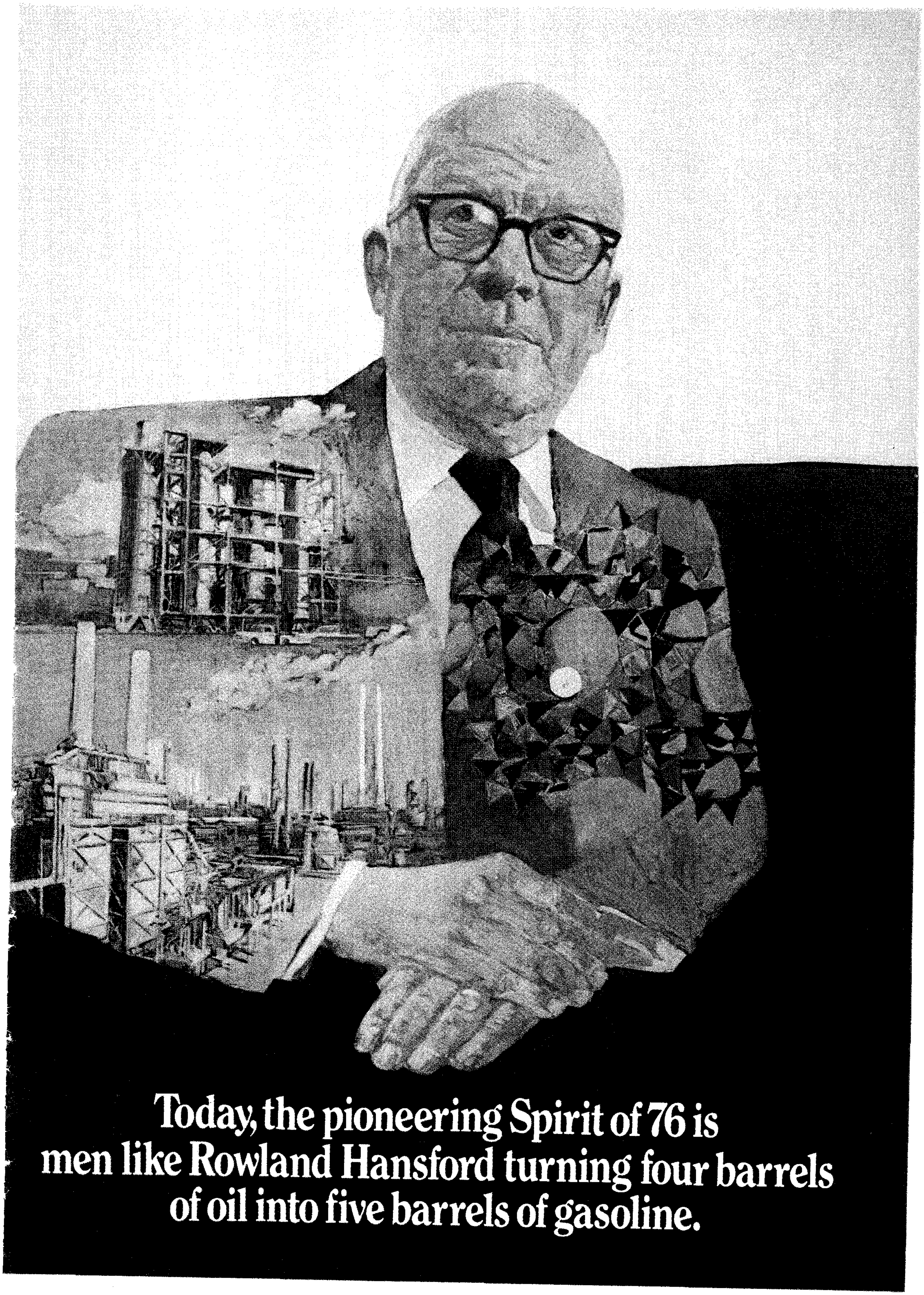
Union Oil is an acknowledged leader in developing refining techniques that give more, higher quality, and cleaner petroleum products.

What makes Union Oil different? It could be our spirit. A spirit that recognizes pioneers like Rowland Hansford and encourages their work. A spirit that gave Rowland Hansford all the time he needed—it turned out to be five years—to find a catalyst that made Unicracking possible.

Union Oil Company of California.

union 76

The pioneering Spirit of 76 lives at Union Oil.


Today, the pioneering Spirit of 76 is
men like Rowland Hansford turning four barrels
of oil into five barrels of gasoline.

Write: Pamphlet offer, Sony, 9 W. 57 St., N.Y., N.Y. 10019. © 1974 Sony Corp. of America. SONY is a trademark of Sony Corp.

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Trinitron's unique one-gun, one-lens system has yet to be equalled.

Model KV-1722 Trinitron. 17" measured diagonally. Narrow, space-saving cabinet.

First television was invented.

Then color television.

Then Trinitron.*

Trinitron is not made like other color TV sets. And if you're about to buy one, you owe it to yourself to understand the difference.

Here goes. Feel free to ask questions.

The one gun that Trinitron has is located in the neck of the picture tube.

It shoots electron beams through a single lens to the screen. You see the beams in the form of a picture.

Other sets have three guns. They shoot electron beams through three small lenses.

Why is one big lens so much better? The larger the lens, the less the distortion.

So bigger gives you a sharper and better focused picture.

Also, these aren't your run-of-the-mill beams we're shooting.

Because only Trinitron has something called an Aperture Grille.

Translated: The picture you see is made up of unbroken stripes, not isolated dots or slots.

So, add an Aperture Grille and you have a brighter picture.

Brighter, sharper, better-focused and needless to say all-solid-state.

That's Sony Trinitron.

O.K., any questions? We'll answer them all in a 12-page Trinitron pamphlet.

Write to us, or stop in at a Sony dealer.

Let him explain the beauty of our unique one-gun, one-lens system. He's got an advantage.

He can show you the picture.

"IT'S A SONY."

skies and plunged him into the crests. Lloyd's awarded him its Medal for Meritorious Service.

It would be difficult to imagine many such feats, or even opportunities for resourcefulness, on the part of the crews of supertankers. The mere size of the ship always emerges as one of the main restrictions upon the ingenuity of any supertanker sailor, however good he might be in an old-fashioned sense. If a supertanker loses a propeller, for example, it is virtually inconceivable that the spare, which is carried forward on the main deck, could be maneuvered aft, as it was on the Titania, and set in place. It weighs thirty tons. There is no practical means of handling such a weight for a distance of a fifth of a mile outboard along the ship's side, or even over the decks. It is there simply to avoid delay in a dockyard if a replacement should be necessary. On a loaded V.L.C.C., in any event, the propeller shaft is about forty feet under the water. Diving gear, not a bos'n's chair, would be required for any master who wished to supervise the task.

The mere fact that supertankers were so big and different and unmanageable in conventional terms, together with the fact that the actual vulnerabilities of size remained unknown, might suggest that their design would have employed the fullest compensation where it was possible to do so—that no penny would have been spared to render them safe and dependable. But economy has dominated the concept, design, and construction of nearly all these ships to a reckless degree. For one thing, nearly all ships of V.L.C.C. size have been built with single screws. No passenger liner would be without twin, triple, or quadruple screws, and modern cargo liners are, by and large, considered inadequate without twin screws. Multiple propeller shafts are naturally more expensive to buy, install, and maintain, but they insure command of the hull as well as extra thrust. No single-screw supertanker having rudder trouble at sea—and this has happened often—can get herself out of trouble in a hurry or into port by steering with her engines. Such an outlandish hull maneuvered by one propeller and a single rudder is, on the face of it, ludicrous. Relatively low drag allows supertanker hulls to slip easily through the water, so the system is adequate for thrust, but it is wholly inadequate for emergencies, for braking the considerable momentum of the ship by taking her astern in a hurry. The advantages of a stronger system were proved by the Gulf 326,000-ton-

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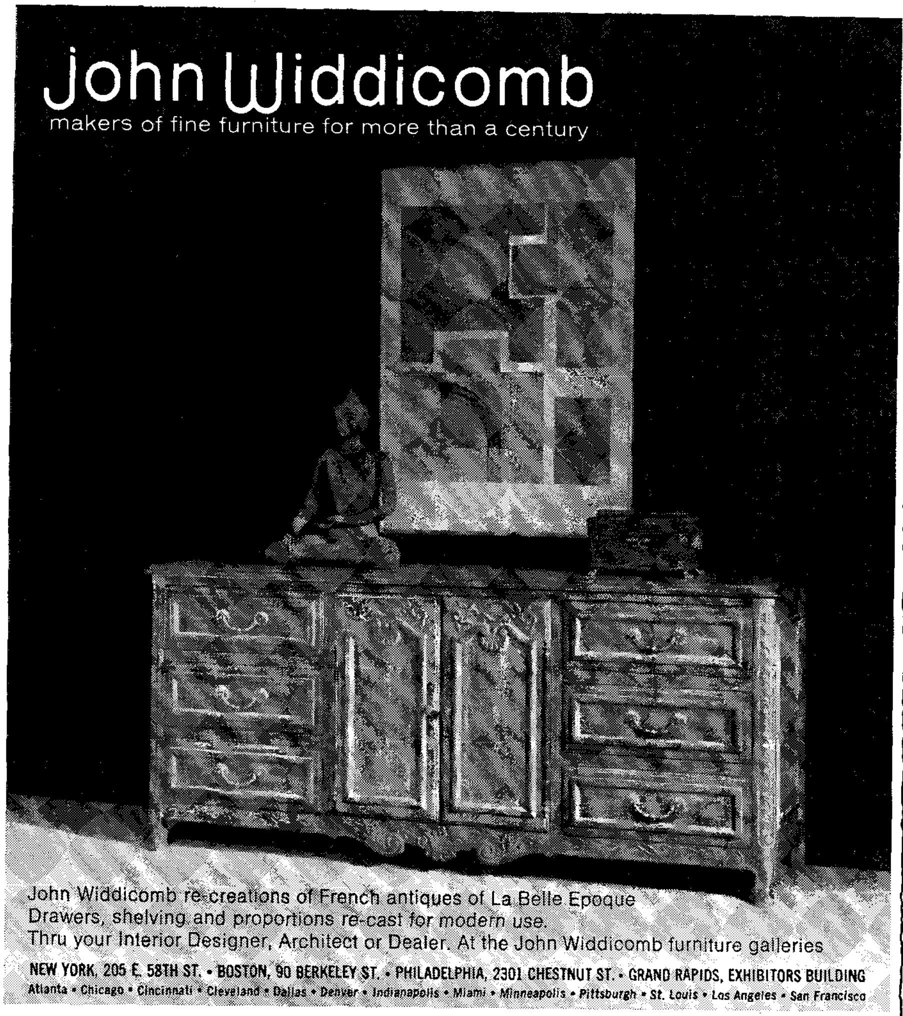
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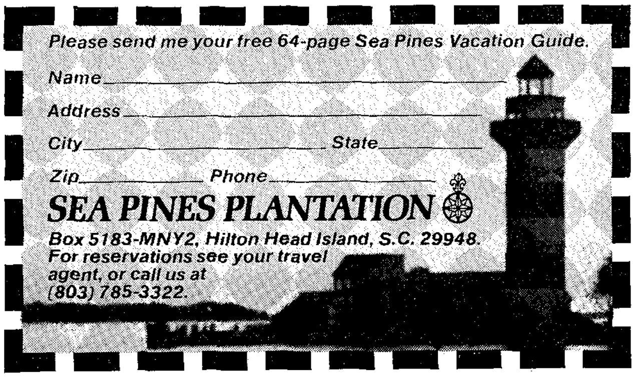
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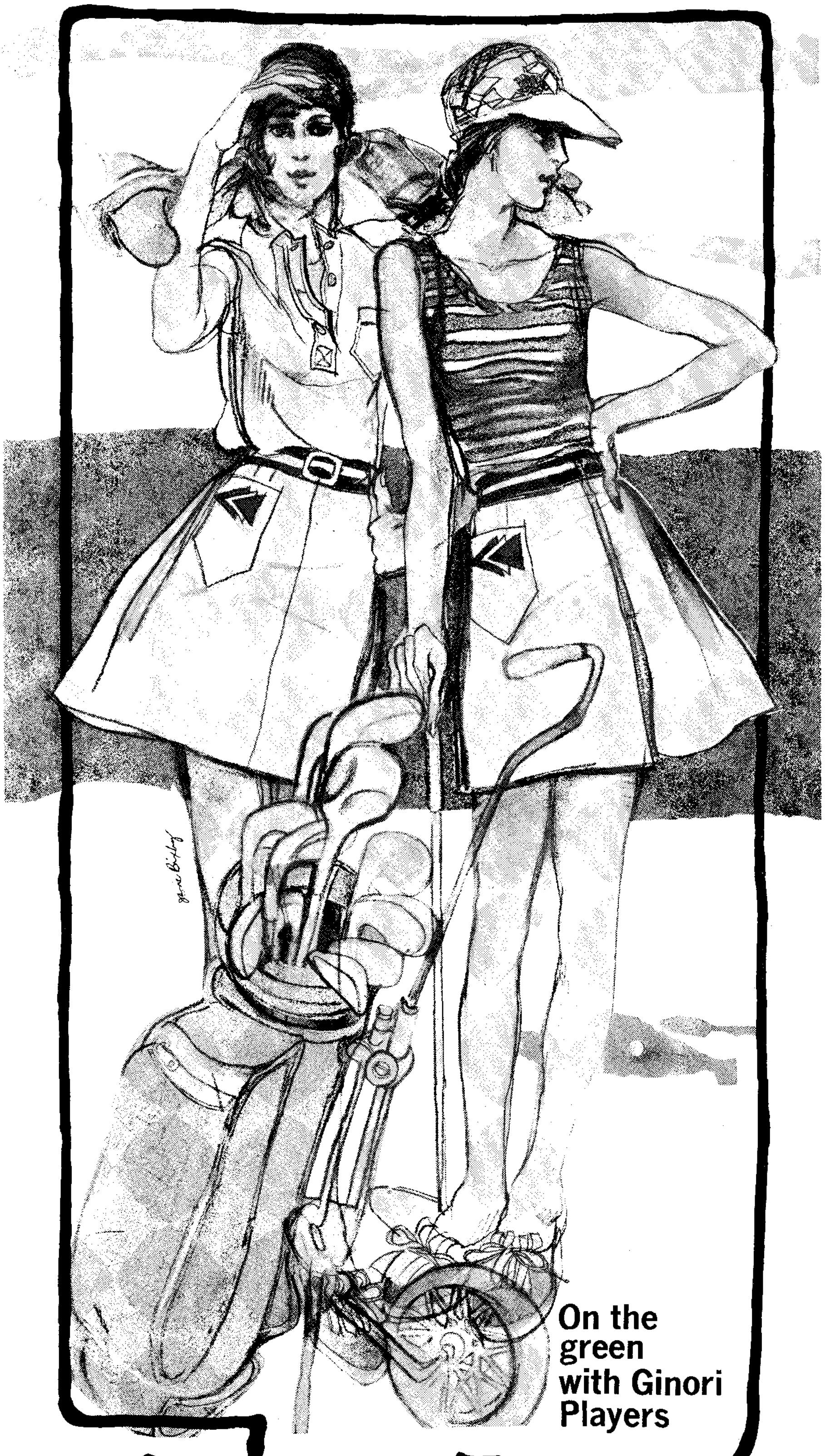
ners, which were given twin rudders and twin screws. As a result, according to a Gulf official, these ships showed on their trials that they could crash-stop from full power ahead to full astern in about the same distance as a 50,000-tonner—some two miles—and that their maneuverability and directional stability using twin rudders and twin screws were certainly as good as those of the smaller tankers, and possibly better. Yet these ships are almost alone among V.L.C.C.s in being thus equipped.

There is an accepted life span for every ship, a period at the end of which the vessel is considered to have no further commercial usefulness—to have paid for itself, earned profits, and contributed to the corporate-tax position and its own replacement value through depreciation—and may finally bring in some money through its scrap or resale value. The writeoff life of most supertankers is ten years. This is about half of what was considered normal for tankers in the past, and most ships have gone on for much longer. It is not uncommon for passenger liners to go on well beyond their fortieth birthday. The record is probably held by the 3,167-gross-ton Cunard liner Parthia, of 1870, whose passenger accommodations were finally removed in 1941, although the ship continued sailing along the Alaskan coast until 1952. In 1954, its hull was converted into a barge, which may well still be plodding faithfully up and down in those parts. In 1963, I sailed along the North African coast in a sixty-seven-year-old Spanish liner, the J. J. Sister, which had been built at the end of the nineteenth century for the Italians as the Galileo Galilei. At the time I boarded her, she was undoubtedly the oldest passenger ship in the world, and her master was justifiably proud of her. "*Hombre! Todavía fuerte!*" he protested when we set off from Ceuta and I expressed misgivings about the power of the engines against the strength of the Levanter gale outside. He was right, of course; she was "still strong," and we reached Melilla and, finally, Almería, on the Spanish coast opposite, at precisely the hours the schedule had said we would. Cargo ships used to go on even longer than passenger ships, and until recently it was not unusual to find steamships of seventy or eighty years still trading around European coasts. It was superb engineering and the marvellous engines it created, with immaculate workmanship, sound materials, and no cutting of corners, that gave that sort of stalwart service. Endurance and dependability were the qualities presupposed for ship's machinery. The shell and the fabric of the ship had to be sound enough to deal with all that sea strain might impose upon them, and the engines had to be built for performance as well as strain. They had to give the maximum efficiency under the worst conditions, and they had to be able to do it for years, with as little trouble as possible.

Engines are the single most expensive installation in a ship, and for shipowners the choice of machinery for their vessels has always been a difficult one. In practical terms, the choice is between motor ships and steamships. The diesel internal-combustion engines used in motor ships are by far the most economical form of marine propulsion to install, but they can prove less attractive in other ways. They require a great deal more maintenance than steam, which is not only more compact but less fussy, and therefore easier to look after, and also to automate. For supertankers, these were the economies that seemed to matter.

Steamships make steam in their boilers, from which it is delivered to the propulsion unit—the turbines, which drive the ship—and to the alternators, which provide the ship's electrical power. The whole apparatus depends upon two water systems, salt and fresh. The boilers use fresh water of absolute purity. A particular quantity of this water is continuously circulated through an arrangement of pipes. The furnaces in the boilers turn this water to steam, which goes into the turbines, propels them, and then, exhausted, is delivered to the condensers, where it becomes water again, and the water is delivered back to the boilers for another cycle. The cooling process in the condensers is achieved by cold salt water, which is drawn into the ship through an injection inlet well below the waterline and is circulated in tubes enclosed in a large condenser chamber. After the steam to be condensed has passed through this chamber, the salt water is ejected. It is often when leaks or troubles occur in one or both of these two closed water circuits that tankers get into serious mechanical difficulty.

In February, 1971, off Cape Agulhas, a condenser intake pipe began to leak aboard the 70,000-ton American-owned Liberian tanker Wafra, and as the leak grew worse all control of the incoming salt water was lost. The pressure of the water outside the hull forced seawater in through the broken pipe at a rate faster than the ship's pumps could handle it. It was the equivalent of a hole suddenly punctured in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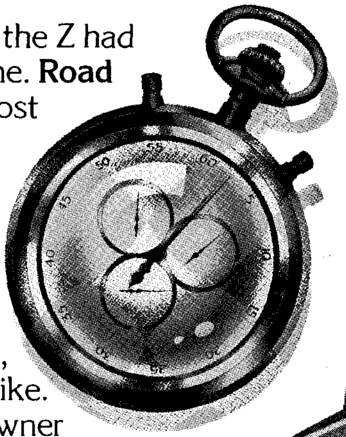
Anatomy of a legend:

Introducing Datsun 260-Z for 1974. A product of four years of exhaustive development in Japan, and four in America. Eight years of in-depth scrutiny resulting in numerous design and engineering refinements to give America what it wants: gran-turismo motoring as faultless as modern automotive technology can provide. And, at a reasonable price.

The legacy of "Z."

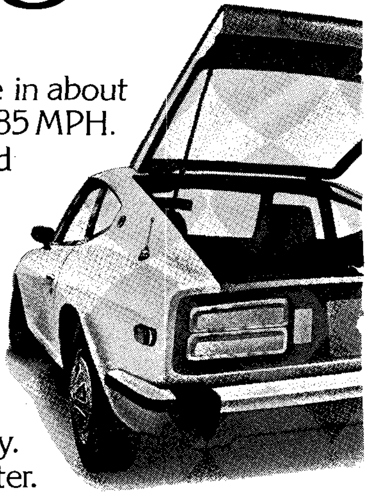
Americans got their first look at the Z-Car late in 1969. It was love at first sight. Here was a car fired by an overhead cam six with all the power and response of a domestic V-8. A flat out performer with nice manners, an impressive list of standard creature comforts, and economy to the tune of around 20 miles per gallon.



Indeed, it looked as if the Z had found a new happy home. **Road & Track** called it "the most exciting GT car of the decade." In '72, **Car and Driver** readers selected the 240-Z as "Car of the Year." And in '71 and '73 they voted it "Best GT" over Porsche, Lotus Europa, and the like. Later a **Road & Track** owner survey published in 1972, showed that "91% of all Z-Car owners polled said they would buy another one."

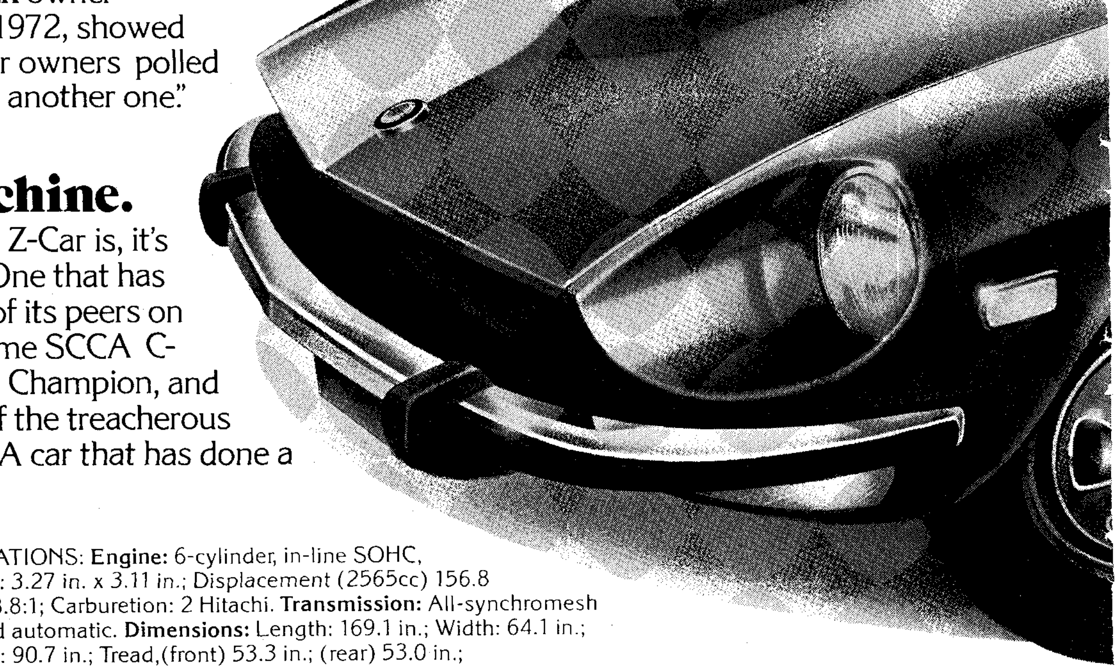
The driver's machine.

Whatever else the Z-Car is, it's a driver's machine. One that has taken the measure of its peers on the track as three-time SCCA C-Production National Champion, and three-time winner of the treacherous East African Safari. A car that has done a standing quarter mile in about 17 seconds, at nearly 85 MPH. A car that has moved from 0-60 in about 9 seconds. A car that can transport two people from point A to point B with a minimum of fuss, a maximum of fun, and do it economically. But now it's even better. Now there's 260-Z.



The picking of nits.

Up front the six-cylinder overhead cam engine has gone from 2.4 liters to 2.6 liters, to prevent loss of power as a result of complying with 1974 emission regulations. Heat dissipation and fuel delivery have been improved by a new transistorized fuel pump, larger fuel lines, a larger radiator and fan, and better carburetor cooling. To the rear there's a redesigned taillight panel. And a new stabilizer for even better cornering ability. Spring rates have been altered and the frame,

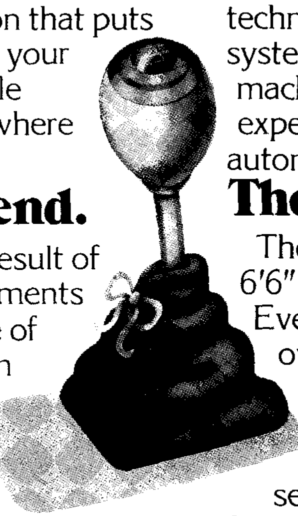


DATSUN 260-Z SPECIFICATIONS: **Engine:** 6-cylinder, in-line SOHC, water cooled. Bore & stroke: 3.27 in. x 3.11 in.; Displacement (2565cc) 156.8 cu. in.; Compression ratio: 8.8:1; Carburetion: 2 Hitachi. **Transmission:** All-synchromesh 4-speed or optional 3-speed automatic. **Dimensions:** Length: 169.1 in.; Width: 64.1 in.; Height: 50.6 in.; Wheelbase: 90.7 in.; Tread,(front) 53.3 in.; (rear) 53.0 in.;

new Datsun 260-Z.

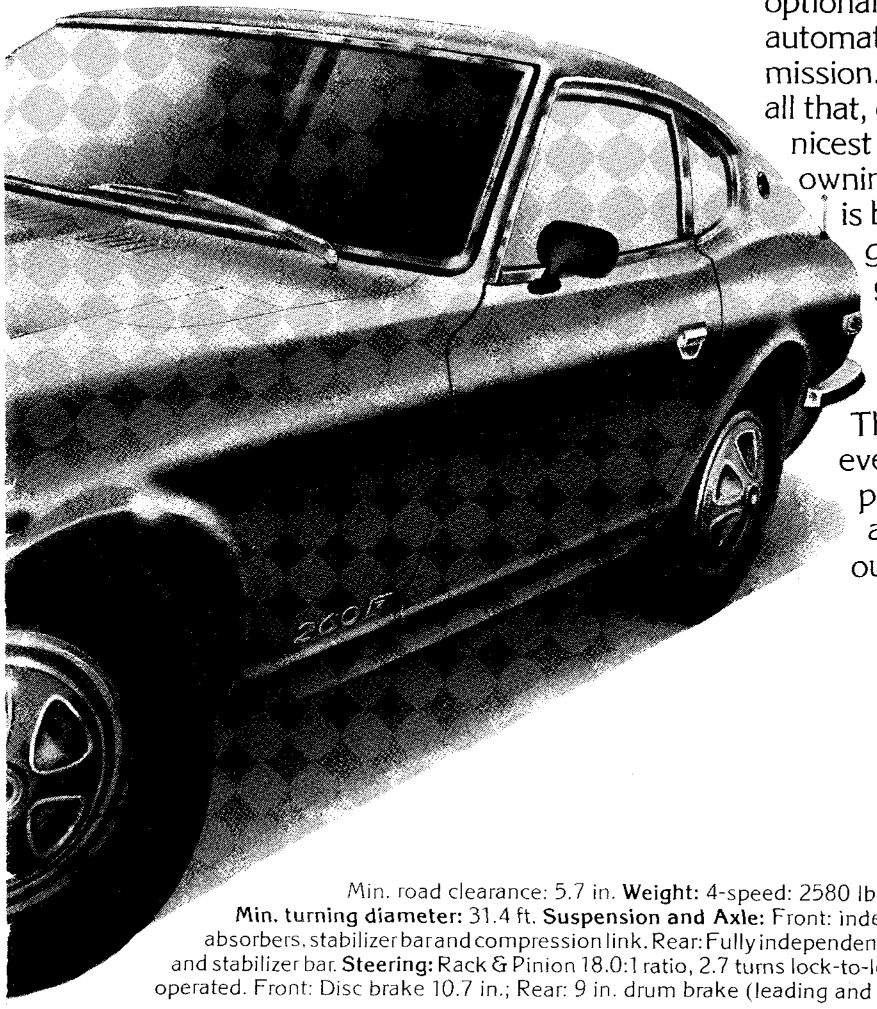
engine mounts and suspension all have been beefed up. Add those refinements to an all-synchromesh 4-speed transmission that puts crisp, positive shifts in the palm of your hand—and you have an automobile the likes of which could sell anywhere from $9,000 to $25,000.

The affordable legend.



The 260-Z is the affordable result of Datsun-pioneered advancements in computer design and one of the most modern mass production facilities in the world.

Space-age technology also makes it economically feasible to power the Z with a sophisticated overhead cam engine. Fewer moving parts, lower inertia and less friction produce higher revs, more efficient use of fuel, and longer engine life than a cheaper pushrod engine.



The 260-Z's superb cornering and remarkable ride are also products of superior technology. Its strut type fully independent system is usually found only on exotic racing machines, and is normally considered far too expensive to be practical on a production automobile.

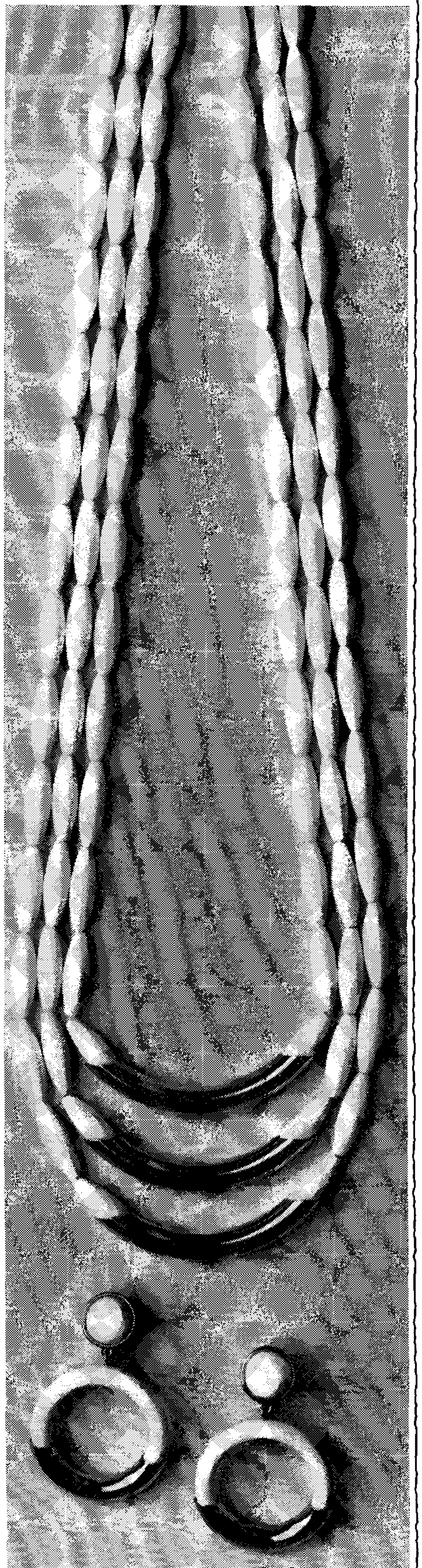
The luxury of it all.

The spacious interior accommodates two 6'6" adults in unadulterated comfort. Everything is at your fingertips. Map light, overhead light, heater/defroster, standard AM/FM radio, and optional factory-installed air conditioning. Deep cushioned high-back bucket seats recline 20 degrees and fold forward for easy access to the spacious rear deck. Non-purists can even order an optional 3-speed automatic transmission. But for all that, one of the nicest luxuries of owning a 260-Z is being able to get the same parts and service you'd get if you owned a Datsun economy sedan—from nearly 1000 Datsun dealers, nationwide.

What it all comes down to is this: The Datsun 260-Z for 1974 epitomizes everything pride and technology can provide. These are the makings of an automotive legend. But don't just take our word, drive a Datsun...then decide.

Datsun Saves

Min. road clearance: 5.7 in. **Weight:** 4-speed: 2580 lbs.; Automatic: 2590 lbs. **Seating capacity:** 2 persons. **Min. turning diameter:** 31.4 ft. **Suspension and Axle:** Front: independent strut type with coil springs, telescopic shock absorbers, stabilizer bar and compression link. Rear: Fully independent strut type with coil springs, telescopic shock absorbers and stabilizer bar. **Steering:** Rack & Pinion 18.0:1 ratio, 2.7 turns lock-to-lock. **Brakes:** Power assisted, all 4 wheels, hydraulically operated. Front: Disc brake 10.7 in.; Rear: 9 in. drum brake (leading and trailing shoes).



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the ship's side below the waterline. In this type of accident, water can rush in so fast that by the time the leak is noticed the area around it is flooded to the point where the task of sealing the break, or even finding it, is difficult, if not impossible. Aboard the Wafra, mattresses and planks were brought from all over the ship and piled against the break, but the water rose steadily, and as it did it drowned the ship's propulsion and power, and, helpless, she drifted onto a reef. If a ship's tanks are empty, she will stay afloat, because of the great buoyancy of the hull, but if they are full she can sink; salt water is heavier than oil, and a large engine room filled with seawater may constitute sufficient weight to drag the vessel down. If the ship is in deep water off a shore, sinking is probably the best thing that could happen; otherwise, as occurred with the Wafra, she's likely to go aground, rupture tanks, and pollute the coast. Half her cargo was spilled. In November, 1972, the 50,000-ton Greek tanker Gallant Colocotronis similarly flooded her engine room north of Durban and went aground on the Mozambique coast. Such flooding is a particularly frightening accident—sudden, unexpected, and inexplicable; like a heart attack in a man apparently fit and well, it cripples swiftly, and often, as in these two instances, fatally. The main cause of it is believed to be the vibrations set up by the long hull, which may not be at the same frequency as the vibrations of the engines.

Serious trouble with the pure-water system of the boilers is far more frequent than injection-pipe failure, and cripples far more tankers. Boiler failure is an ailment as old as steam itself, but in supertankers it is a new and special tribulation, quite terrifying during its occurrence and in its consequences. In the past few years, it has disabled dozens of V.L.C.C.s in the 200,000-to-250,000-ton class, not to speak of scores of lesser vessels, and time after time has put large oil cargoes in peril, especially in the South Atlantic and Indian Oceans. It would be a very rare occasion at Cape Town or Durban these days when there was not a cluster of tankers of various sizes—always including some of the biggest—undergoing boiler repairs or suffering some damage resulting from boiler failure.

Over the years, boilers have become increasingly complex, but insurance against trouble always used to be provided by having several boilers in a ship, so that if one failed there was another to keep the ship and its systems going. Ordinary merchantmen have

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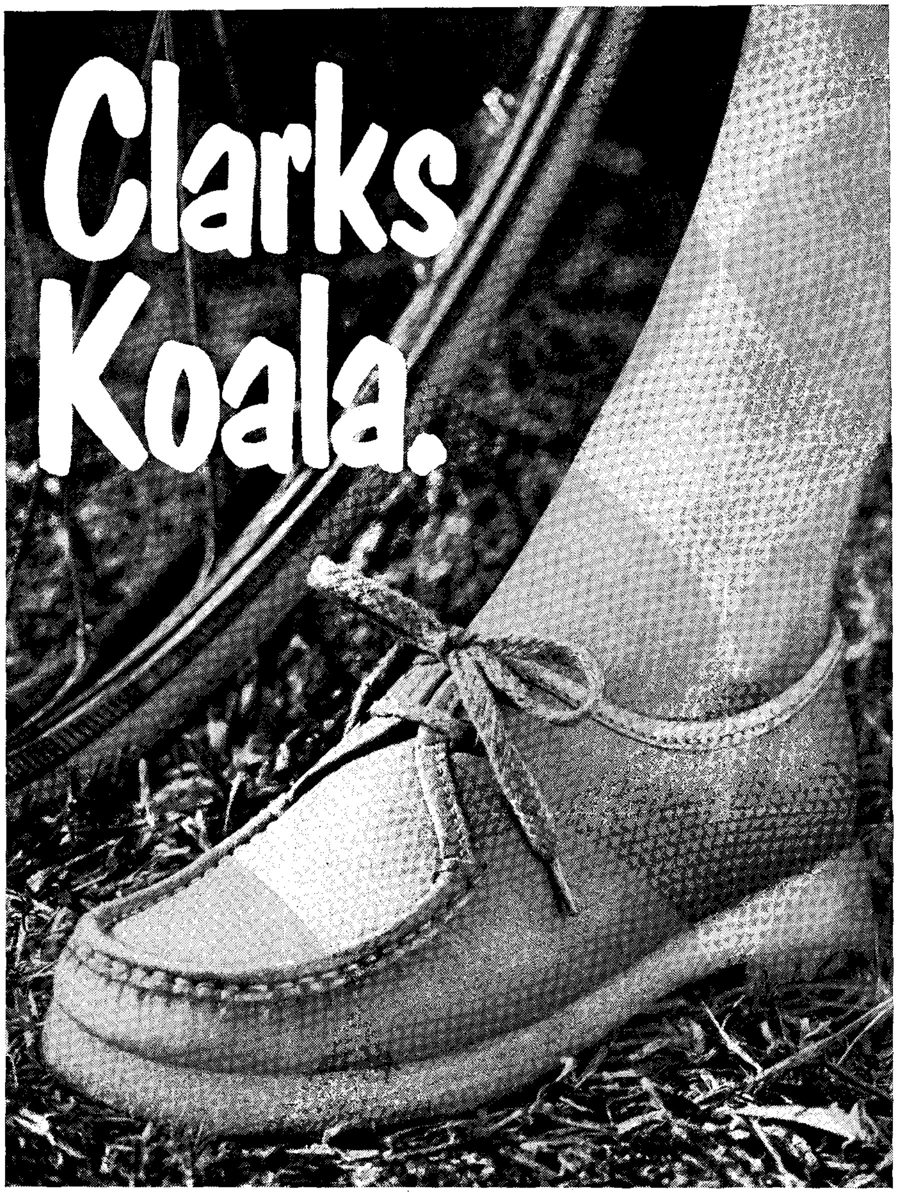
seldom been fitted with fewer than two boilers, and they have often had six or eight. Passenger liners, with their demand for speed and their huge domestic power requirements, carry many more. The Queen Mary had twenty-four boilers for her main engines and three auxiliaries for her domestic services. Until the mid-fifties, most tankers had two boilers and sometimes three, but many giant tankers, especially Japanese-built ones, have only one high-pressure boiler. This practice is one of the economies that helped make the original price of these ships so attractive to their buyers. But if that one boiler starts to fail, the ship is in a desperate situation. Without steam, the engines go, and all electrical power as well. The electronic complexity of a supertanker is wholly dependent upon the main propulsive unit. As steam dwindles and the propeller stops turning, the lights fail, and so do radar, echo sounders, and the other modern navigating paraphernalia that determines the course and prevents collision. The arrows flicker to zero, and the screens, one by one, gather their intelligence into a single, fast-receding pinpoint of light and go dark.

The fundamental precaution necessary aboard a supertanker to prevent this state of affairs is to insure that the boiler is never short of its fixed supply of distilled water for making steam. Without this water, the ship stops. The battle to maintain the supply is a ceaseless one, even in comparatively new ships; in older vessels it is a herculean task, for the development of steam leaks is steady and insidious. I have been told that it is the practice aboard some ships to stop once every four months and lie idle at sea for a whole day simply to repair accumulated leaks. In ships whose masters are less conscientious, the leaks after a while become so numerous that the atmosphere in the engine room is one of permanent steam fog. There are evaporators to distill fresh water from seawater, but sometimes they cannot keep up with leaks and a ship's other needs for water. "If you can't distill enough water to make up for what you're losing, then there's nowhere else you can get it," a supertanker engineer told me. "If you haven't got the water, you can't flash the boiler. If you can't flash the boiler, you haven't got the steam for the engines, or for the alternators, which make the electricity. This is the chain reaction that leads to complete disaster. If there's not enough water on this ship, the ship stops. It must stop. You've got no power, because you can't make steam, and that's



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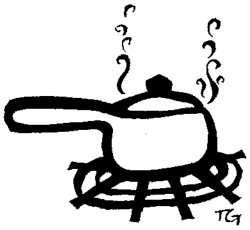
the end of it. You end up with a tug towing you in. Or worse."

There is absolutely nothing that can be done with a supertanker in which every flicker of mechanical life has died. Nor is there much that can be done with a vessel whose weakening mechanical pulse is insufficient to control the vast inertial forces of its hull. The one-boiler ships often have a small auxiliary for emergencies, but its power is laughable, considering what it may be called upon to do. It is just strong enough to give the ship headway in fine weather, but incapable of doing so in the vile gales it might meet off Good Hope or in the North Atlantic. An official at Lloyd's Register of Shipping told me that he'd received a letter from a ship's master informing him that his vessel had actually been blown *backward* while using her auxiliary. At least one of the major oil companies, British Petroleum, has resolutely refused to have one-boiler ships in its fleet. "I wouldn't have it. It's not worth the risk, for such a relatively small added cost," a senior executive told me recently.

Such vulnerability is ironic when one considers the apparent ultra-sophistication of the supertankers' automated technology. Their wonderful unmanned engine rooms, with self-driving devices, vigilant, all-seeing electric eyes, and instantly triggered alarms, are often held to be great advances, as though this informational equipment could of itself make a vessel intrinsically better, sounder. This automation is another economy. "Although the shipowner is going to spend a lot of money putting the equipment in, he hopes to get some of it back by cutting down on manpower, which is what automation is for, essentially," another engineering officer told me. From the point of view of safety, all that the automation can do is to sound an alarm, and it often does that too late, and without indicating precisely what has gone wrong. The same engineer described to me an incident that had occurred aboard a 200,000-ton supertanker on its first night at sea outbound from Japan after the ship was accepted from its builders. "The engine room was switched to automatic control, and everyone went to bed. About two in the morning, the general alarm went. All the engineers pounded down there. The failure that the signals recorder had printed out was that the main boiler had tripped—which, in turn, trips the main engine. When the boiler trips, the fires go out, so it's not generating any more steam. Whatever steam is left is used for the alternators, and gives them about twenty minutes of running time—of providing electrical power. That means you've got about twenty minutes before a blackout. The boiler had gone and the main engine had gone, and we hunted high and low to find out why the boiler had tripped, but we couldn't find anything. We got the boiler flashed again, so we had steam, and we had the engines back and no blackout. But we still hadn't found out what had actually caused the boiler to trip. After six hours, we eventually found the reason. It turned out that a half-inch-wide rubber diaphragm on a forced-draft fan had split, which dropped the pressure just momentarily off the outlet dampers, as we call them. This, in turn, signalled to the boiler that the forced-draft fans had stopped, which immediately put the fires out, which stopped the engine, and the ship. A half-inch rubber diaphragm had immobilized us. No one could have foreseen that happening, and the computer couldn't tell us what had actually happened, or where it had happened. All it could do was to stop the ship and leave it up to us to find out for ourselves. It took six hours of hard detective work. If we had not been able to flash the boiler before an electrical blackout, we'd have been helpless. If you're in busy waters, or off some coast, a situation like that is horrible."



It is, of course, far more horrible if automation sounds its alarm too late, or not at all. In November, 1972, the 226,579-ton British tanker Fina Britannia broke down off the East African coast while returning to Europe fully laden from the Persian Gulf. The alarms had failed to warn of various electrical and mechanical defects that had occurred. A chain of overlapping faults led to a furnace explosion that damaged the boiler, and the ship eventually had to be towed down to Cape Town for extensive repairs. Fortunately, the Fina Britannia was well off the coast and could safely drift until a salvage tug arrived.

At five years old, many supertankers are at the halfway point of their write-off lives. The first generation of very big ships, the early 200,000- and 250,000-tonners, is either already at that stage or about to reach it. It is mainly these ships that are now travelling across the Bay of Fundy to the Cana-

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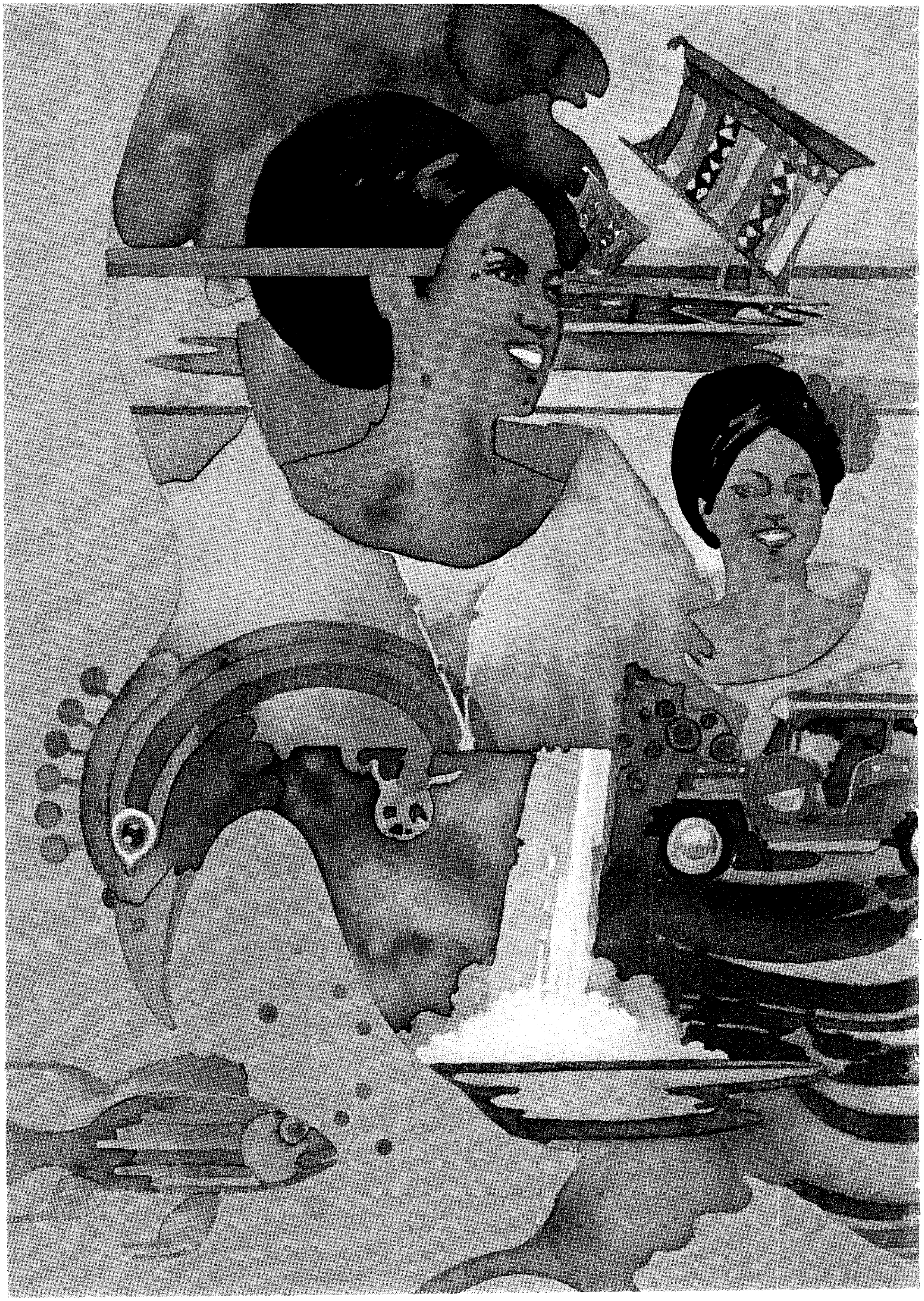

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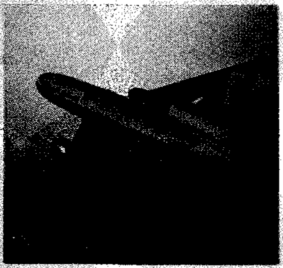

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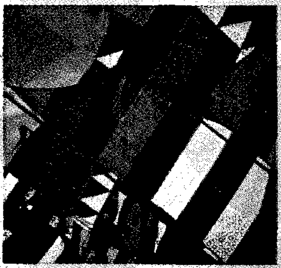

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dian terminals that already serve them in these waters, and it is these ships that will dominate the American terminals if they are built. Holding such a ship together beyond the five-year point can be onerous, but doing so after ten years could be nightmarish. That is when the supertankers will start changing hands. Inevitably, they will pass on to some flag-of-convenience owner, who would not be buying them if his standards were strict. As the present generation of tankers deteriorates, there will be an accelerating rate of injection-pipe failure and of boiler and power failure. The accidents that are already commonplace wherever these ships sail will become even more frequent off Maine and the Maritime Provinces of Canada, whose waters are not hospitable either to bad navigation or to helpless, drifting ships.

THE means that tankers have of causing havoc upon the sea are many, and range from spectacular mishaps such as the Torrey Canyon's to the insidious cumulative effect of constant leaks, spills, and irresponsible dumping of tank slops at sea. Every tanker, however well managed, drops some of its oil into the sea in some form or other; badly managed ships are ceaseless polluters, and, like garden snails, can often be followed by the long iridescent trail of their waste. The seas are poisoned, of course, by an enormous variety of effluents going into them from rivers and from coastal towns and cities, which indiscriminately dump all sorts of noxious commodities, including municipal garbage and industrial chemicals. Oil, however, remains the single biggest pollutant of the seas, and tankers are the single biggest dispenser of it.

There have been many warnings during the last few years about the depletion and ruin of the oceans, and among the most forceful was one issued by Jacques Piccard, the Swiss oceanographer, on the eve of the first United Nations Conference on the Human Environment, held at Stockholm in 1972. Piccard said that many experts now believe life in the seas can be extinguished within the next twenty-five or thirty years unless man stops polluting them. His estimate was that five to ten million tons of petroleum products were going into the oceans every year, with tanker dumping responsible for more than a million tons. Phytoplankton, the marine plants that recycle at least three-quarters of the world's oxygen, floats near the surface. "All you need to do to fatally disrupt the marine cycle," Piccard said,

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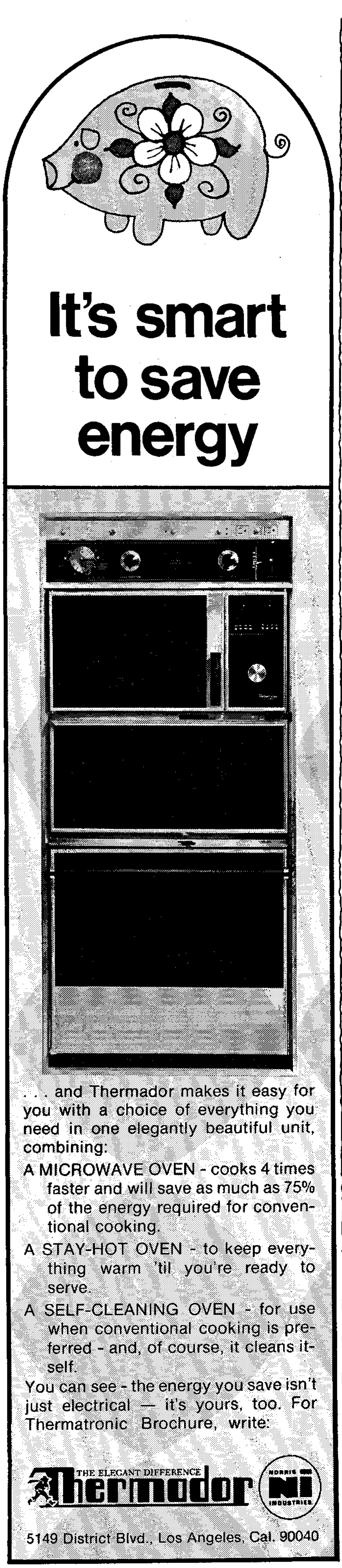

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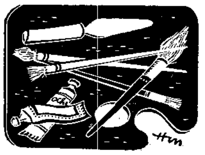
“is to knock out the phytoplankton with oil skin.” Considering how badly the Atlantic plankton is polluted already, the process appears to be well under way.

The salt seas have always seemed to offer assurance of an accessible freshness and cleanness, and I suppose there is in this the remnants of an atavistic instinct defensive of our remote origins, a much needed conviction that whatever other havoc we wreak, however deeply we pile the ashes, the seas will still rise and fall and safely breathe in their depths. But the Mediterranean in the area where I live deteriorates perceptibly season after season. There are whole stretches of the shore where I will no longer enter the water. The Moroccan coastline east of Point Malabata has some of the best beaches in the world, but now I often find the sands and rocks blackened by oil, or see a miles-long slick moving on the currents like an endless loathsome serpent seeking a place to slip ashore and leave its offal. These slicks usually come from a new Spanish refinery near Gibraltar. There are times when the water appears to be of that full blackness which promises to be our ultimate reward: a viscous shroud spread along every shore and reaching to all horizons. If this seems farfetched, consider that when a million-tonner is built one ship could spill in one place within a few hours what Piccard now estimates the world's tankers and other vessels spill throughout the oceans over an entire year.



The Norwegian explorer Thor Heyerdahl reported by radio in 1970 from his papyrus-reed boat Ra II that “at least a continuous stretch of fourteen hundred miles of the open Atlantic is polluted by floating lumps of solidified, asphalt-like oil.” In 1970, the British yachtsman Sir Francis Chichester wrote this letter to the London *Times:* “I have just returned from a 4,600-mile try-out sail in my Gipsy Moth V to the Mediterranean and back. Time after time, we sailed through patches or slicks of oil film on the surface. Seas coming aboard the yacht left clots of black oil on the deck and stained the sails. I noticed signs or effects of oil at intervals all the way from the Solent to Gibraltar and in the Mediterranean itself between Gibraltar and Majorca. I mention this because I think it is probably more noticeable from a small low yacht than from a steamer. Does it mean that in time, if it continues to increase, the oil effect will kill life in the sea?”

The Advisory Committee on Oil Pollution of the Sea reported in 1973 that in the previous year the proportion of the British coastline polluted by oil had increased by a quarter. Twenty-one slicks came ashore in the area near the Strait of Dover in 1971. Lancashire's coastline was hit by thirty-one slicks in 1972. Probably most such slicks come from the flushing out of ships' tanks as they head east to fetch another cargo. Some ships wait until they get to the deeper ocean. Many don't. One might well ask what difference it makes in the long run. After the Torrey Canyon disaster, there was a sharp increase in reports of ships seen discharging oil in the English Channel off the British and French coasts, even though it was an offense punishable by a fine of up to a thousand pounds (the amount has since been raised to fifty thousand pounds); at the time, the British coastal authorities believed that these were all ships taking advantage of the disaster, in the hope that the Torrey Canyon would be blamed for their sludge. There is no effective international, or even national, means of dealing with such a problem. Enough crude oil can cling to the sides and gather in pools on the bottom of a ship's tanks after they have been emptied to form a half of one per cent of the cargo—in the case of a 200,000-tonner, one thousand tons of oil. When the tanks are washed, this oil should go into so-called slop tanks with the water that cleaned it off. But unscrupulous masters might flush all this into the sea, and without question they often do.

The steady dumping of oil in British offshore waters has caused great anxiety over the future of British seabirds; a breeding survey financed in 1970 by the Torrey Canyon Appeal of the World Wildlife Fund and the Royal Society for the Protection of Birds found that guillemots, razorbills, and puffins are threatened by extinction around British coasts unless something is done to prevent further oil pollution. The steady pollution of the southern seas off the Cape of Good Hope since tankers stopped using the Suez Canal has threatened the extinction of at least one species of penguin, the jackass penguin. Tens of thousands of penguins and seals and seabirds belonging to species that breed in the rich feeding grounds off the South African coasts have been wiped out by steady oil spillage.

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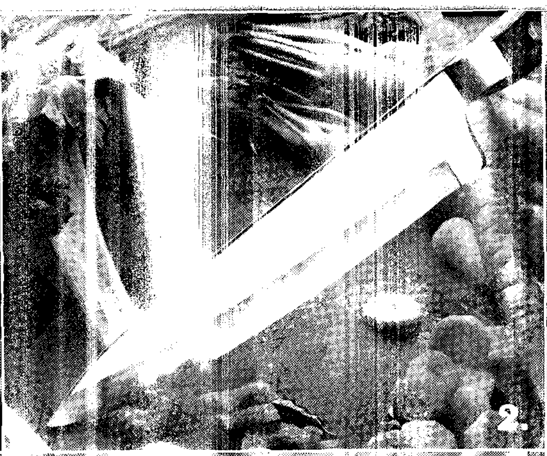
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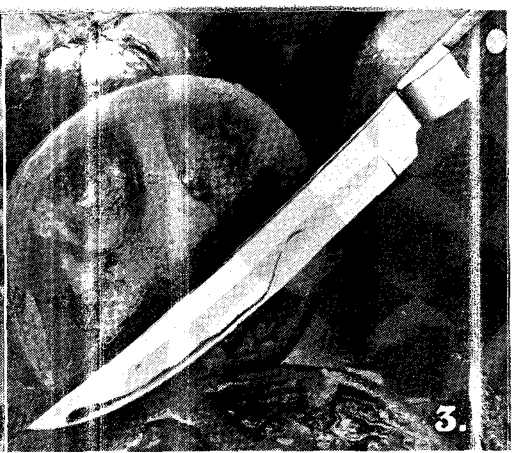
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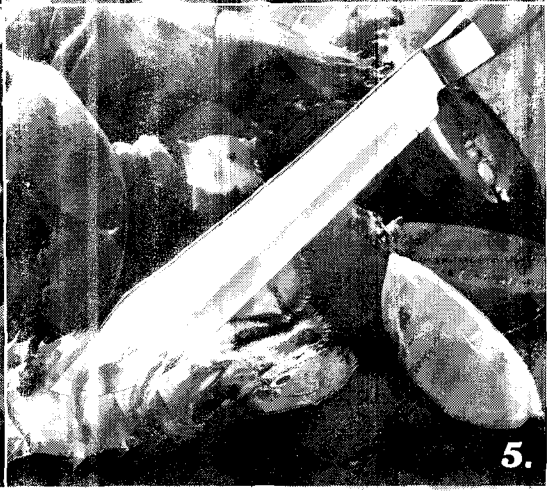
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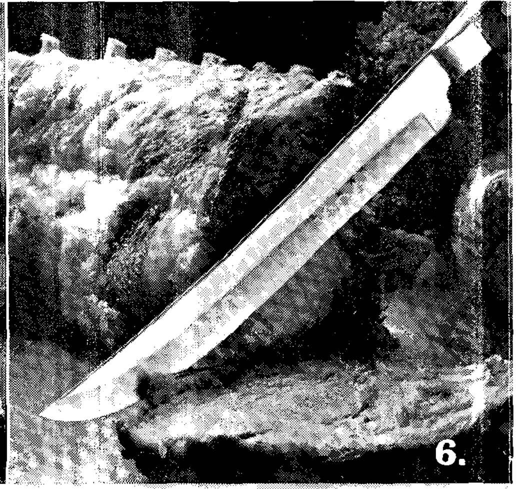
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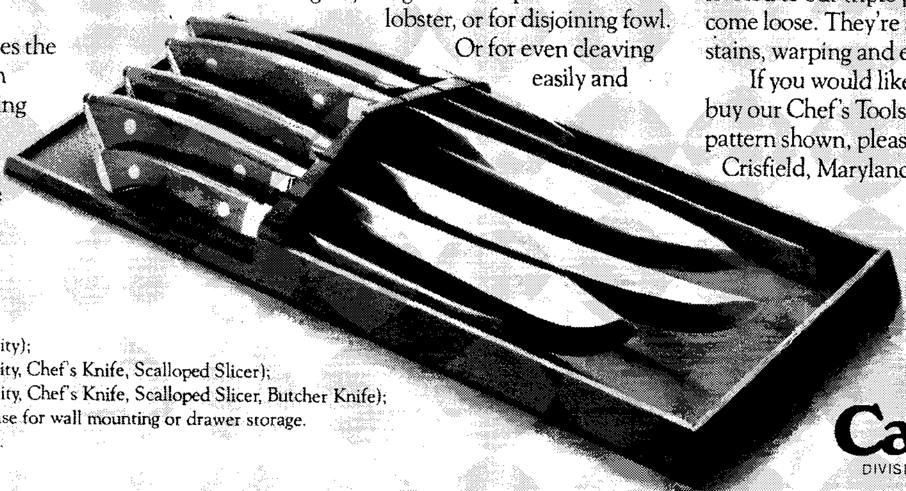

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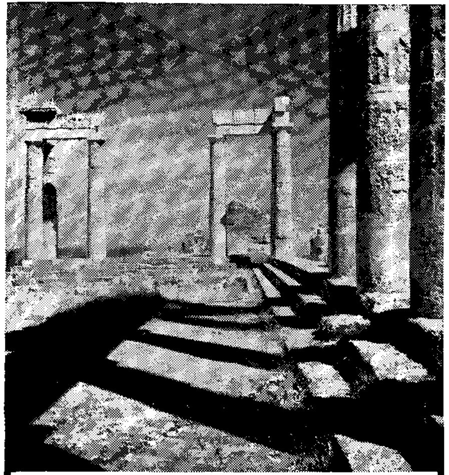

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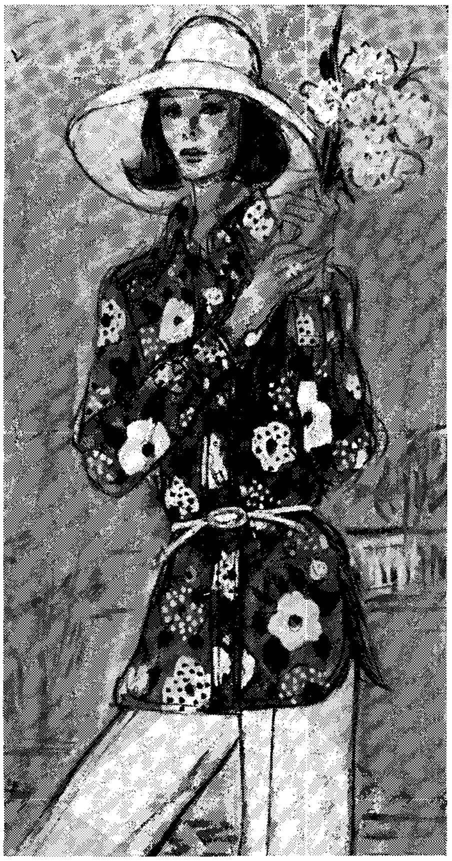
al law against dumping oil at sea, although there is one against pumping it out off coastlines. The only international organization with any sort of maritime jurisdiction is the Intergovernmental Maritime Consultative Organization, generally known as IMCO, which is a United Nations agency with headquarters in London. Achieving international law on these matters is complex and confusing. A diplomatic conference is called, usually of IMCO members. All U.N. states can ask for membership, although not all do. Nor do all IMCO members attend the conferences that make the laws, which are the work of those who do; for *their* decision to become international law, it must be ratified by domestic legislation in their respective countries—a painfully slow process. And even when such a law is finally passed, there is no effective means of enforcing it upon the seas. Any strength it possesses depends upon the zeal of individual members. In 1954, IMCO suggested to its members that a ban be imposed upon the dumping of sludge or any other form of oil within fifty miles of any coast. It took eight years to get this ratified. By that time, the major oil companies had voluntarily introduced a simple system called "load on top" to eliminate most of the oily sludge left in their ships' tanks without emptying it into the sea. In this system, the seawater that has been used for washing all the tanks is pumped into slop tanks, where the oil eventually rises to the surface. The residual water is pumped out to sea, and a new cargo of oil is loaded on top of the old oil. Even this residual water, of course, will contain some oil. A proposal has been made by IMCO that it should never be of a strength greater than one hundred parts of oil to one million parts of water, and that it should never be dumped at a rate of more than sixty litres of oil per mile or contain oil constituting more than a fixed fraction of a ship's cargo-carrying capacity. Given the rate of increase in world oil consumption, IMCO officials feel that even this proposal is inadequate, and they hope by the end of the decade to have in effect a complete ban on putting any oil whatever into the sea. So far, only twenty of IMCO's members have ratified the residual-water proposal.

All British ships keep an oil-record book, in which every bit of oil on board, whether fuel or cargo, must be fully accounted for to Department of Trade inspectors. The United States Coast Guard runs air patrols off the coast to watch for offenders, whom they can



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easily trace by following a slick right up to the wake of the ship. If an offender puts into port, it can be penalized under national laws, but if it is spotted dumping oil at sea and moves on into international waters the only recourse is to make a complaint to the nation whose flag it flies. IMCO rules specify that the owner nation must levy penalties. But a large proportion of the world's tankers fly one or another of the so-called flags of convenience, and the masters of any of these ships who choose to dump oil sludge are probably not much concerned about punishment at their home ports—in Panama, Honduras, Lebanon, or Cyprus. Their tankers probably never put into their home ports anyway.

Most oil spillage in the seas of the world is deliberate, but there is always the danger of catastrophic accidents. So far, the world has seen no bigger tanker spill than the Torrey Canyon's, although there have been many devastating smaller ones. The V.L.C.C.s and U.L.C.C.s have escaped involvement in a major pollution disaster despite their unhappy record of breakdowns and accidents, at least one of which came very close to creating the terrible precedent that everyone fears. In the fall of 1970, the British V.L.C.C. Esso Cambria, with 241,045 tons of crude oil in her tanks, ran ashore in the Persian Gulf as a result of negligent navigation by her chief officer. She fortunately ran onto a sandy shoal instead of rocks; even so, two of her tanks were broken and she spilled fifteen hundred tons of oil.

Most of the accidental oil spills that have occurred since the loss of the Torrey Canyon have come from ships that have collided or gone aground. Every year, roughly fifteen hundred seagoing ships, or about seven per cent of the world's total, are involved in collisions. In a detailed study of fifty ship accidents which was published at the end of 1972, the British Chamber of Shipping found that most of the collisions among these were attributable to appalling seamanship and could have been avoided if alertness and prudence had been shown, and that all the groundings were directly attributable to bad navigation. Shell International Marine, in a detailed study of forty serious tanker accidents that involved pollution, found one common link—that "people made silly mistakes."

A very large number of mistakes seem to be made by ships flying one or other of the flags of convenience. Thirty-five to forty per cent of Liberian tonnage is American-owned, and

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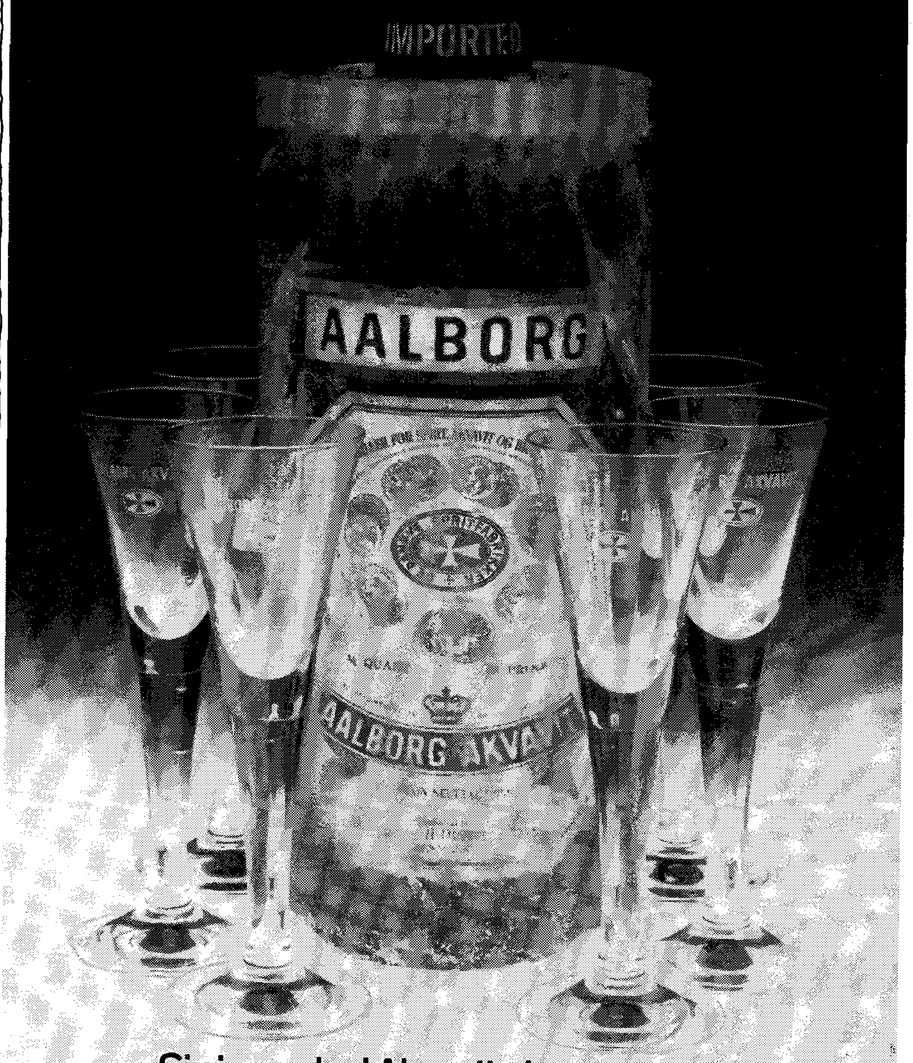

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an additional ten per cent is American-financed—a situation that helps explain the steady decline of the American merchant fleet since the end of the Second World War. According to law, ships flying the American flag must be built in the United States, and if American seamen are available must be manned by Americans, whose wages are significantly higher than those elsewhere. American oil companies that fly flags of convenience—and they include Gulf, Exxon, Texaco, Getty, and Union—have argued that they do so not for convenience but from necessity. Flag-of-convenience operators often say that their ships, and especially many of those flying the Liberian flag, are among the largest, best-equipped, and most modern in the world. This may be true. But ships are only as good as the men who run them, and here the record is not impressive. Throughout the world, oil cargoes are being delivered by improperly trained and uncertified officers aboard ships navigating with defective equipment. After the Liberian tanker Arrow ran ashore in Chedabucto Bay, a three-member commission of inquiry, led by Dr. P. D. McTaggart-Cowan, executive director of the Science Council of Canada, found that the ship, which was owned by Aristotle Onassis, had been "operating with almost none of its navigation equipment serviceable." The radar had ceased to function about an hour before the ship struck, the echo sounder had not been in working condition for at least two months, and the gyro compass had a permanent error of three degrees west. The officer on watch at the time of the accident, the ship's third officer, had no license. The commission of inquiry said none of the crew had any navigational skills except the master—"and there are even doubts about his ability." In its report, the commission said, "We are well aware of the fact that no form of transportation can be 100 per cent safe but from the record available to us the standard of operation of the world's tanker fleets, particularly those under flags of convenience, is so appalling and so far from the kind of safety which science, engineering, and technology can bring to those who care, that the people of the world should demand immediate action."

Even where well-qualified men are commanding ships of the highest standard, as was the case with the Torrey Canyon, the masters' judgment, responsibility, and seamanship can be impaired in the long run by terms of service that would not be tolerated on any ship flying the American flag or the flag of any of the other major maritime powers. When the Torrey Canyon was driven aground off the Scilly Isles, the ship's master, an Italian, who had an outstanding record and reputation as a seaman, had already served an unbroken period of three hundred and sixty-six days on board. As the British and French governments discovered when they sought to find someone who could be held responsible for the accident, the task of trying to pin down a flag-of-convenience ship within any accessible frame of legal jurisdiction is well-nigh impossible. The Torrey Canyon was owned by the Barracuda Tanker Corporation, a subsidiary of the Union Oil Company of California, which leased the ship and had, in turn, subleased it to British Petroleum Trading, Ltd., a subsidiary of the British Petroleum Company. The ship, built in the United States and rebuilt in Japan, was registered in Liberia, insured in London, and crewed by Italians. For an international lawyer, any suit involving such a vessel must, one assumes, be the stuff that dreams of eternal litigation are made on. The British and the French, however, took a simple course. They pretended they weren't looking, and as soon as one of the Torrey Canyon's sister ships, the Lake Palourde, ambled into a port where the law was held to be firm, they pounced and had her detained until the insurers, the only accessible body with responsibility, paid up seven million five hundred thousand dollars as a settlement for damage.

In addition to deliberate dumping and accidental crashing into the shore, oil tankers have been involved in the two biggest ship collisions in history. In October, 1970, two fully laden supertankers, the 77,648-ton Pacific Glory, owned by a Nationalist Chinese, and the 100,108-ton Allegro, Greek-owned, both flying the Liberian flag and carrying 170,215 tons of crude oil between them, ran into each other off the Isle of Wight. The Pacific Glory suffered three violent explosions and was burned out; fourteen of her crew died. Most of the tanks of both ships fortunately remained intact. On both, the third officers were on watch at the time; the Allegro's third officer, a Greek, had no certificate whatever. Two of her engineers, also Greek, had no certificates, and neither did two of

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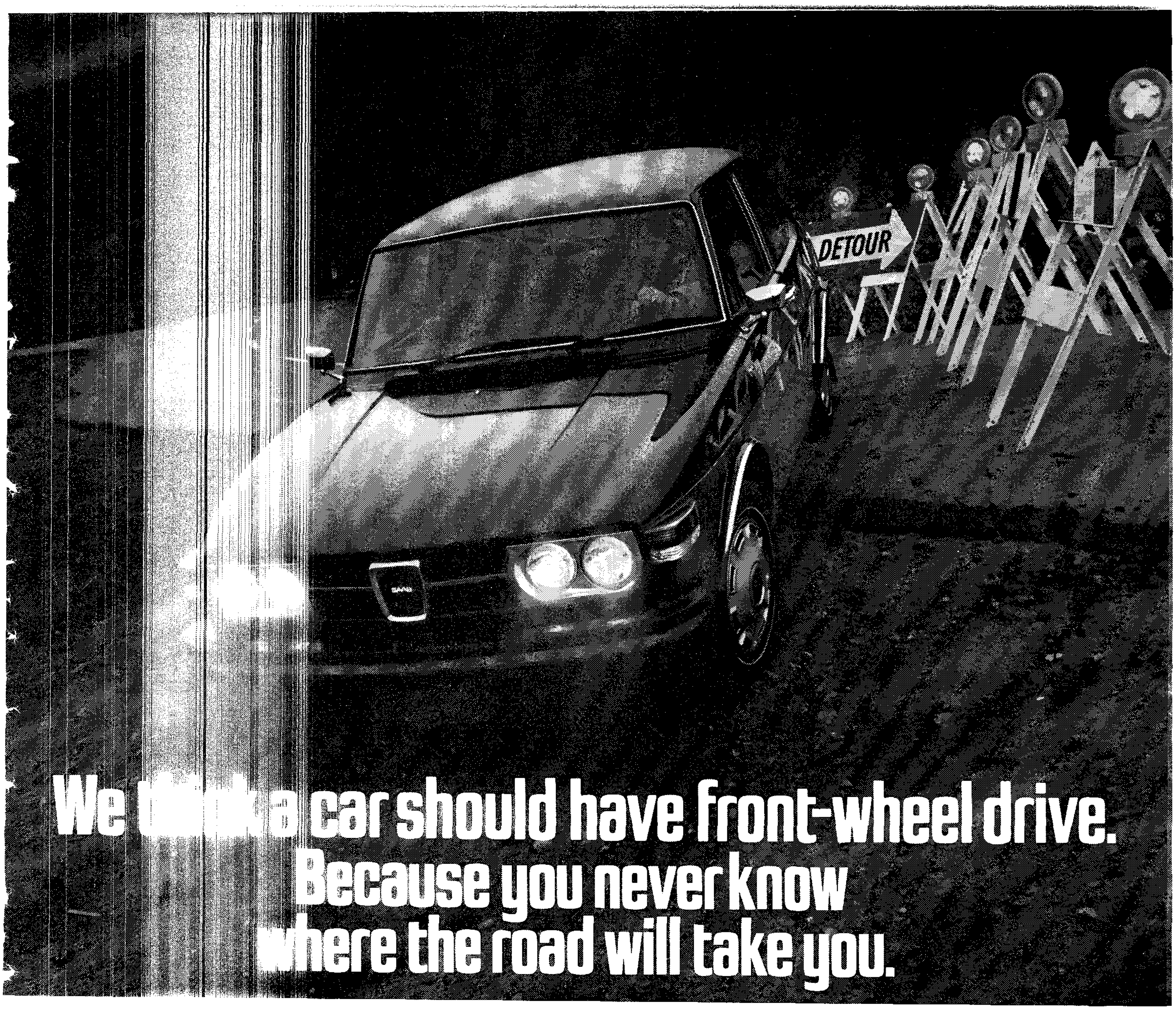

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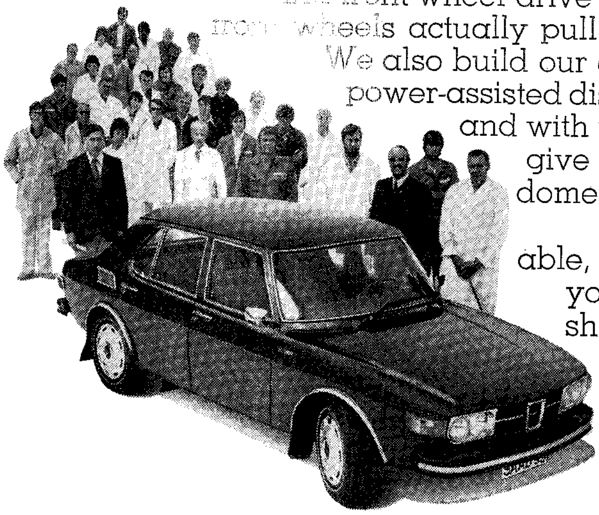

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the Pacific Glory's engineers. This was, *at the time, the biggest maritime* collision on record, but it lost this distinction in August, 1972, when two Liberian-flag supertankers, the 95,608-ton American-owned Oswego Guardian, fully laden, and the 100,613-ton Greek-owned Texanita collided east of Cape Town, in the Indian Ocean. The Texanita, which was empty, exploded with a violence that rocked buildings and woke people forty miles inland from the coast, which was twenty-three nautical miles distant from the accident. The ship broke in two and vanished within minutes. Thirty-two men died with the Texanita, and one man was killed aboard the Oswego Guardian. Both ships were travelling at full speed through fog so dense that the master of the Texanita, who survived to report the fact, couldn't see the masts of his own ship. Although the two vessels had observed each other on radar, neither reduced speed. The Texanita made only two attempts to plot the course of the approaching ship—the second when it was only four miles off—and the Oswego Guardian made no attempt whatever to plot the other ship's course. Immediately after the collision, the master of the Oswego Guardian ordered his ship away from the scene at full speed. There was no attempt to pick up survivors; they owed their lives to other vessels in the area. The first SOS call gave a wrong position, and the error was not discovered until six hours after the accident; and, at that, no correction was ever sent out. The Texanita's master had his license suspended for eighteen months, while the master of the Oswego Guardian had his revoked.

Nearly half the ship collisions in the world take place in the area bounded by the Elbe and the English Channel. A majority of them are head-on, and a very great majority of them occur in or near the Strait of Dover, where at any given moment some forty ships are usually moving. Dodging about among the ships, as well as among the many wrecks and sandbanks in the area, has been one of the worst nightmares for all supertanker masters. Between October, 1970, and April, 1971, ten tankers carrying some 300,000 tons of crude oil among them were involved in serious accidents in the Channel area. Half of them—including the Pacific Glory and the Allegro—were Liberian. On March 2, 1971, the Liberian-registered tanker Trinity Navigator, carrying 32,000 tons of crude oil, ran aground off Berry Head, England, and was refloated after five hours

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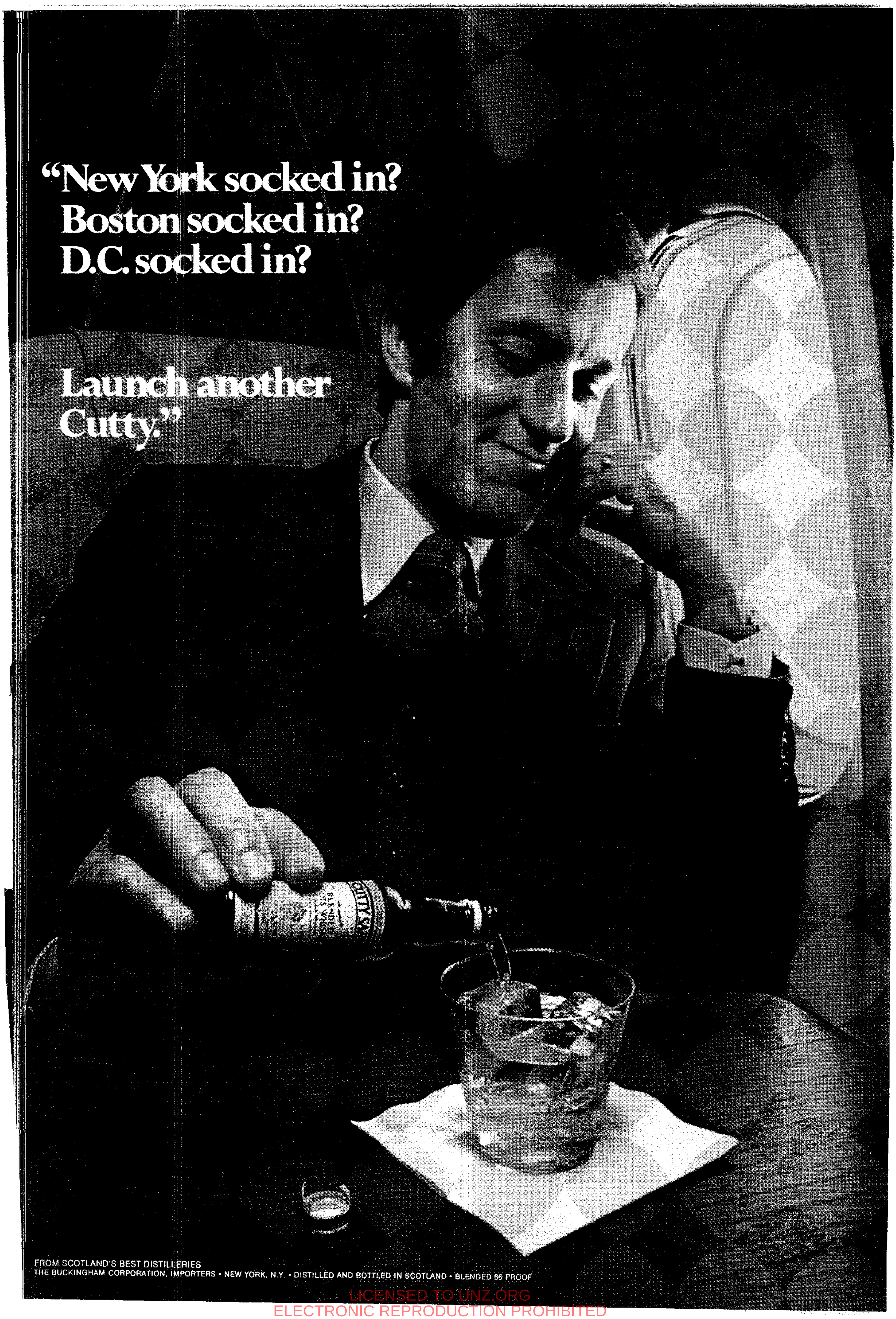
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by a British Channel pilot, who later said that the ship's radar was out of order and that she had no Very High Frequency radio for local communication. The Chinese crew, in any event, spoke no English—the international language of the sea, as of the air. Coastguards and a pilot boat had signalled to the ship by lamp to inform her that she was on a dangerous course and got no reply. On March 30, 1971, the Liberian tanker Panther, carrying 25,000 tons of oil, grounded on the Goodwin Sands and was freed five days later by tugs. Her radar was reported defective by the pilot who boarded her. A Trinity House pilot, Master Mariner W. L. D. Bayley, writing in the November-December, 1969, issue of *Safety at Sea International*, said that tankers with faulty VHF or radar were so numerous that Channel pilots had ceased to report them.

The menace of such vessels and their substandard operation was one of the principal reasons for the introduction of traffic lanes in sixty-six busy maritime areas throughout the world at the beginning of this decade. Ships are now expected to move in one of two lanes when laying course through areas such as the English Channel, San Francisco and New York Harbors, the Baltic, and the Strait of Gibraltar. It was felt that this system would at least help decrease the risks to heavily laden supertankers. Unfortunately, the lanes are ignored by many ships, and the results can be tragic. On January 11, 1971, a 12,000-ton Peruvian freighter, the Paracas, entered the English Channel and, instead of using the northbound lane off the French coast, took the shorter and more convenient southbound lane along the English coast. She struck the Panamanian tanker Texaco Caribbean, and the resulting explosion shattered windows in Folkestone, five miles away. The only fortunate thing about the accident was that the Texaco Caribbean, which went down with nine men, was a small ship. The British coastal authorities immediately marked the spot with two lighted buoys and anchored a lightship nearby which displayed three vertical green lights as a wreck warning. The following day, a German freighter, the Brandenburg, outbound for South America, hit the wreck and sank, with the loss of all but eleven of her thirty-two-man crew. The British added three more light buoys to the site, but on February 28th a Greek freighter, the Niki, struck one of the two ships and went down, taking her

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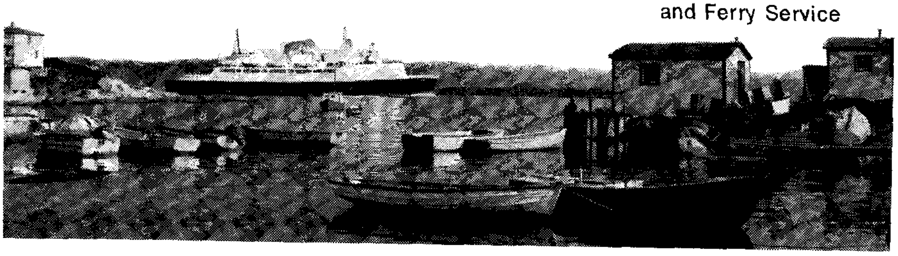

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entire crew of twenty-three. A second lightship and nine more buoys were added to the collection over the wrecks, yet on March 16th an unidentified tanker ignored a barrage of rockets and flashing lamps from the guard ships, ran through two rows of buoys, and, to everyone's surprise, got away with it and vanished. Within a two-month period, sixteen ships were reported by British coastal authorities for having ignored the elaborate arrangement of lights and signals and entered the area of the wrecks.

One of the most terrifying tanker accidents involved the Polycommander, a 50,380-ton Norwegian vessel. In May, 1970, carrying a full cargo of crude oil, she ran aground and burst into flames at Mixieiro Point, near Vigo, on the Spanish Atlantic coast. The oil spillage amounted to about sixteen thousand tons, or a third of her cargo; it started burning on the sea, and the flames were so fierce that they caused a fire storm—a heat disturbance of such intensity that it raised winds of hurricane force in the immediate vicinity of the stricken ship. The winds whirled aloft a huge amount of oil as a fine mist, and bore it up to high altitudes. The mist condensed into drops, and some days later a black rain began to fall upon farmlands and upon the villages of Panjón and Bayona, on the coast. The damage to homes, gardens, and crops was extensive, and cattle died of eating oil-covered grass. Fortunately, most of the black rain fell on uninhabited bush and hill country. The Polycommander was a small ship compared to the general run of tankers these days, and the damage, conservatively calculated to be in the region of four hundred and eighty thousand dollars, was scarcely comparable to the devastation caused by the Torrey Canyon three years earlier, but the fire added a new dimension to the general concern about tanker disasters. We must now try to visualize the consequences of a fire storm rising from a broken ship ten, twenty, or even thirty times larger than the Polycommander. The risks can only get worse as the size and tonnage of tankers increase.

—NOËL MOSTERT

(*This is the first of two articles on supertankers.*)

•

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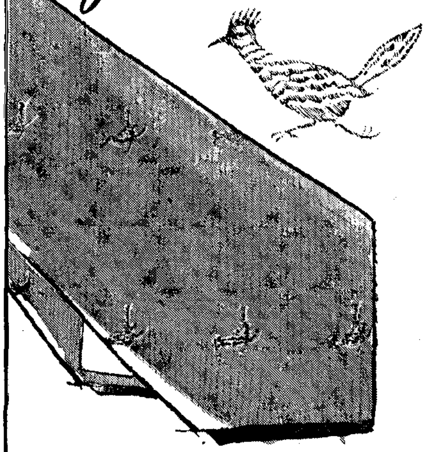

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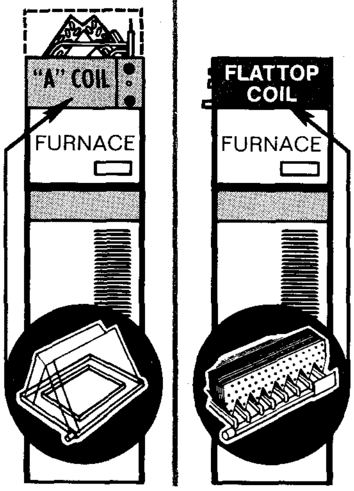

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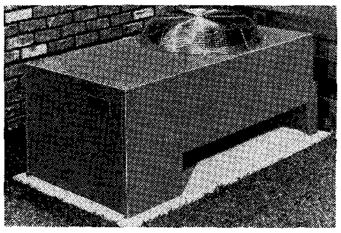

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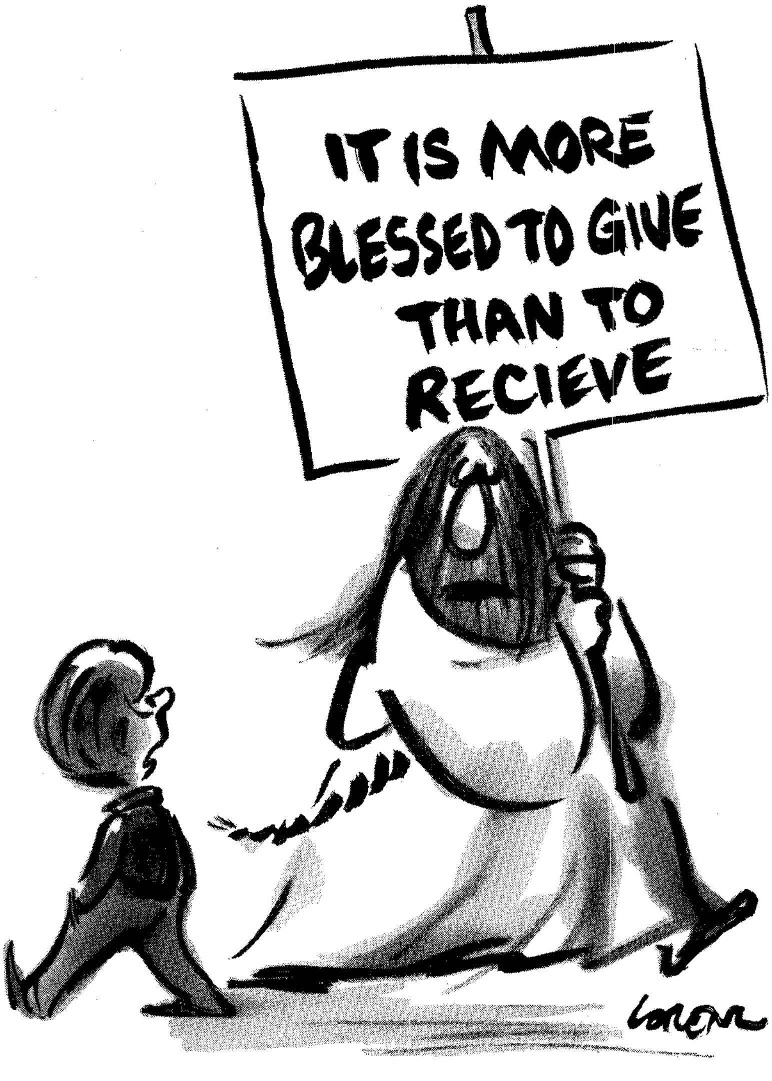
THE MASTERS—SOMETHING OLD, SOMETHING NEW

THE recent Masters, which was won so brilliantly by Gary Player, was a sort of minor milestone, marking forty years since the tournament came into being. As sports classics go, forty years is nothing at all—a mere wipe of the brow on the road from Marathon or a tightening of the reins at Epsom Downs. In the realm of championship golf, which is comparatively new stuff, the three other tournaments of the so-called Big Four have a lot more ivy on them than the Masters does: the British Open was inaugurated in 1860, the United States Open in 1895, and the P.G.A. Championship in 1916. However, so much happens so quickly these days that forty years is longer than it used to be, and this certainly holds true for the Masters.

In 1934, its first year, the Masters was just a small, informal invitational affair arranged by Bob Jones, who thought his old golfing friends, both professional and amateur, might enjoy a low-key spring week in Georgia playing the somewhat revolutionary and remarkably beautiful course he had co-designed (with Alister MacKenzie, the Scottish golf architect) for the new Augusta National Golf Club. To set the mood for the gathering, Jones, who had retired from competition after his Grand Slam in 1930 but who, in his capacity as the host, participated in this event, devised a schedule calling for the field to play only one round on each of four days—a drastic innovation, since it had always been customary for tournaments to wind up with a double round, thirty-six holes, on the last day. Jones wanted the players to know that the Masters was primarily for them, and this eighteen-holes-a-day limitation was calculated to give them ample time to sit around the antebellum clubhouse and breathe in the fragrance of the wisteria as they reminisced about what Walter (Hagen) had done at Royal St. George's, what Francis (Ouimet) had done at Five Farms, and so on. Jones had no idea of making the tournament an annual fixture, but the players liked it so much that he was pleased to change his mind. In those early days, by the way, only fifteen hundred or so golf fans, for the most part well-to-do Northerners returning in April from Florida and other points south, dropped in on the Masters. They, too, loved the atmosphere, and many became annual repeaters. So, in later years, did a high percentage of the spectators who motored to Augusta from all over to see if the Masters was everything it was cracked up to be. By 1967—and this had never before happened in golf—Jones's modest early-spring get-together had grown so tremendously that tickets for it were sold out months in advance. It has been the same every year since.

Perhaps the most significant change in the Masters over the decades has been its gradual movement away from its original and unique format as a convocation of the heroes of yesteryear and the current hot shots—the old and new Masters. The list of golfers who qualified for invitations in 1935 makes the intent of the tournament unmistakable. Seven categories were named: (1) present and past United States Open champions, (2) present and past United States Amateur champions, (3) present and past British Amateur champions, (4) present and past British Open champions, (5) present members of the Ryder Cup team, (6) present members of the Walker Cup team, and (7) other players to be selected "entirely on the basis of past competitive records," with a proviso that due consideration be given to "records that have been established in the various leading tournaments." When I first went down to the Masters, right after the war, one of its biggest lures was that, along with watching the men who would be fighting it out for first (such as Sam Snead, Jimmy Demaret, Ben Hogan, Lloyd Mangrum, and Byron Nelson), you could still take in the famous golfers of earlier eras you had never seen enough of—men like Gene Sarazen, Horton Smith, Lawson Little, Johnny Farrell, and, of course, Jones himself. It wasn't long, however, before modifications in the list of eligible entrants were introduced. As the Masters increased in reputation and, indeed, became an event of world importance, it became incumbent upon the tournament management to make the starting field as strong as possible, by inviting a good representation of the best foreign golfers and by expanding the categories through which more of the growing number of talented contemporary American golfers could get in. Then, too, some of the old champions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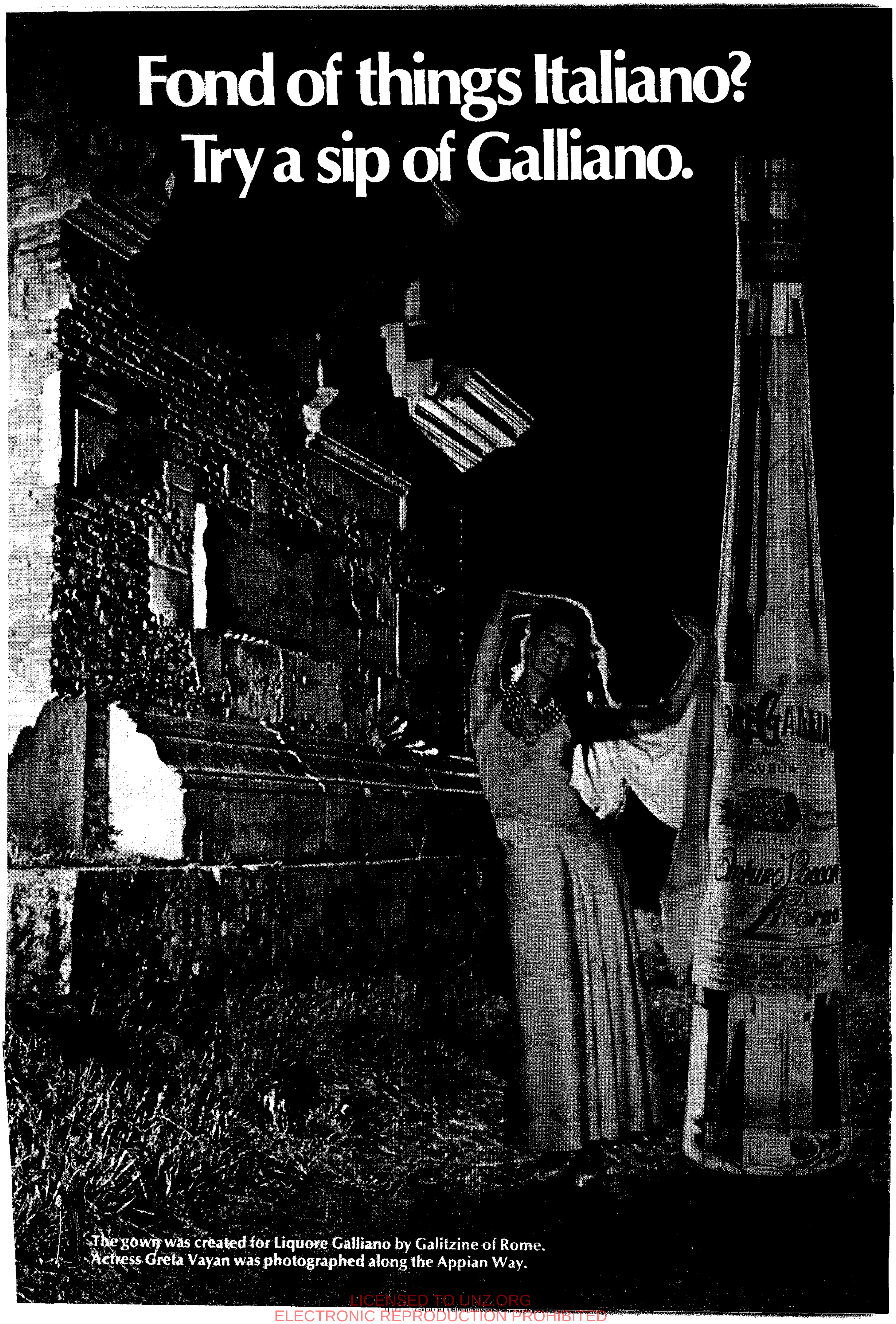
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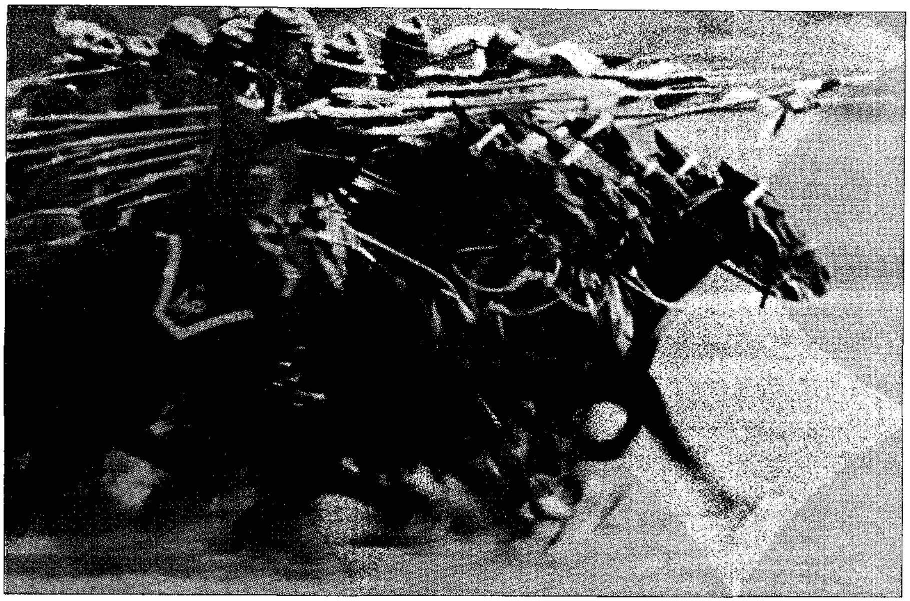

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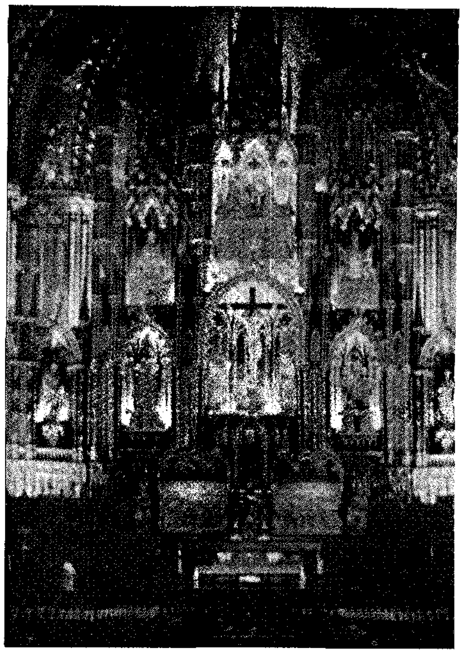

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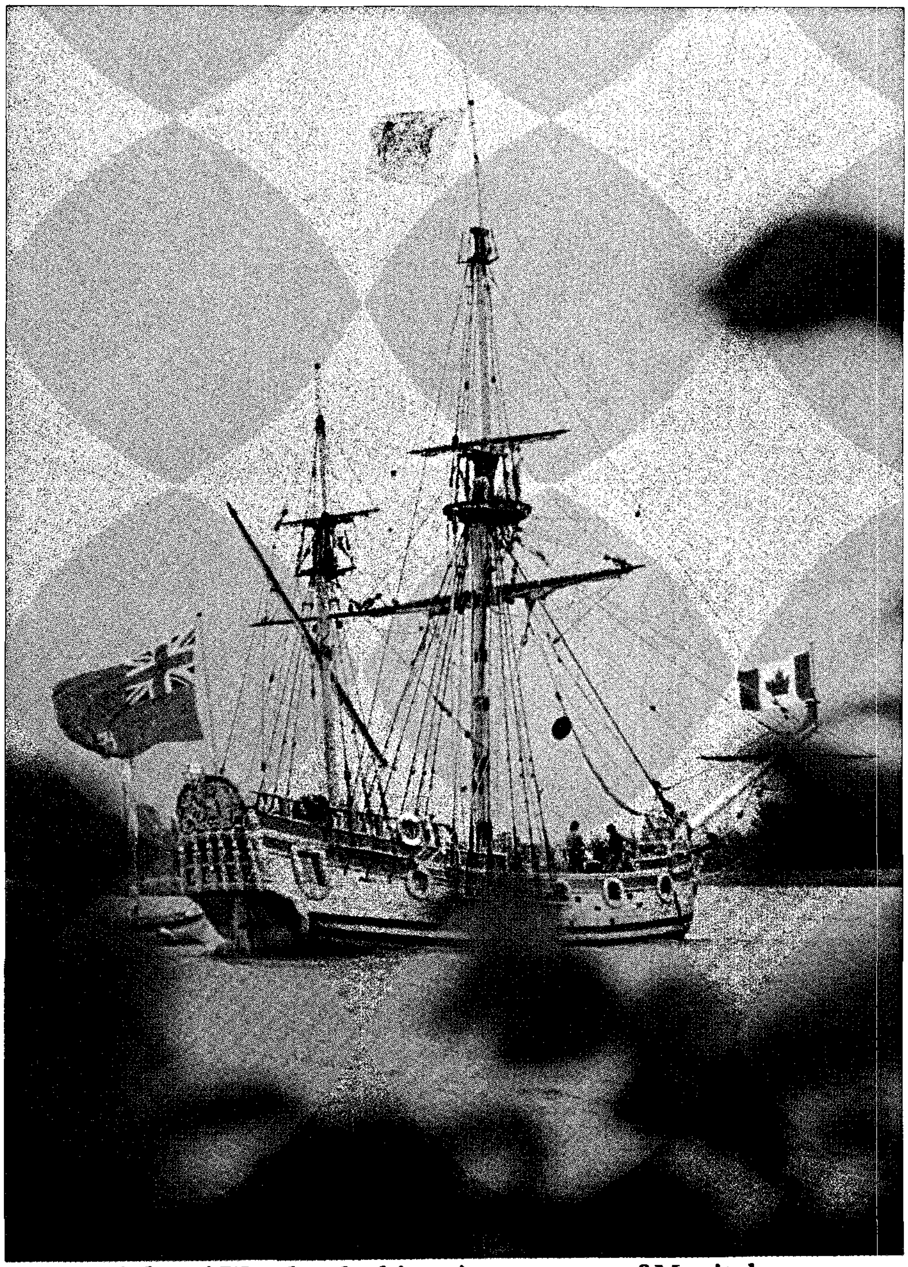

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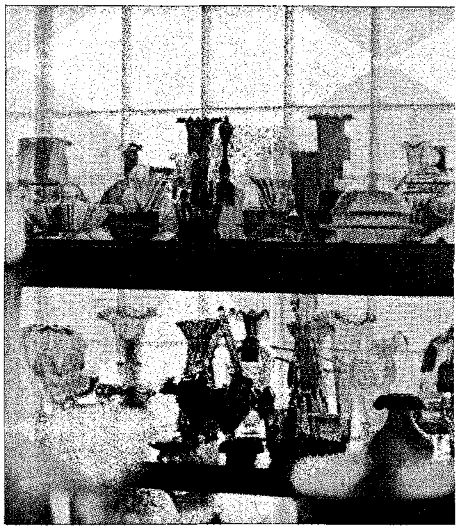

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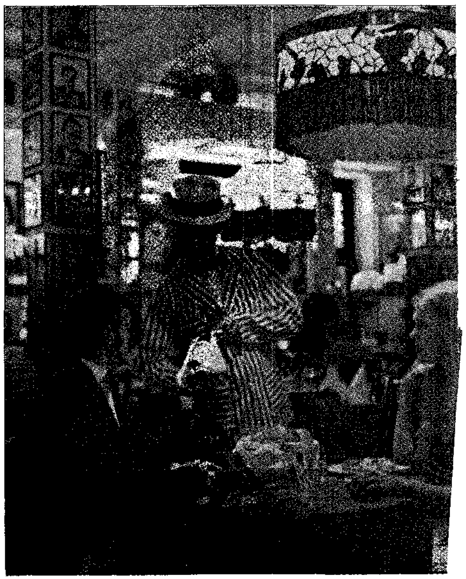

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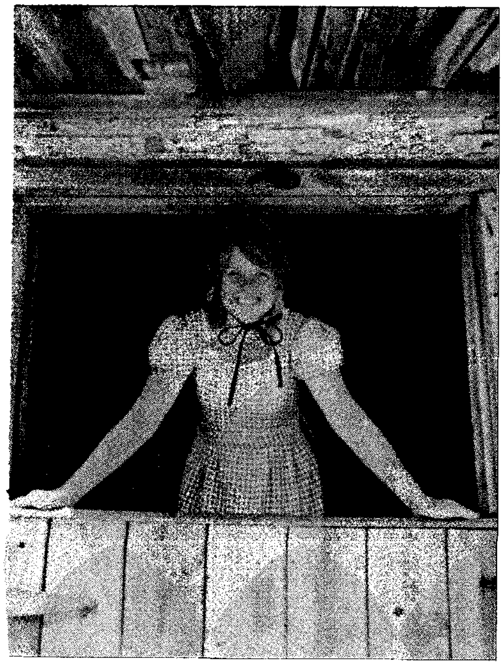

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were now of an age at which they could no longer do themselves justice on the long, severely contoured course, and, with the field threatening to become too bulky, it was decided in 1962 to limit the number of years of eligibility of past Open, P.G.A., and Amateur champions. As a matter of fact, before and after 1962 the whole business of determining who qualified, and how, became, through frequent revision, a far more complicated and sinuous operation than this précis would even begin to suggest. (For example, there was a period when the former Masters champions, U.S. Open champions, and U.S. Amateur champions each selected a deserving player who had not qualified for that year's tournament.)

But the main point is this: Once the Masters had become recognized as one of the Big Four—I would place the date for this around 1954, the year of the memorable playoff between Snead and Hogan—it was inevitable that the tournament would become as oriented toward the current season and the current heroes as the three other big annual events. Today, there are thirteen ways by which an American player can qualify for the Masters, but the only men who still have a lifetime invitation are former Masters champions. (This has assured us of having Sarazen, Snead, and Hogan, among others. In addition, a wonderful whiff of the deep past has been supplied by the perennial honorary participants—Freddy McLeod, the 1908 U.S. Open champion, and Jock Hutchison, the 1921 British Open champion, who have traditionally been the first twosome off.) U.S. Open, British Open, and P.G.A. champions now lose their places in the starting field after five years, and U.S. and British Amateur champions are dropped after two—or sooner, if they turn professional. That brings us to the players who have gained their invitations on the strength of their accomplishments during the preceding twelve months. For 1974, their number included the members of the 1973 Walker Cup and Ryder Cup teams; those who finished in the first twenty-four places in the 1973 Masters; those who finished in the first sixteen places in the 1973 U.S. Open and in the first eight places in the 1973 P.G.A.; the eight quarter-finalists in the 1973 U.S. Amateur; and, finally, the winners of all the first-rank P.G.A.-tour tournaments held between last year's Masters and this year's. There has been so much talk about the fact that no black golfer has yet played in the Masters—

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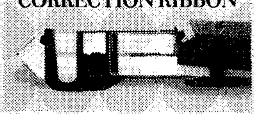

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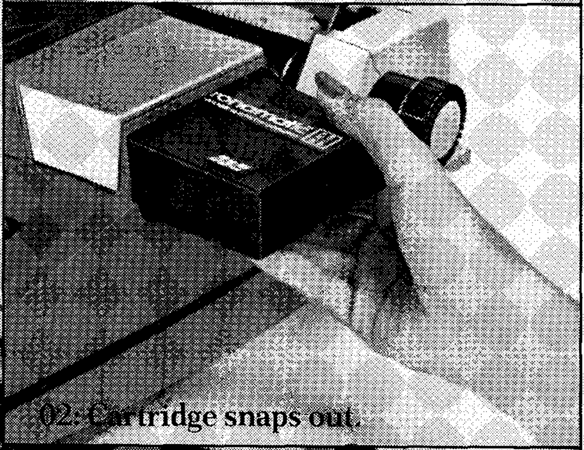
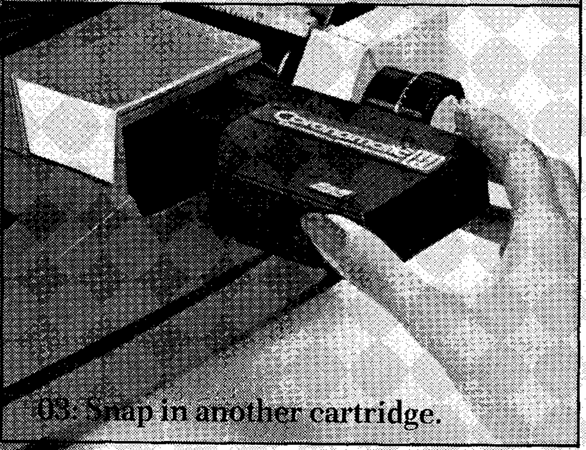


02: Cartridge snaps out.



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statements invariably supported with unfactual assertions and irresponsible innuendo—that it should be made clear that up to and including this year's tournament no black player had ever qualified through his play for an invitation. That is all changed now, for by his victory in the Monsanto Open at Pensacola late last month Lee Elder has earned an invitation to the 1975 Masters—a very happy turn of events indeed.

A principal reason for going into this relatively detailed examination of who gets to play in the Masters is that this year, as many of us saw it, the tournament had perhaps the finest field in its history. Over twenty golfers had to be seriously considered as potential winners. The majority of these—the group headed by Jack Nicklaus, Tom Weiskopf, Gary Player, Arnold Palmer, Gene Littler, Billy Casper, and Bruce Crampton—were in their thirties or early forties, but the gamut of authentic contenders covered a spread of almost forty years, from the quite unbelievable Samuel Jackson Snead, who will be turning sixty-two later this month, to Ben Crenshaw, who hit twenty-two in January. It is now nine years since Snead won his last tour tournament (the 1965 Greensboro Open), but he showed us some stupendous golf this winter, when, among other things, he tied for second in the Los Angeles Open. Crenshaw is one of a dozen or so players under thirty—along with Johnny Miller, Jerry Heard, John Mahaffey, Hubert Green, Hale Irwin, and Lanny Wadkins, to name some of the most obvious leaders of the new wave—who, if they get in position to win an important tournament, now have the poise and the shots to bring it off. This marks quite a difference from previous seasons, when, eager as everybody was to see these rising young stars break through in a major event, few people felt deep down in their bones that the boys could manage it. They were right, too, almost always. For example, in the 1971 Masters, with only four holes to go, Miller had a two-stroke lead but was unable to hold it. Miller, who has just turned twenty-seven, remains among the most moody and emotional of the young stars, but last year he demonstrated that he had learned how to win, by capturing the U.S. Open with a magnificent closing 63 and then taking the individual trophy in the World Cup in Spain in the autumn. There are times when he comes up with absolutely sensational rounds, for he is long, he is an effective streak putter, and he is

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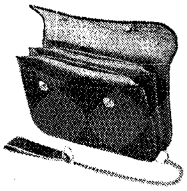

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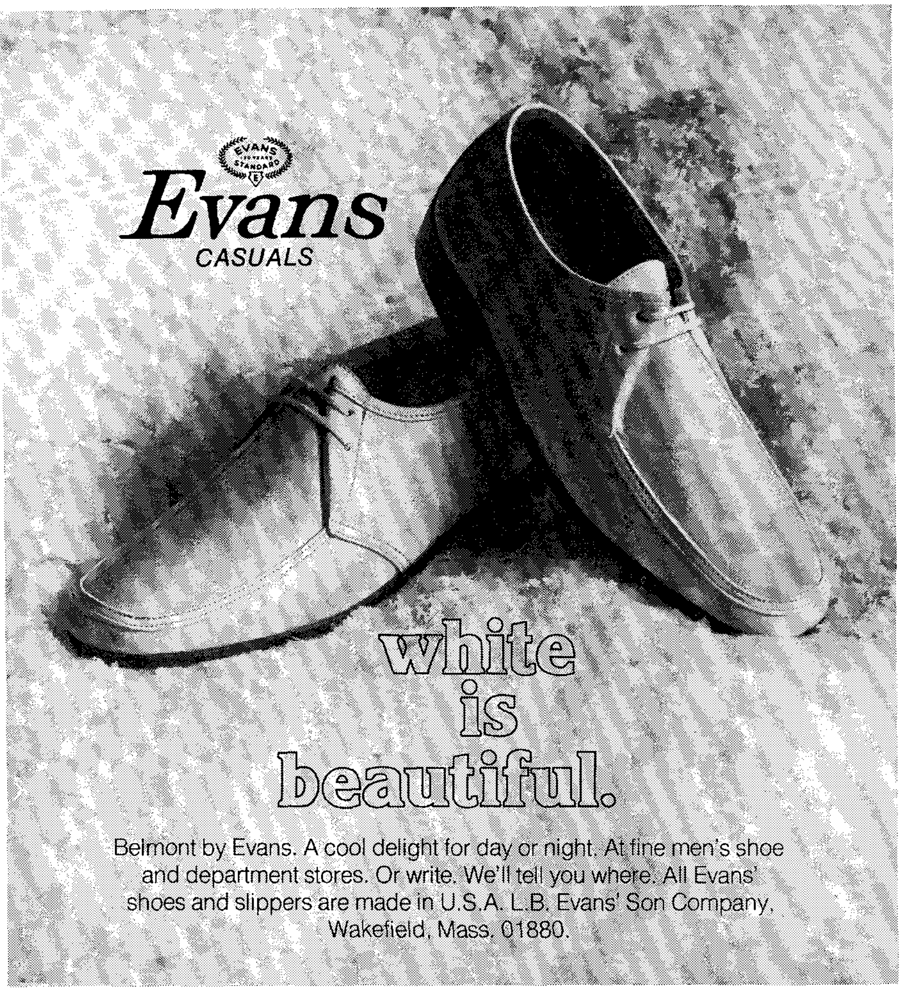
Among the very young players on their way up these days, Crenshaw is without a doubt the most exciting prospect. Before he turned professional last summer, after completing his junior year at the University of Texas, Crenshaw had established the most impressive record of any amateur since Nicklaus. While he never won the U.S. Amateur—he was fifth in 1971 and tied for second in 1972—he carried off every other important amateur competition, winning the Western, the Trans-Mississippi, the Northeastern, the Sunnehanna, and the Porter Cup once each, the Eastern and the Southern twice, and the National Collegiate Athletic Association title three straight times, twice outright and sharing it the other time with his University of Texas teammate Tom Kite. Along with his golfing ability, Crenshaw has a lot of other things going for him. A clean-cut young man with sandy blond hair, which he wears in the modified Prince Valiant style now favored by many of his confreres, he is handsome enough to be in the movies—a more youthful, slightly more poetic Steve McQueen. On and off the course, his manner is both restrained and serene, and the nickname Gentle Ben, which he picked up a few years back, suits him. He has an excellent mentality and is that rarity among athletes a chap who likes to read. Crenshaw is of only medium size—he stands five-nine and weighs one sixty-five—but he is much stronger than he looks. His legs are especially large and muscular, and they are the main source of the power that makes him one of the game's longest drivers. Most golfers who pride themselves on their yardage are about as relaxed as Laocoön, but Crenshaw has one of the most rhythmic and least effortful swings in the game, and the smoothness of his tempo, coupled with his soft eye and his



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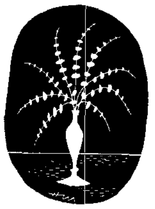
easy manner, makes the tremendous distance he gets all the more unexpected.

To top things off, Crenshaw has unusual gallery magnetism. A good deal of his appeal, like Palmer's, derives from his susceptibility to dramatic streaks of wildness and grandeur. In the 1973 N.C.A.A. Championship, for example, he began his final round with a bogey (which included a shanked wedge), a pair of double bogeys, and another bogey—a nice little run of six over par for four holes, which sent him reeling out of the lead and back into fourth place. He got things under control then, and spectacular birdies on the tenth and eleventh started a winning stretch drive. In the San Antonio-Texas Open last fall, which was his first start as a pro after he had gained his Approved Tournament Player card, his rounds of 65, 72, and 66 put him in the lead and kept him there until he ran into trouble on the fourth round by spraying his tee shots all over the place—into a water hazard here, a growth of live oaks there. However, midway through the round, seven consecutive one-putt greens, including three on which he holed twelve-footers, gave him a three-stroke lead. Orville Moody closed the gap, but then Crenshaw took command again, setting up birdies on two of the last three holes with beautiful approach shots four feet from the pin. In his next tournament, the World Open, an eight-round marathon at Pinehurst, Crenshaw broke out of the pack on the sixth round with a glittering 64 played in a high wind on the difficult No. 2 Course, and eventually finished second. This was worth forty-four thousand dollars, and when added to the twenty-five thousand he had won at San Antonio and some odd change collected in three other tournaments, it brought his official earnings for the year to $76,749—not bad pay at all for six weeks of work. But the big thing to keep in mind is this: With his fine swing, his flair for competition, and his personal glamour, Crenshaw, all other things being equal, has a chance to develop into nothing less than a combination of Nicklaus and Palmer.



CRENSHAW was born in Austin and grew up there, the youngest of the three children of Pearl Johnson and Charles Edward Crenshaw IV. His mother, a pleasant and pretty Virginian, was an elementary-school teacher. His father, a member of an Andalusia, Alabama, family that has specialized in producing lawyers (*his* great-great-grandfather was the first judge of the State Supreme Court, and his father served in Washington for twenty years as General Counsel of the Interstate Commerce Commission), got his law degree at Baylor and, after the war, went to Austin as an assistant to Price Daniel, then the State Attorney General. A large, rugged man who had been an excellent all-around athlete at college, Mr. Crenshaw quickly mastered a short but well-controlled golf swing and became a scratch player at the Country Club of Austin. When Ben was eight, Mr. Crenshaw gave him a cut-down 5-iron to hack around with. A year or so later, Wilmer Allison, the former Davis Cup star and a member of the club, gave Ben a putter, and his father got him some ladies' woods and a few irons. Mr. Crenshaw could see that his son had a definite bent for the game, but he was completely flabbergasted when Ben, at the age of ten, reported one evening that he had shot a 74 at the Austin municipal course. "I wasn't sure that the boy could really have done that, so, knowing the course, I asked him to recall his shots for me hole by hole," Mr. Crenshaw said recently. "He convinced me beyond a doubt that he'd had a 74."

Most parents who try to assist in the development of their gifted children tend to do them more harm than good, but Mr. Crenshaw has been an exception. His thoughts on golf were happily similar to those of Harvey Penick, the famous pro at the Country Club of Austin, who has been involved with the club since 1912, when he started to caddie there. A few years ago, Penick's son Tinsley officially replaced him as the pro, but Penick continues to teach on weekdays and to serve as the starter on weekends. A soft-spoken, reticent man with a longish, lived-in face, Penick is perhaps best known as the teacher of Betty Jameson, Betsy Rawls, Mickey Wright, and Kathy Whitworth, but as the coach of the University of Texas golf team for over thirty years he developed a good many outstanding men players as well. Crenshaw had his first lessons with Penick when he was eight. "We never actually would make a date," Crenshaw remembers. "Mr. Penick would just take a minute or two off from whatever he was doing to check my grip, check my position at the ball, or look over my swing. He stressed the natural moves—what was natural for me. He never tried to change any par-

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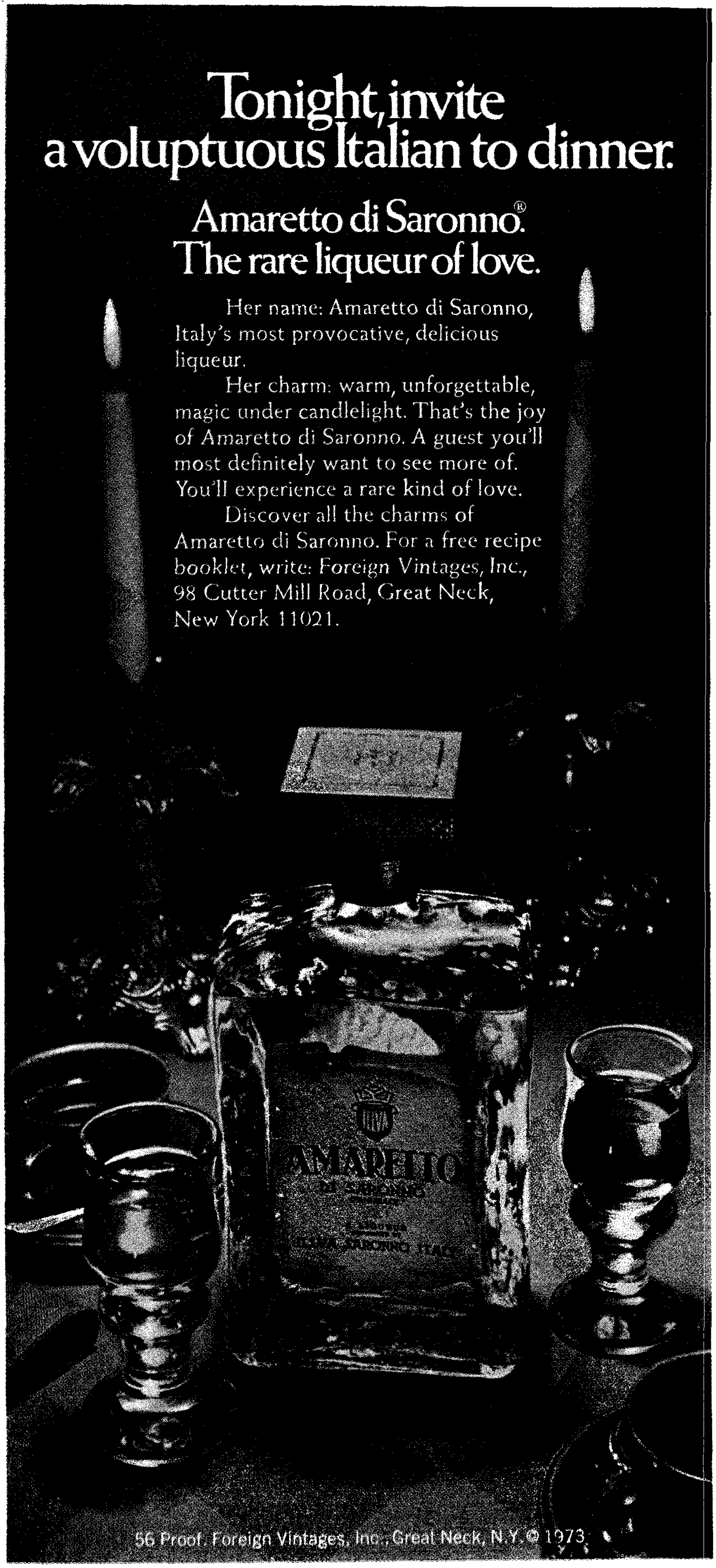

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ticular part of my swing. He doesn't believe in too much analysis. Sometimes he'd just ask me what my shots were doing—if they were going left or right—and then he'd say, 'Go right ahead. Keep playing.' " This, incidentally, is very much the kind of relationship that existed between the young Bob Jones and Stewart Maiden, the pro at East Lake. Jones never took a formal lesson, either.

When Crenshaw was fifteen, he won the Texas Junior Championship and the first of three consecutive Austin City Championships. That was the year he started to play golf seriously—which, in effect, meant giving up all the other sports he played. In basketball he was a guard—a good one. In track he broad-jumped. He also played the two positions that, in their separate ways, are probably the most difficult in sports—quarterback in football and catcher in baseball. He did some pitching, too, but catcher was his real position; at fifteen he was the best young catcher in the city and caught for the American Legion team. (Nicklaus, interestingly, also played quarterback and caught behind the plate as a boy.) The next year, 1968, totally into golf, Crenshaw won his first big event, the National Jaycees Junior Championship. His first breakthrough in a national tournament open to golfers of all ages came in 1970, when, as a kid of eighteen, just out of high school, he and another young Texan, John Mahaffey, shared the low-amateur medal in the U.S. Open. From that time on, the golf world was constantly reminded of his precocity—a tie for twenty-seventh in the 1971 U.S. Open; low-amateur honors in his first Masters, in 1972; an amazing tie for third that autumn, up against the touring pros, in the Heritage Classic, in South Carolina; and so on. If there was one main lapse in Crenshaw's continuing maturity, it was his failure to survive the thirty-six-hole cut in either of the last two U.S. Opens. "I drove it poorly both at Pebble Beach and Oakmont," he told me when I talked to him in Austin this winter, while he was home for a short breather from the tour. "When you don't keep the ball in the fairway in the Open, what with the thick, high rough you always get in the championship, you're done for. I've played two fairly good Masters, but the Augusta National gives you much more leeway off the tee than an Open course does."

Maybe we expected too much of Crenshaw after his sensational début as a pro last year, but, in any event, his

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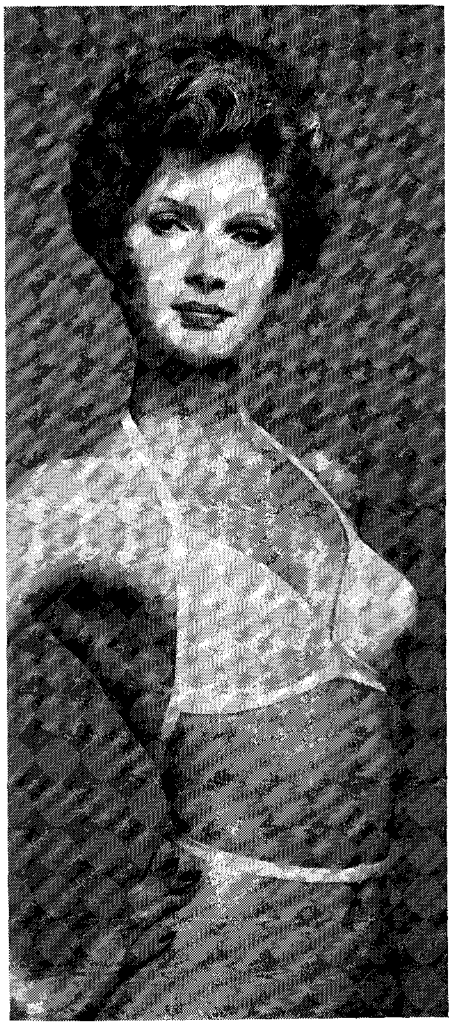

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play on the tour previous to the Masters this season was a shade below the general anticipation. He had come through with only three strong performances—a second at Tucson, a tie for sixth at San Diego, and a tie for second at New Orleans—and, as he is among the first to admit, he had produced perhaps his least solid golf of the past four years. This was chiefly due to some very wayward driving. With his inquiring mind, Crenshaw thinks a lot about the golf swing, and it is fascinating to listen to him talk about it: "There's not one thing I've ever given more attention to than starting the club back slowly and then starting it down smoothly. Together, they create the ultimate in timing. . . . What do you work on to make the downswing smooth? It's a very hard concept to get hold of. But I think we'd all agree that the players who start down smoothly are the big winners. . . . The pause at the top of the backswing is just to be patient, to collect everything. You have to set up well at the ball at address in order to have that control later on. I get a positive physical sensation whenever I have completed the backswing properly. . . . At the top, I subconsciously think of two main things: returning the right elbow closer to the body, and getting my legs moving. When I'm playing well, it may not look like I've hit the ball hard, but it's the legs that key the flow I get through the ball and account for my distance."

THERE were a few things different at this year's Masters. For the first time since 1935, Sarazen, who is now seventy-two and plagued by arthritis in the shoulders, did not play in the tournament, and contented himself with an appearance in the nine-hole competition on the club's par-3 course, which is annually held on Wednesday afternoon, the day before the opening round. Also for the first time in years, McLeod and Hutchison were not the first pair out on Thursday morning. Hutchison, now eighty-nine, has been bothered for some time by a severe hip problem and just couldn't make it this April. Rather than go out without his old sidekick, McLeod, who is ninety-one, merely drove the first ball off the first tee, and then, taking up his position on a chair alongside the markers on the tee, acted as a sort of informal starter.

Crenshaw, paired with Wadkins, had a comparatively early starting time—ten-fifty-four—and I decided to follow them. Crenshaw wasn't in par-

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ticularly awesome form. On the first, he pushed his drive into the rough and missed the green to the right with his approach, but he got down in two to save his par. He could hardly have played the second—a 555-yard par 5—less impressively. After shoving his drive into the upswept front face of the fairway bunker, he tried to pick the ball smoothly off the sand with a full swing, in a foolish pursuit of maximum distance; the ball struck the turfed front edge of the bunker and ricocheted to the back edge of the hazard, leaving Crenshaw with an awkward downhill lie and no choice but to explode out sidewise. He half topped his fourth, a fairway wood, and put his pitch over the green, but he got down again in a chip and a putt for a 7. On the third, a drive-and-pitch par 4, he found the fairway bunker with his tee shot but scrambled out his par. He birdied the par-3 fourth, ripping a superb 3-iron twenty feet from the pin and holing the putt, but he failed to hit the next three greens in the regulation stroke. Here some further explanation is necessary. On the sixth, a par 3 where the pin was positioned near the front of the green, his medium iron landed fairly close to it but spun off the slanted green back to the fringe. On the seventh, a 365-yard par 4, the same thing, in spades. The green on this hole is architecturally quite untypical of those at the Augusta National; plateaued about ten feet above the fairway, it is protected in front by three large bunkers and in back by two more. With the pin set a dozen feet or so from the front edge, Crenshaw played a gorgeous approach with his pitching wedge which came down hole-high. He actually hit the shot too well, for the backspin on the ball carried it back ten feet, where it caught the downslope and proceeded to skitter through the narrow strait of grass between two bunkers and end up on the fairway thirty-five feet from the pin. Understandably discomposed by this turn of events, Crenshaw needed three strokes to get down, so after seven holes he stood three over par—not good, but not bad, either, considering that he had missed six of the first seven greens. His tribulations brought to mind the story about the young pro who, on his first trip to the Masters, tore the course to shreds in his practice rounds, which he played with the veteran Demaret. "I thought you told me this was a tough course, Jimmy," the young man said after a final tune-up round of 68. Demaret smiled tolerantly, and told him, "Son, tomorrow when the tournament be-

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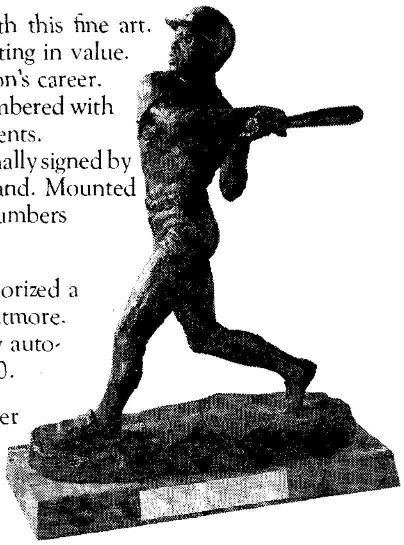

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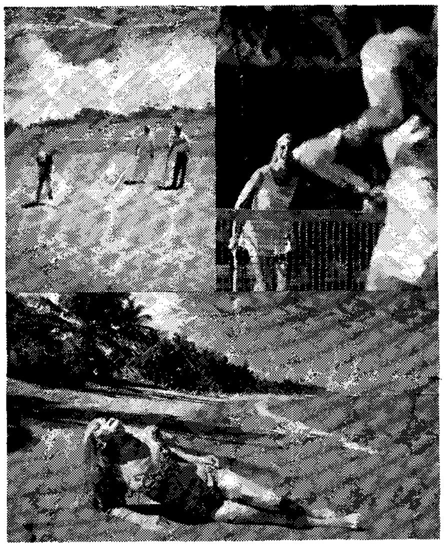
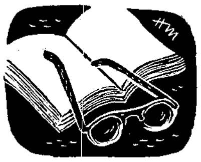


gins, the only thing you'll recognize out here is the clubhouse."

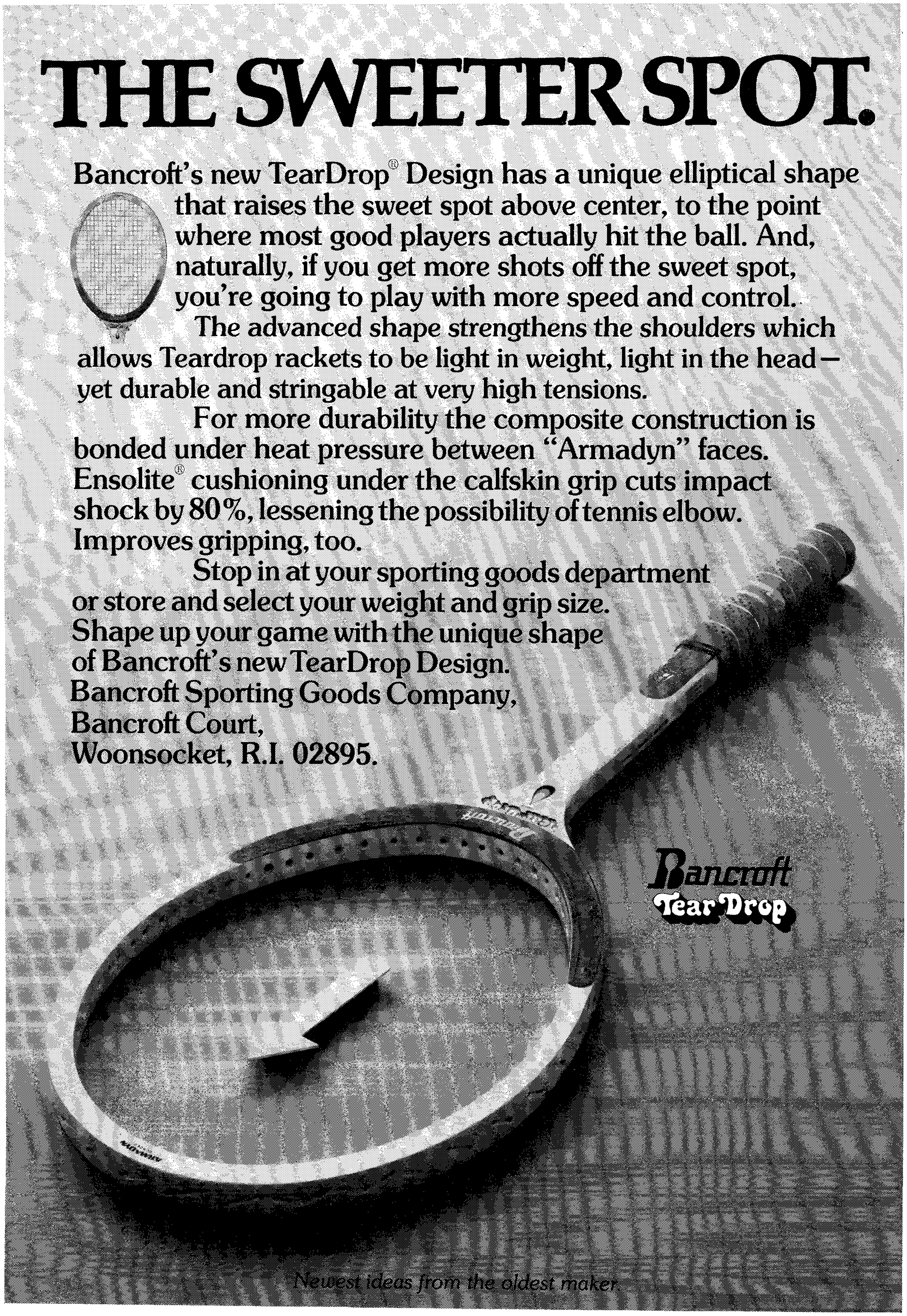
From that point on, Crenshaw settled down and played the last eleven holes in even par to get out of the round with a 75. He was far steadier on his second round, because he had better control of his tee shots. He has a tendency to overswing—to take the club back "past the parallel"—and he had curbed this discernibly. He had a 70, two under par, on this round, and another 70 on Saturday, when he finished a somewhat less solid round by holing a fifty-foot explosion shot to birdie the sixteenth and a twenty-five-foot putt to birdie the eighteenth. His last round was quite the reverse. He missed holeable putts on the last four greens and, finishing with two bogeys, had to be satisfied with a 72 and a total of 287, one under par for the distance. No one in golf—not Nicklaus, not Weiskopf—looks better when he hits a good shot than Crenshaw, but it is evidently going to take him a while yet, if I may seek refuge in a cliché, to put it all together. As Harvey Penick said when a member of the Country Club of Austin asked him what Crenshaw was going to have to learn on the tour, "He's going to have to learn what his problems are."



OVER the four days, when I was not following Crenshaw or the leaders, I spent a good bit of time watching Snead. He was the picture of consistency: 72, 72, 71, 71. It is most unlikely that any sexagenarian has ever before played seventy-two holes in a major championship in 286 strokes. Like the tempo of his swing and his length off the tee, Snead himself remains almost magically unchanged. His abdomen precedes the rest of his body a bit more emphatically than it used to as he comes walking down the fairway with his long, springy strides, but that is about the extent of it. His eyes still have the gleam of youth beneath the brim of his inevitable coconut straw—which only goes to show that probably the best prescription for staying young is to do what you want to do. Certainly there is no lifework Snead would have preferred to playing golf, and he has played a round or more practically every day since he landed himself the job of assistant caddie master at the Virginia Hot Springs course upon his graduation from the local high school, in 1933.

Crenshaw and Snead were only two of the twenty-five players who broke par for the four rounds—a record number for the Masters. Last year, for instance, only the top five finished below par, and two years ago only the winner. In fact, it is doubtful if the Augusta National has *ever* played so easy. In recent seasons, the condition of the course has been rather spotty, but this past year James Luke, the course superintendent (who is the son of an earlier Augusta National superintendent), planted the fairways with a fescue called Pennlawn and the greens with a ryegrass called Pennfine. Both strains flourished. By filling in the fairways just perfectly, the Pennlawn enabled them to be cut close, which in turn made it possible for the players to obtain lots of controlling spin on their shots to the greens. The greens were a more complicated story. Because of the exceptionally mild winter in the South this year, the Bermuda grass—a summer grass that is usually dormant during the Masters—was already pushing up beneath the Pennfine, and this extra-dense growth made for greens that were too heavy and slow. Even more important, the green areas were still soft from a long siege of soaking rains, and, as a result, it was no trouble at all to hold them. Ideally, on a championship course the greens should be relatively resilient, so that only a well-struck approach will sit down quickly, and they should also be relatively fast, so that a delicate putting touch is an absolute requisite. What we had was a course that looked almost as handsome as it did a quarter of a century ago, when it was the best-conditioned inland course in America, but that, as the tournament disclosed, didn't provide a stiff enough test for the sort of golfers who make up the Masters field. On all four days, both by their remarks and by their actions, many of the players made it obvious how furious they were with themselves for not taking full advantage of the opportunities the course afforded. It may be decades before the Augusta National again offers such eminently scoreable conditions.

During the first three days, a strange dullness permeated the tournament. Many factors contributed to this—the general complaisance of the course, the lack of any harassing wind as one warm spring day followed another, the absence of many favorites from true contention—but the main reason, I would venture, is that the holes played incredibly short. Over the last fifteen years, despite the efforts of the United States Golf Association to hold the



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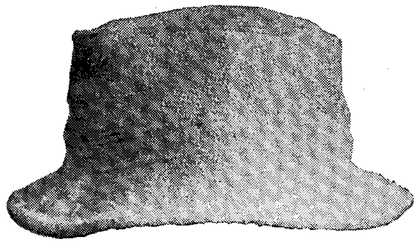

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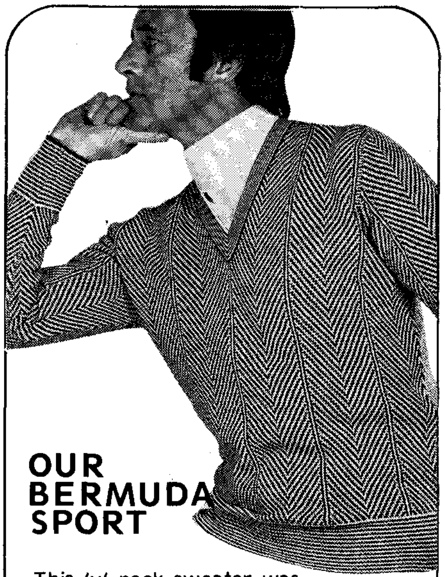
line, the golf-ball manufacturers have succeeded in producing balls that fly at least ten yards farther than they used to, even when hit somewhat less than flush by second-rank players. Tied in with this during the past year was the emergence of the graphite shaft, which has enabled some golfers—Gay Brewer and Gene Littler are two—to add as much as twenty yards to their drives. Then there is the human element to consider. Today, many of the top young golfers are big, husky athletes who gravitated to golf because of its conspicuous commercial charms. They not only hit the ball a ton but, as is true of each succeeding generation, they hit it with a substantially improved technique that augments the distance they get. In any event, where the fourteenth hole at the Augusta National, a 420-yard par 4 that moves slightly uphill most of the way, used to require a 3-iron or a 4-iron for the second shot, this year the field was getting home with 7- and 8-irons, and on his last round Player needed only a wedge. Or take the thirteenth, the famous 475-yard par 5, where an arm of Rae's Creek cuts in front of the green and then wraps itself around the right side of the green. It wasn't so long ago that golfers of the stature of Hogan sometimes decided not to risk carrying the hazard on their second shot, or, if they went for it, more often than not used fairway woods or long irons. On his second round this April, Dave Stockton, who isn't a long hitter, got home—to be precise, to the fringe of the green—with a drive and a 5-iron! In a word, because of the length the players were getting and the softness of the greens, this year for the first time the Augusta National, all 7,020 yards of it, seemed as outmoded as a British championship links on a windless day. That odd, pervading dullness—well, it was bound to arrive when one saw so many routine shots and so few thrilling shots of the kind a championship course usually evokes.

THE last day was different, the mounting pressure making it as exciting as the first three were not. With a round to go, Stockton, at 207, was out in front of a tightly bunched field, a stroke ahead of Player and Jim Colbert, two strokes ahead of Phil Rodgers and Bobby Nichols, three ahead of Weiskopf and Irwin, four ahead of Frank Beard, and five ahead of Nicklaus and Hubert Green. (As you see, the youth corps' spring offensive was somewhat disappointing. Mahaffey and Wadkins actually missed the



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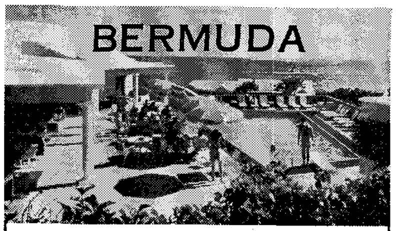

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thirty-six-hole cut. Miller never quite got going.) Stockton, one of the most congenial and articulate men on the tour, is a tall, dark-haired, thirty-two-year-old Californian who graduated from the University of Southern California in 1964 and won the P.G.A. Championship in 1970. After an opening 71, he had moved in front with a 66. This was a typical Stockton round, for he is not known for the sweetness of his swing—his hip and shoulder turns are not smoothly synchronized, and at impact he can be lurchingly off balance—but he is one of the deftest scramblers and soundest putters in captivity. En route to his 66, he took only twenty-six putts, his collection including an eighteen-footer and a sixteen-footer for birdies and a thirty-footer for an eagle on the thirteenth. After this round, he telephoned his father, a former pro who lives in San Bernardino, who told him to work particularly on making a good shoulder turn and keeping his head still. Whatever the reason, Stockton played some first-rate tee-to-green golf on his third round. He also holed out a ninety-yard wedge pitch for an eagle on the second and, right on top of this, ran in a ten-footer for a birdie on the third. This burst gave him a four-shot lead at one point, but at the end of the day, after he had posted a 70, his margin had been cut to a single shot by Colbert, with a 69, and Player, with a great 66. Player, the strong, durable little (five-foot-seven) South African, participating in his seventeenth Masters, had putted as poorly on his first two rounds as Stockton had putted well, taking a total of seventy-one putts on his way to two 71s. On the third round, he suddenly shot into contention with a sensational cluster of five straight birdies. He began this surge by sticking a 7-iron a foot from the flag on the short twelfth, and then, getting his touch, he holed successive putts of fifteen, six, twenty, and seven feet on the next four greens.

On the final round, Player and Stockton were paired in the last twosome. Stockton began with eight straight pars, and finished with a creditable 73, but to win he needed another good day on the greens, and on this round he holed only one putt of any length. Player caught him with a birdie on the sixth. On the ninth, which Stockton three-putted from eighteen feet—it was his first three-putt green of the tournament—Player jumped into a two-stroke lead when he fired a 6-iron six feet from the cup and made the putt. Starting home, he staggered a bit, failing to make his pars

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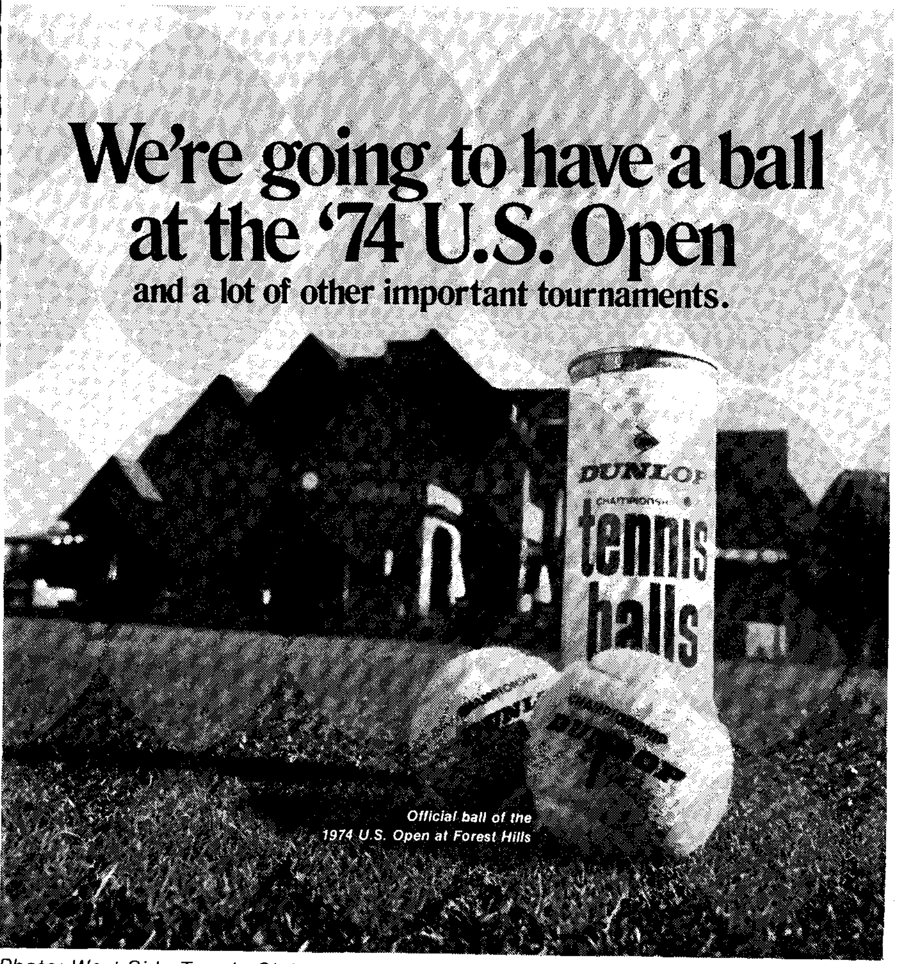
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on the tenth and the twelfth. This erratic spell not only kept Stockton's chances alive but also brought Nicklaus and Weiskopf, playing four and two twosomes ahead, respectively, into the picture. Nicklaus, who since 1971 has been the most formidable fourth-round golfer in the world, bolted to within one stroke of Player by eagling the thirteenth. However, throughout most of this Masters Nicklaus's old iron-willed, undetourable determination seemed to be missing, and it certainly was during this crucial stretch. He partially cancelled out that eagle by three-putting the fourteenth for a bogey. Then, after a spectacular liquid explosion shot from the edge of the pond on the fifteenth had gained him a birdie, he gave the stroke right back on the par-3 sixteenth, where the fairway is all water, by dumping his tee shot in the bunker just beyond the pond and then playing a very weak sand shot. As for Weiskopf, there was one moment when he caught Player—when he birdied the long fifteenth. His next stroke, however, cost him the tournament: this was a slightly "fat" 5-iron that plopped into the last yard of the pond on the sixteenth, a good fifty feet short of the pin. In the final analysis, Player's victory was due to his grit and pertinacity. He stopped his skid by sinking a difficult six-foot putt that he had to get down on the thirteenth, then added three solid pars, and nailed down his triumph by punching a 9-iron approach to the seventeenth about eight inches from the hole. He was so certain that he had hit an almost perfect shot that he didn't even bother to watch the flight of the ball as he returned his club to his caddie.

THE 1974 Masters marked the seventh major championship that Gary Jim Player, now thirty-eight, has captured. It served to remind us that no golfer in history has demonstrated an ability equal to his for coming through with superb and winning performances in foreign countries under all varieties of conditions. He has been successful in Spain, Egypt, and Japan; in Scotland, where he won his two British Opens, in 1959 and 1968; in the United States, where he won the Masters in 1961, the Open in 1965, and the P.G.A. in 1962 and 1972; in Australia, where he has taken the Open Championship no fewer than six times; in England, where, among other things, he has carried off the Piccadilly World Match Play Championship five times in ten years, twice beating Nicklaus by decisive margins

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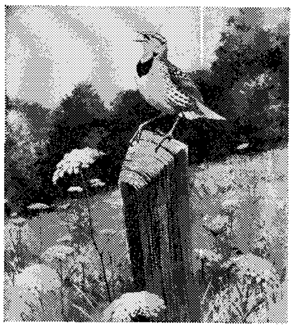

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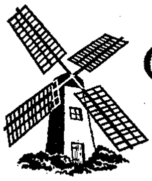

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in the final. He has also won the South African Open eight times.

The son of the mine captain of the Robinson Deep (gold) Mine in Johannesburg, Player did not discover golf until he was fourteen, but the moment he graduated from high school he went to work as an assistant to Jock Verwey, the pro at the Virginia Park course. In 1957, after his first big victory, he married Jock's daughter Vivienne. They now have six children and two homes—a timber ranch at Magoembas Kloof, in the beautiful rolling countryside two hundred and fifty miles north of Johannesburg, and a hundred-acre farm, just outside the city, called Zonnehoeve—Dutch for "Place in the Sun"—where Player raises race horses. The main house, a huge, rectangular thatch-roofed structure, is designed so that each window and door looks out on one of the many paddocks. In addition to the horses, the inhabitants of the farm include five dogs, a hundred pigeons, and a parrot. It is the good life, and Player has certainly earned it, for he has had very little help along the way. Extremely baroque in personality, Player is apparently able to operate on four or more levels at the same time, and it is easy to understand why it has been said of him that "under the fake tinsel lies the real tinsel." However, I think that the golf world has come to appreciate after these many years that under the real tinsel lies not only an exceptionally resolute golfer but a man with a very warm heart.

—HERBERT WARREN WIND

•

Moreover, the petition contends that the state supreme court erred in holding that state statutes which fail to define specifically any sexual conduct do "not comply with the United States Supreme Court's zest for obscenity."—*The Times.*

Those nine dirty old men!

•

The objectives of an affirmative action program, Moseley said, are to identify, recruit, and eventually fire faculty members from minority groups.—*University of Rhode Island student newspaper.*

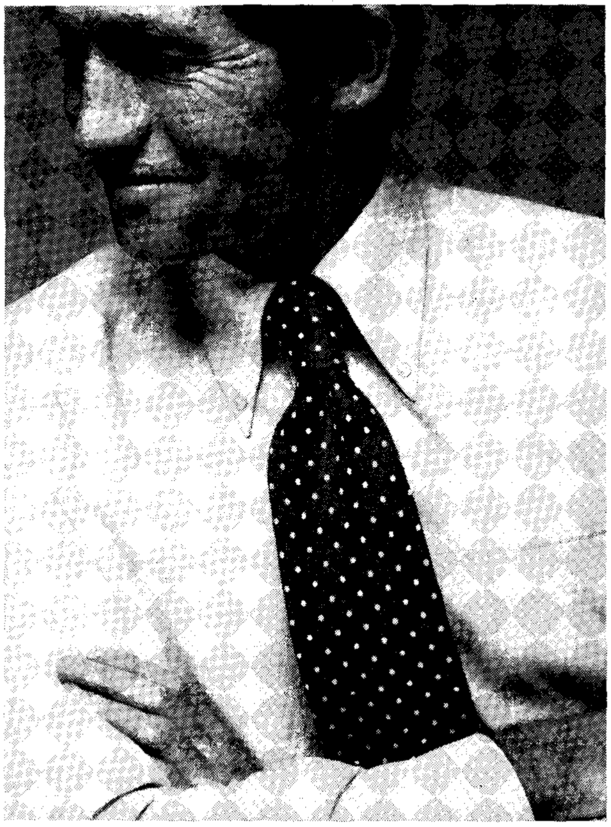
You got to admit it's forward-looking.

•

WORDS OF ONE SYLLABLE DEPT.

[*From the San Francisco Sunday Examiner & Chronicle*]

The council's work, said the President, would be to safeguard individual rights to privacy through misuse of information fed into computers by governmental and private agencies.



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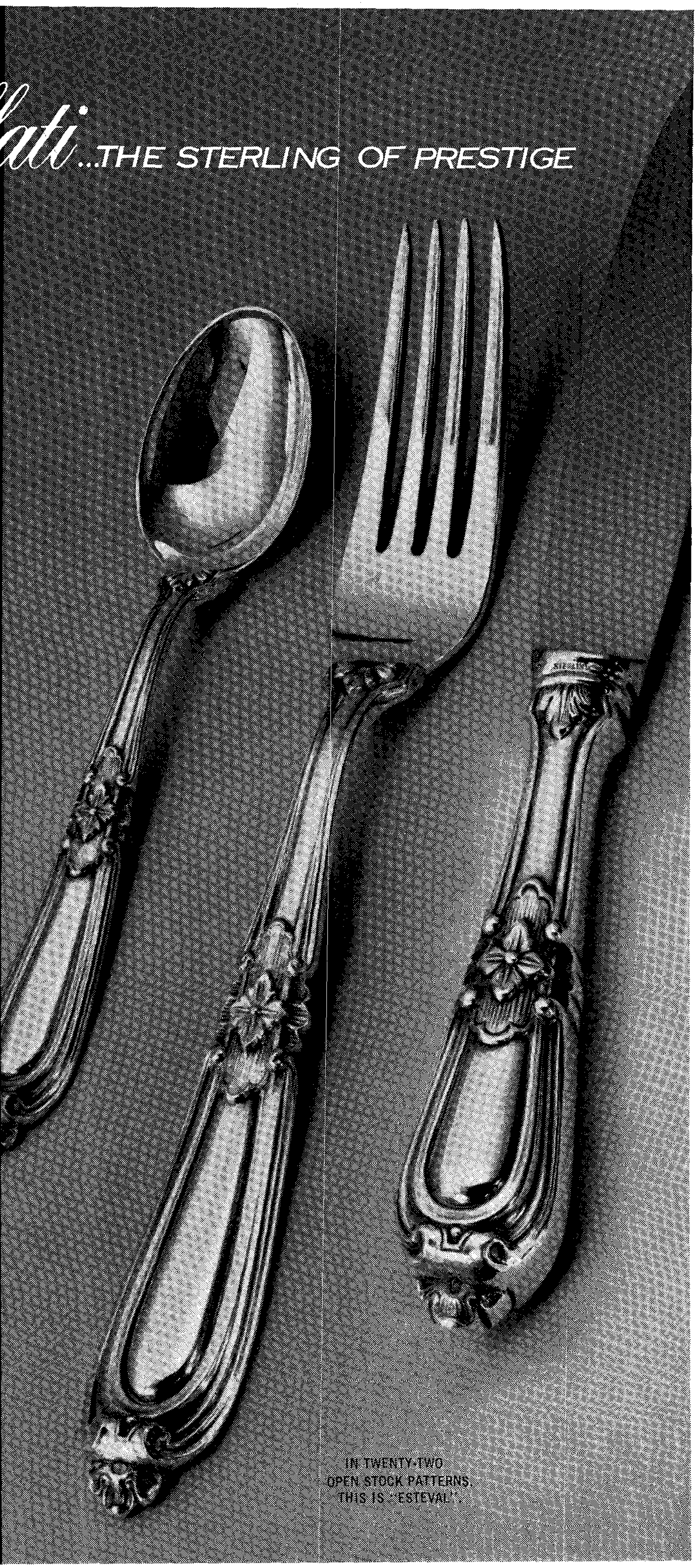

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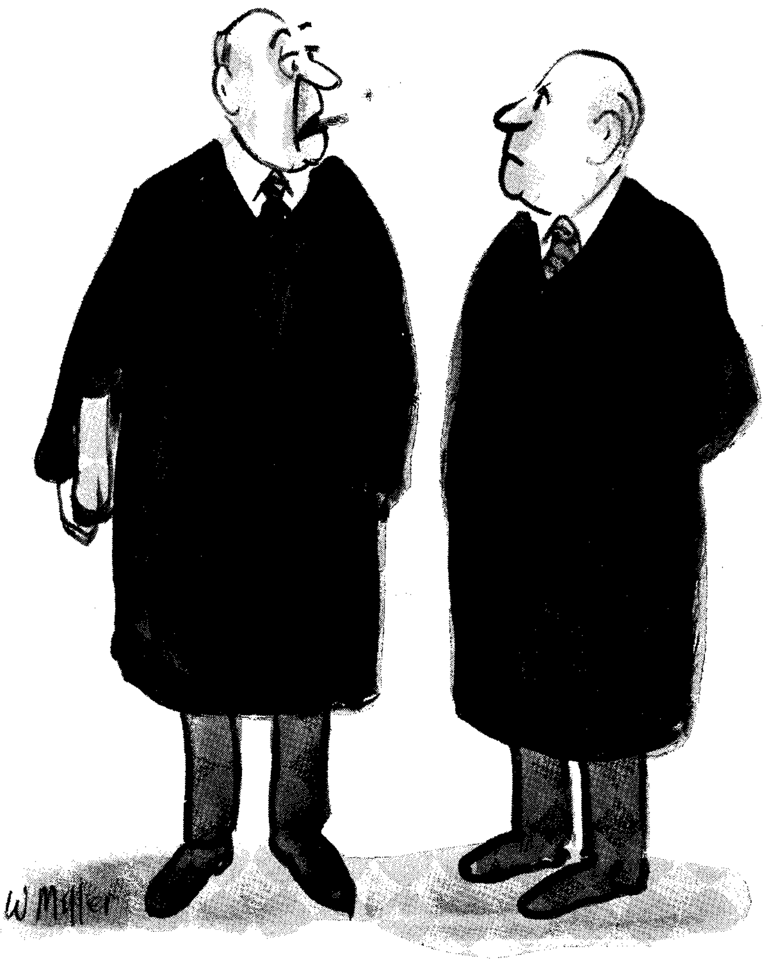
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

THIS AND THAT

ALONGSIDE a number of perfectly respectable fashion trends for summer there has surfaced in some quarters a lamentable taste for fabrics that swarm with so-called "conversation prints." These run particularly to dizzily repeated images of comic-book pooches, grinning lions, and nursery-school art. In seeking to make grown women dress as though they were children, the promoters of these prints insult animals, exploit nursery-school Picassos, and succeed merely in making women look foolish. I mention such horrors only so that customers will think twice before accepting conversation prints as the key to some kind of social success and so that anyone who ends up in the vicinity of such designs at a party will not be trapped into an embarrassing conversation.

No flaws, either social or aesthetic, attach, by contrast, to the prints Dominick Avellino has designed for his excellent summer collection of "D. D. Dominick Sportswear Components." The prints, the "components" (the term threatens to take over from "separates"), and the idea behind both are all conspicuously intelligent. The soft colors are additionally noteworthy because they appear on a modestly priced synthetic fabric (the silky new Nyesta jersey) and because their designer is roughly of the generation and school of such fellows as Clovis Ruffin and Stephen Burrows, who are known for their use of bright solid colors. One of the Dominick prints has foggy butterflies in pink on peach; another has ripples of dot-and-dash Morse on silver; a third, the boldest, has an arrangement of water lilies, lily pads, and tropical fish in peach and coral on either gunmetal blue or black. (All the prints are far too stylized and sensible to be conversational. No Dominick goldfish would ever be caught *winking* or anything.) The components are trim and full of grace. In the extensive choice are pull-on pants, below-knee wrap skirts, elastic-waisted knee-length skirts, tank-topped dresses in long and short versions, cardigans to shrug over them, and a handful of narrow-boned tops. The highest price in the group is $44, for a slither of long evening gown. A hipbone-length top with a keyhole neckline and fluttery sleeves and bodice has a particularly novel air; it's $27 in any of the prints, and a matching skirt is $19. In solid colors, the elements of total Dominickery cost slightly less. The pieces are to be seen in many department stores, but they seem to quit those stores with hotcakes rapidity. For this reason, anyone who wishes to start a collection of "D. D. Dominick Sportswear Components" might do well to head for the shop that bears the designer's name, at 220 East 60th Street.

FURTHER ingredients of a summer wardrobe are to be assembled in the soothing, dark-panelled confines of San Francisco, at 975 Lexington Avenue (71st Street). This shop, which has been open since last autumn, purveying such rare treasures as coats of unstuffy cut in Harris tweed, and hand-knit sweaters, gloves, and hats with a youthful tone and a certain nineteen-thirties country-house-party style, now approaches the subject of summer for the first time. San Francisco's liking for fine details and natural fibres continues by way of a group of summer separates, designed by Cindy Luthey, in Liberty-print and shirting-striped English cottons and raw silk. The clothes have a gentle, contemplative appeal. Unlike so many summer styles, especially those imported from Mediterranean countries, Miss Luthey's creations do not depend for their effect on their wearer's nut-brown suntan. These are the sort of thing to wear with a big straw hat (the shop can provide one with trimming and an attached scarf in Liberty cotton) for those hours we all while away in shady hammocks, dreamily riffling through volumes of Victorian verse. One of the shirting cottons, in blue, gray, and beige stripes with triangular flecks of butterscotch, goes into a soft, below-knee skirt with a yoke effect in front, accomplished by gathers so carefully disciplined that, although the skirt is referred to as a dirndl, it has none of the bunchiness that mars its original. Side-seam pockets are held closed by buttons covered with fragile spiderwebs hand-crocheted in natural yarn. With the skirt, which is $55, might go a comfortably loose, straight-cut smock top, at $35, with rolled, elbow-length sleeves, in blue-gray cotton whose texture implies raw silk, or one of several blouses done in the fabric of the skirt and based on the idea of old-fashioned, detachable-collar men's shirts; the blouses are in the region of $35, too. To



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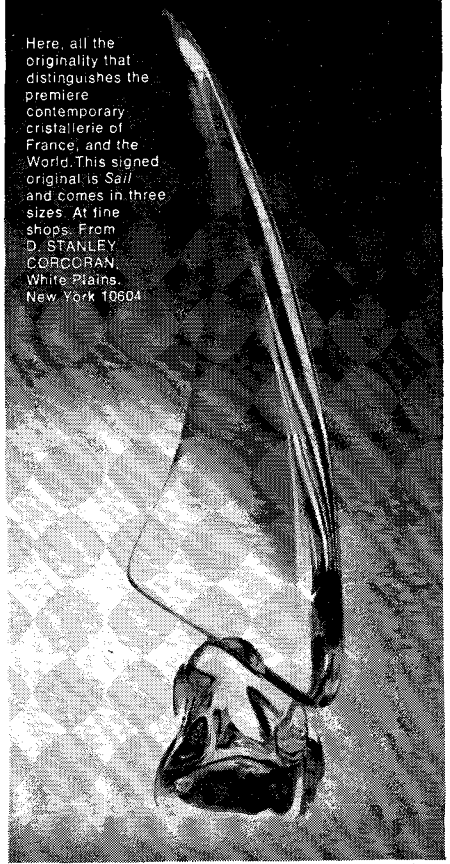
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complete the rustic but hoydenish mood, there are multi-gored petticoats in ivory cotton lawn, with fine knife pleating at their hems, which are designed to stick out a few inches below the dirndl skirts. The petticoats are $40. San Francisco wears its historical and vaguely literary allusions lightly, but they are definitely a part of the store's originality and charm.

NO shopper can escape the romantic revival, this summer, of the spirit of Victorian cotton underwear. Some of the camisoles, petticoats, and elaborately tucked shirtwaists around are actually recycled originals; others are cunning reproductions, often in wash-and-wear blends, for the benefit of people who do not regret the passing of the ruffle iron. Dansko, which runs little shops at 827A and 1021 Lexington Avenue (at 63rd and 73rd) and at 838 Madison (69th), is always well up with the most wearable new styles. The three shops now have an innocent white cotton dress, by the Swedish designer Margit Brandt, that is closely related to the idea of great-grandmother's petticoats, bloomers, and corset covers. The dress has a button-in-back slightly bloused bodice with a square neck fore and aft and trimmed by vertical tucks and white cotton lace. Ingeniously inverted lace-trimmed cap sleeves frame the upper arms, and the skirt has a deep flounce around the level of the calves; $64 in all. Dansko is also an excellent source of styles employing Liberty cottons, which are enjoying if not exactly a revival—because they have never disappeared for long—at least a particularly energetic appreciation in our nostalgic times. One slender-waisted shirtdress in Liberty print has a scattering of dusty-pink clover and fading forget-me-nots on parchment lawn and is $58; square-necked jumpers in a trellis print on a somewhat more substantial weight of cotton are $52; and there are even Liberty-print bikinis, at $28. For $40, these establishments will part with a thoroughly streamlined, well-engineered halter gown in a blended cotton knit with black and white pinstripes. Narrow maillot straps cross the low back, the skirt is ankle-length, and the neckline is a pointed U. Sections of bodice and skirt are cut on the bias, so that the narrow stripes meet in converging diamonds at the navel.

PERHAPS they are riding in on the coattails of the T-shirt, which someone has seen fit to christen the Latest

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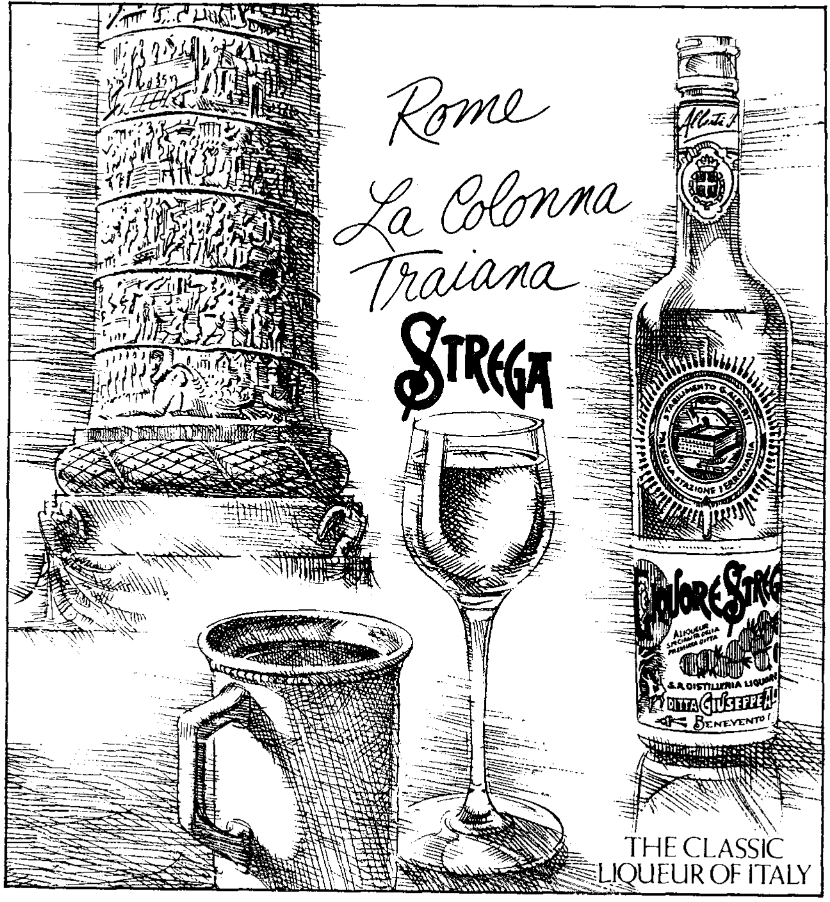
Thing, but simple little dresses made of that supremely comfortable summer fabric, cotton knit, are much easier to uncover now than they were in summers past. Unfortunately, and for some mysterious reason, most of the cheerfully printed cotton-knit fabrics still seem to be imported from Italy, which brings the cost of the finished dress to more than the unassuming workmanship and cut might lead one to expect. I have also observed that many of the cotton-knit prints around are cursed with a label instructing purchasers to "Dry Clean Only"—an admonition that further increases the cost of the dresses in the course of a long, hot summer. The fact is that most of them can be washed as you would wash a sweater; it is simply easier for manufacturers to protect themselves and the stores against complaints from customers who have washed such fabrics too brutally. As we move on from this griping, let it be said that a fine example of the cotton-knit genre is to be found at Turtlegreen, at 1006 Lexington Avenue (72nd). The dress has a V-necked surplice top, cap sleeves, and a side-wrapped, knee-length skirt. The background of the dress is black, which makes it a useful choice for a day at the office and dinner in town. Patches of sunny orange and yellow in the print prove to the really curious observer to be tiny African tribesmen punting on the Zambesi; $60. Thirty-five dollars secures one of Turtlegreen's nicely modern-looking cotton cardigans from Italy. (Summer cardigans, though essential, often look like poor, unimaginative relatives beside the more fast-moving fashions that nevertheless prove insufficient in air-conditioned rooms and evening chills.) These coverups have low V necks ending in a wide, battle-jacket waistband that meets at the cardigan's only two buttons. Among the choice of lively colors are mint green, red, canary yellow, and navy.

Cotton-knit dresses—these in two parts—may also be found at that useful Upper Mad, 1260 Madison Avenue (90th). Upper Mad's versions are made here by the firm of Mills & Company out of a multicolored Italian fabric covered with a dense carpet of small printed flowers. One style, with a predominantly leaf-green background, involves a flippy knee-length pull-on skirt that has a "lettuce" hem, and a U-necked, cap-sleeved T-shirt top; $58. A second example has an ankle-length skirt and a periwinkle background. The cap-sleeved top meets the skirt at the waist in back, but then

IL LIQUORE DEI CONOSCENTI.



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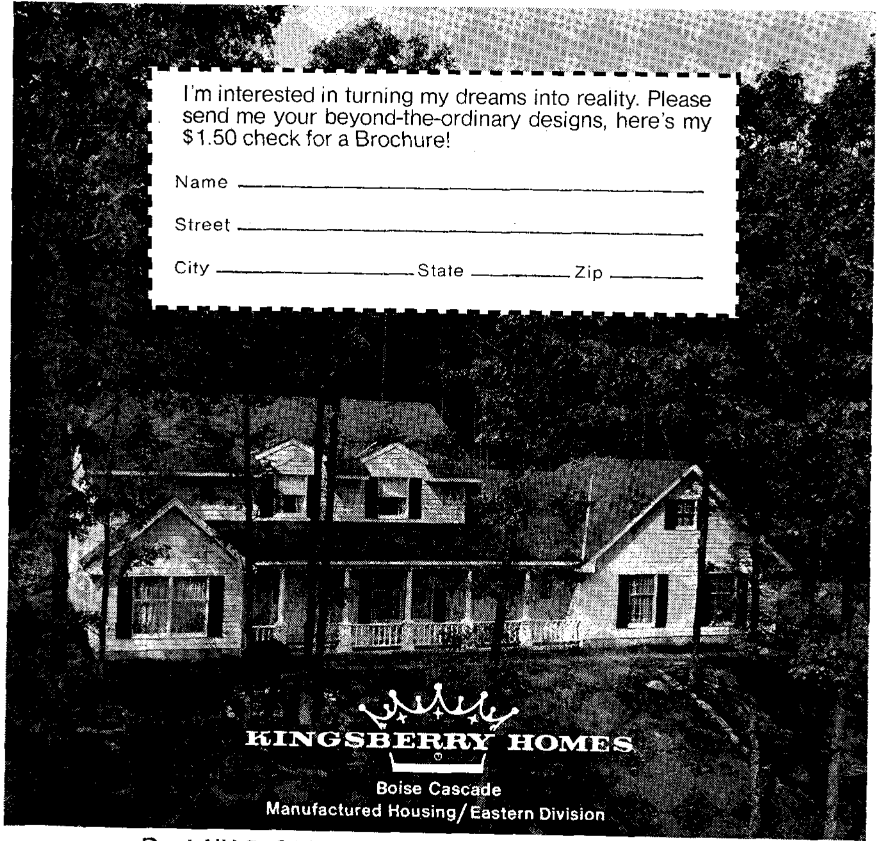

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it knots, Polynesian-style, over the bust and leaves a strip of midriff bare. This pair is $70.

THE summery décor of Jenny B. Goode, at 1194 Lexington Avenue (81st), with walls covered in Indian hand-blocked print or panelled in what looks like driftwood, makes one feel inclined to splurge on some of the shop's fine variety of summer accessories. (It is also a handy source of presents for the house.) A straw hat trimmed with artificial posies is $20. A shoulder-strap tote bag made up in the Indian print of which the shop appears to be especially fond is also $20; the traditional and perennially crisp pine-tree motif of the fabric is found in a choice of black, brown, red, or green, all with white. Summer necessaries may be transported in one of three sizes of small suitcase-like bags, of woven and lacquered straw and imported from China. The slightly bulging sides wear a pattern of mitred stripes in peach and natural straw, and the bags have sisal-wrapped handles and bamboo frames. A bag big enough for summer weekends is $25; a smaller bag, for beach things or books, is $20; a handbag size is $15

AT Sportique, 816 Madison Avenue (68th), is a long dress of soft cotton terry which takes well to being rolled into any weekend bag. It's in a brilliant, summer-ocean azure, with a halter neck and a bra-shaped bodice that is tied up and bound by finger-thick piping with barber-pole stripes in black and white; $64. There are also wholesome-looking French jeans of an Indian cotton with a sailcloth texture, for $48, and short-sleeved, narrow-chested French shirts of thick Indian muslin, to wear with them, for $30. This outfit, which is the sort of thing to astound passersby with its smartness when it parades off yachts at Newport and Cannes, may be assembled in a pair of combinations: wisteria trousers with a white shirt in pink-and-blue plaid, or melon trousers with a shirt in white, orange, and green. A low-crowned, stitched-brim cotton hat, at $25, in a related hue tops off the panache.

MY only real reservation about the Right Bank Clothing Company, which recently opened in elegant quarters at 21 East 57th Street, is that the shop is a shade too smug about its wit and a mite too much enamored of its name. (That name, to pass rapidly over the subject, stems from the sit-

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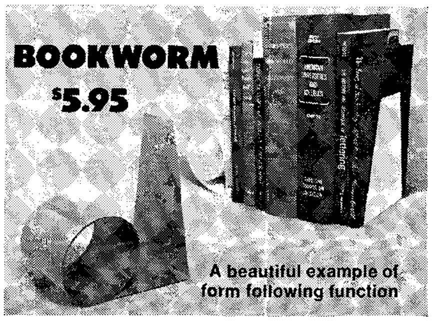

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uation of the original shop, in Beverly Hills, opposite Saint Laurent Rive Gauche.) The initials RBCC, in the form of patterns, buckles, and name tapes—some of them, happily, detachable—crop up endlessly. But there are splendid clothes and accessories here, too, some designed by such well-chosen outsiders as John Ashpool, Nigel Lofthouse, and the teams at Tutabankem and Clutch Cargo, others by the store's owner and mastermind, Donald J. Pliner. (Now there's a name you can *really* conjure with.) From Donald J. himself come thoughtful and confident collections of separates in delicate cotton ginghams—a short-sleeved, peplumed shirt-jacket is $46, a four-gored skirt is $28—and in soft Egyptian cotton in Italian-ice colors. From the other designers come exquisite long-sleeved blouses and softly pleated, below-knee skirts in feather-light Italian necktie silks, narrowly striped in green-and-white, blue-and-white, or green-pink-and-orange combinations. The blouses are $74, the skirts $125. While you are in these dizzy realms of soft and rare materials, take note of RBCC's densely fluffy cashmere twosomes, with a tank top and a narrow cardigan knitted with the unusual touch of trellis-winding cable stitch. These are $150, in a choice of soothing colors. The shop's greatest strength is in this kind of luxurious yet youthful sportswear.

But I cannot condemn RBCC's little witticisms utterly. A hand-knit cotton bikini has a heathery red-and-white bra and black panties adorned with white bathing belles in front and a line of gentlemen in red-and-white striped bathing drawers behind. The suit, which is $46, must be described as a conversation piece, I suppose. But perhaps because the canvas for all this cuteness is so minuscule, I can't see any harm in talking about the suit's considerable charm. —K. F.

•

> The former Oscar-winner has been right here in town," she says—since Boston—"my kind of Feb. 12 starring in "Forty Carats" at the Chateau de Ville, Saugus. And although she described her condition after taping three Sonya Hamlins back-to-back last week as death of canned minestrone in a hotel room for "numb" and is sick to dinner. Fontaine appears to be having a hell of a time.
>
> —*Boston Globe.*

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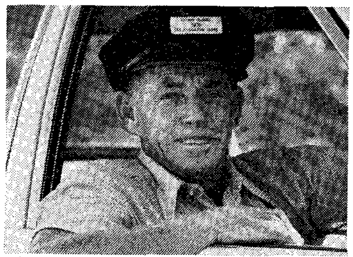

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

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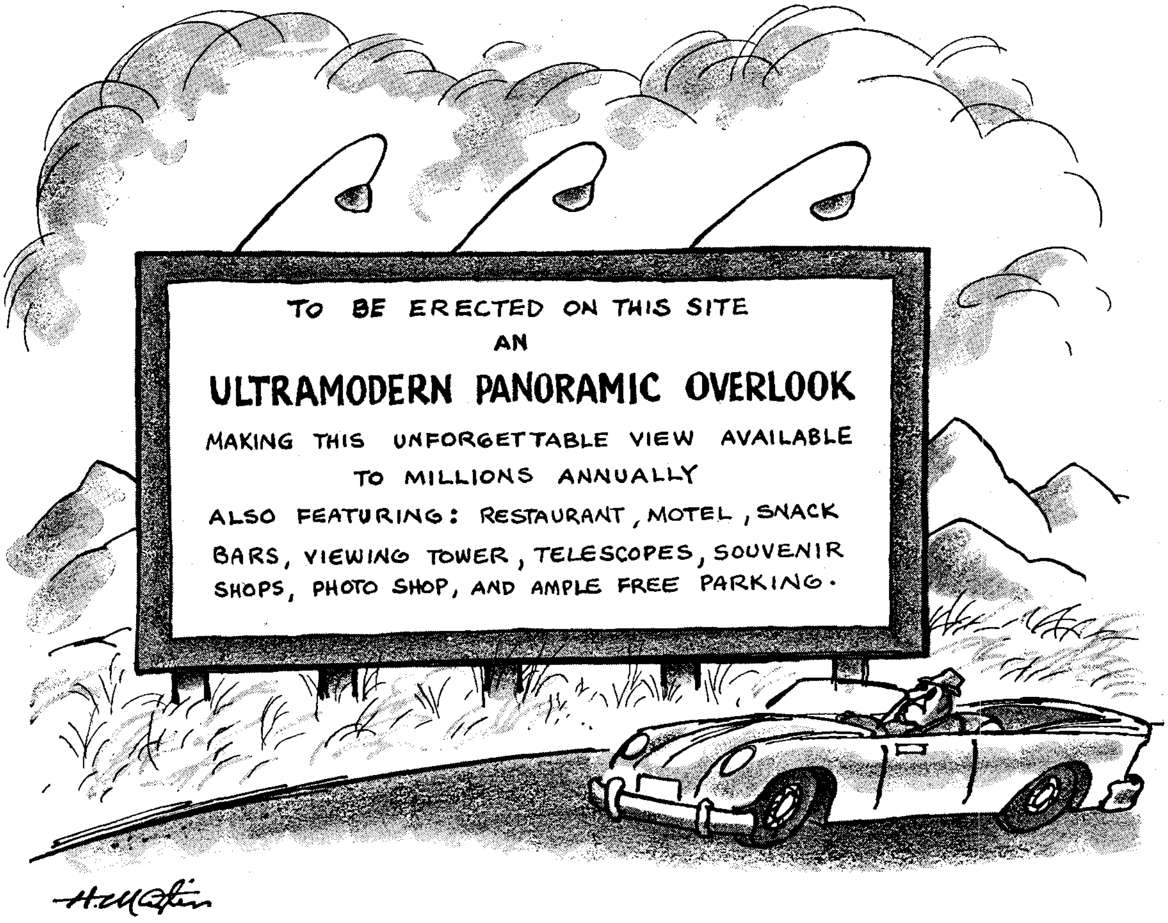
HISTORY has been a long time maimed in the cinema and the theatre. There was Nahum Tate's revamped "King Lear" in the late seventeenth century, to bring up an old injury, with Cordelia surviving to marry Edgar, and Lear restored to the throne. There were the histrionics of Irving and Bernhardt, and the latter days of the Old Vic soon after the Second World War, when bawling actors' Adam's apples moved up and down like bubbles under amateur-laid wallpaper. We are still in the over-jocose reign of outdoor Shakespeare in New York's Central Park and London's Regent's Park, interrupted by the noise of politely ignored planes and police sirens, the gentle plop of marijuana smoking, and the fake camaraderie of braved-out drizzle. We are still suffering historically set rock films about ancient and very spoiled martyrs in the desert who behave like movie celebrities with introductions to the local consul. We still have a vein of exceeding piety when we are making films about famous men of art. ("Ludwig," says Schubert's stepmother to Beethoven in a loopy film about composers made a few years ago, "I'm very worried about Franz. He can't finish his symphony.") As presented in the cinema and the theatre, history doesn't often look as if it had ever actually occurred. Clothes are pristine; great names are freely dropped ("Michelangelo, are you or are you not going to finish that ceiling?" says the movie of "The Agony and the Ecstasy"); unreal emotions are stirred; paintbrushes are flung down in a pet; a Middle Ages monk lifts his arms to the heavens to say that he foresees great changes ahead, leaving us to discover a short pair of nylon socks under his robe.

It has taken filmmakers and playwrights engaged in projects of real intellectual purpose to dramatize history as if it were happening now: as it seems to in Brecht's theatre in East Berlin, for instance, and in Peter Watkins' B.B.C. film "The Battle of Culloden" (shown here at the end of March), and in Roberto Rossellini's new films of historical reconstruction. The hero of early Italian neo-realism, the director of "Open City" and "Paisan," among others, has set himself an immense task of extension. In movies mostly made for Italian television and now filtering through here, he takes on a lot: nothing less than the intellectual record of three or four continents, shot as if it were our contemporary. He calls it "an alphabet book of ideas," in a tonic mood of modesty about the complicated. The endeavor is being marvellously carried out in well over thirty films that give you, in each case, a realistically imagined account of some crucial shift in man's conscience, in his use of power, and in his progress with art, architecture, city planning, and science, by people buoyed up to pursue the long combat between religious obscurantism and early humanism. Rossellini is equipped for the job not only by his well-known skill with nonprofessional actors, not only by his grasp of the drift of events, but also by his lucid ear for hypocrisies, for claims of novelty, and for edgy laggards. Throughout his films, we hear the breathlessness as dawdlers pant to keep up with a changing age. His heroes, like Brecht's, often come in the shape of opportunists who are able to clear some hurdle of outworn custom through politicking or accidents of circumstance. They effect change because they are born into a particular place, with particular parentage, dowry, or need, or because they are in conflict with their times. Rossellini's new films deal with our stumble out of the Dark Ages back to the very places where we had been before the spread of monotheism. Again and again, one recognizes as credible his view of long-dead mortals who seem at this moment engaged in the Renaissance and in the conflict between the bribery of religion, the graft of secular power, and the pull of forbidden rationalism. The war is always between a man and his time. The heroes of Rossellini's new films tend to be sustained by reason, but they are often undercut by reigning vestiges of the mystic, and they are never shown as innately heroic. In the director's glorious "The Rise of Louis XIV," for instance, one looked at the Sun King and prepared to be blinded by the glare; instead, one saw a quail-shaped boy, endowed with a languid Volumnia of a mother and living in a world of barber-surgeon quacks more skilled in eavesdropping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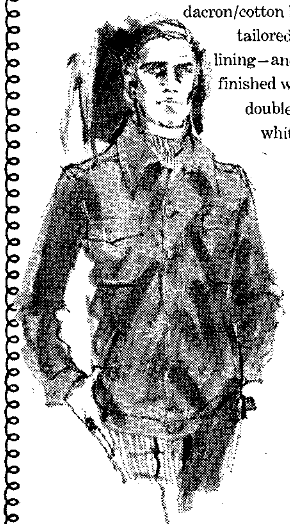
and scornful cringing than in medicine. In the same way, Pindar long ago spoke of the townsman as an ordinary fellow; it took a Macedonianized and, worse still, a Romanized Greece to show him as a giant. It is not the physical but the ethical weight that revives us in the presence of certain Masaccios, in a way that Michelangelo himself seldom equals.

Now, made in the same spirit as "The Rise of Louis XIV," there is a Rossellini three-part history named "The Age of the Medici," each part running eighty-four minutes, and a separate film named "Pascal," all just seen at the New York Cultural Center, along with "Augustine of Hippo." They will be shown this autumn at the First Avenue Screening Room as part of a Rossellini retrospective. His new kind of filmmaking sees the history of art and thought as more concerned with problems than with personalities. Most historical movies are informative: his are kindling. What matters, he says, is not the existence of heroes but the noble option of asking new questions. The works endorse and tune humanist inquiry, like the paintings, architecture, inventions for measuring perspective, and ambulatory debates shown in "The Age of the Medici."

The Florentine influence on the rest of Europe must rank as one of the most worthy penetrations of any culture in history. Rossellini shows us Florence as a smallish, gabbling, discursive town of cash-mongers, usurers, artists' workshops with the doors open onto sunny streets full of passersby powdered with dust, and noble, well-read rulers with the patron's thirst for posthumous fame. The Medici enforce alliances, receive emissaries, commission paintings and churches and villas, conquer rivals, and dun debtors. Cosimo opens up his bank to the Pope, and at the same time gives expedient hospitality to the Patriarch of Constantinople in an effort to reconcile the Roman and Byzantine Churches. The scholarly moneygrubber's religious negotiations have an obvious parallel in his efforts to store in his own city the texts and the architectural records that were the achievements of Rome and Greece. "Not *our* Florence. The *Republic* of Florence," says this undisputed, arrogant, contradictorily visionary prince. He was filled with the typical Renaissance ambition for glory and immortality, but it was coupled with the cunning of a modern and finite diplomat. He also had the aesthetic adventurousness to defy moribund peasant piety by encouraging the representation of Jesus



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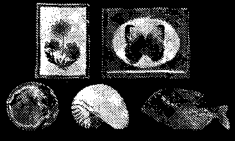

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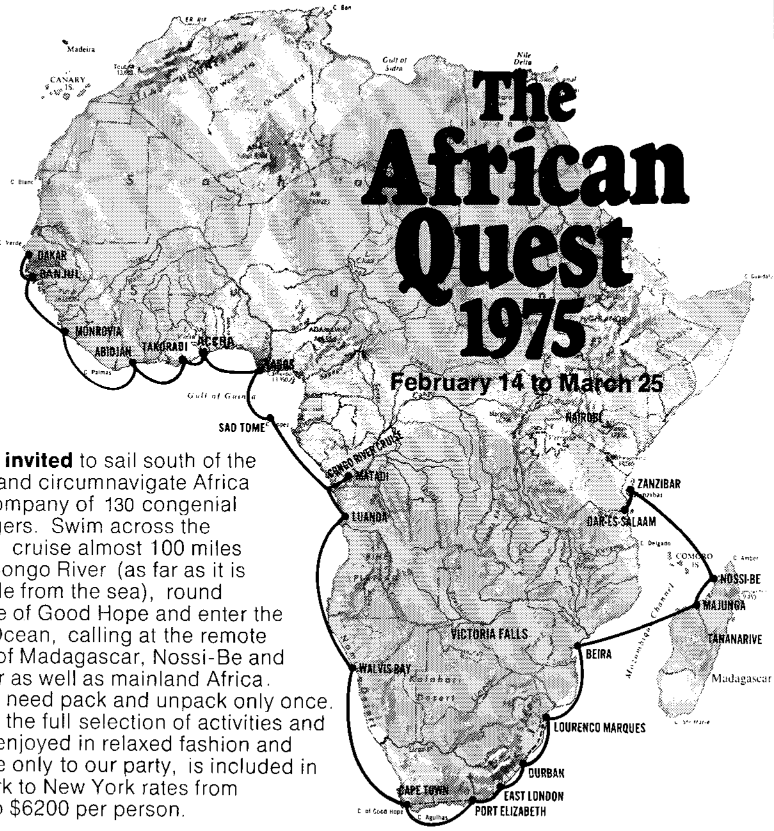
as human. (Christ is seen through a man's mind, so he has a man's image; if an ox could draw, it would draw him as an ox.) The country people are scandalized but fascinated. They still come to pray in the great churches that we now know as faded, and that were then also faint, because the murals and ornaments were barely sketched in.

Under Cosimo, we witness portraiture becoming more than a matter of making effigies. Horses like the heavy-fetlocked nags we see pulling the papal studded trunks reattain the role they possessed in classical mythology, which symbolically had them as the steeds that bore souls aloft. The time abounded in devices to make spectators take stock of themselves. Though it was full of the humanist dread of death, the dread was mixed with a strange exaltation at the idea of dying well which was characteristic of the Renaissance and which Rossellini also finds in Blaise Pascal.

Not every city in Italy welcomed Florence's amazing activity. In a complex scene of mistrust, politesse, and veiled ambitions going on in an architectural workshop, we see the ruler of Rimini commissioning a church from Leon Battista Alberti which Alberti insists must be only the casing, aware of a rival local architect standing at his side who is responsible for the designs of the chapels within, professionally despised by the great visitor. The lord of Rimini wants a city built for battle. He wants as a living-place a commanding villa with the attributes of a fortress. Alberti, a long-nosed, skeptical man who is, with Cosimo, one of the two viewing points of the film, dryly suggests a villa at the very top of a hill looking down onto a town split up into unconnected regions without arches across the streets. The notion fits his precept of functionalism—a tyrant must have a tyrannically planned city to look down upon, just as a farmer must have housing that also suits his animals, "and not forgetting his wife"—but it fights sorely with his concept of an amiable conglomerate like Florence, in which the unit is the family multiplied. The Florentine idea was destined to gleam through the despot's wishes, and Rimini found itself landed with some still extant creations of a loveliness more playful than even the mother city would have allowed itself to cherish in this time of its most severe and fevered invention. Even Rome was then Florence's suburb, mossed over and swarming with brigands. We see planners in crypts drip-



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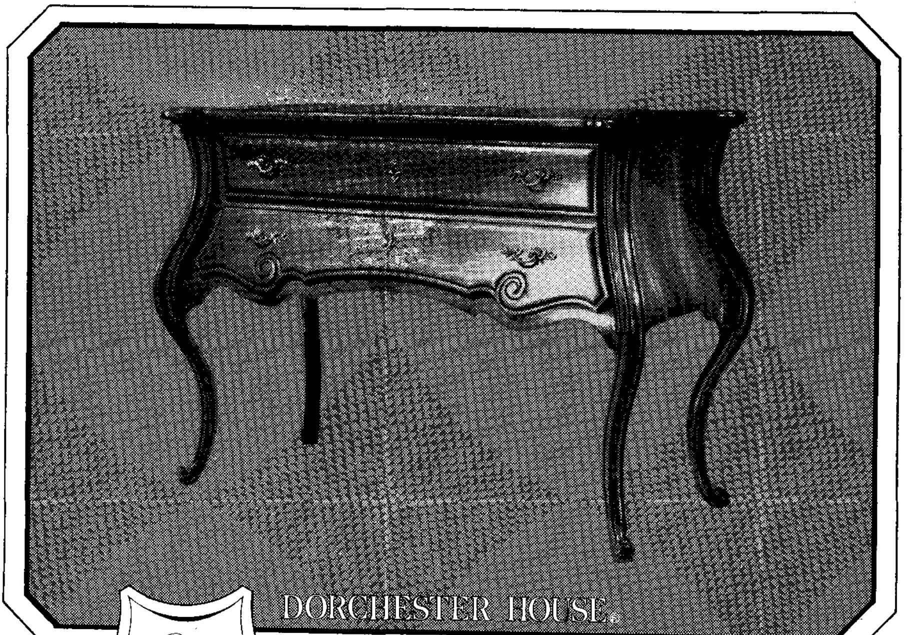

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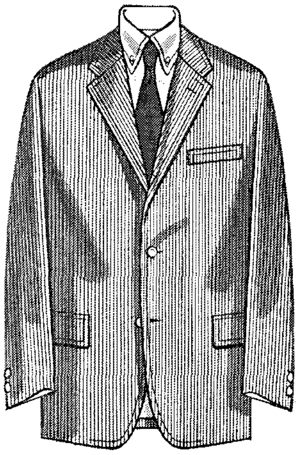

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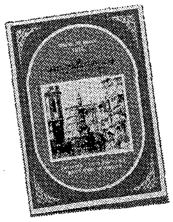

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ping with damp and covered with lichen trying to imagine the lost or buried glories of ancient Rome. Like human hair retaining its color on a corpse, the stage thunder and monumental ornamentation sometimes evident in Roman antiquity kept a sepulchral animation in the period before it was restored. But Rossellini is resistant to melodrama. It is typical of him that his wonderful Medici films should be so full of the low-toned, urgent, abstract discourses of Florence, and of small-town energy and rows and droppings-in. The atmosphere that he catches is full of easy perambulations from one local figure to another: gossip about Brunelleschi or Donatello, a resentful mutter from Ghiberti about not having won the competition to do the cupola and lantern of the Duomo when he had vanquished other contestants so magnificently in the contest to design and make the bronze Baptistery doors, a visiting Englishman whining in a grandee voice about the state of the mere wooden roads and houses in London. Rossellini's town skims with familial fights and excitable exclamations, overriding the Medici canniness about loot which made the great events of thought and art possible. His sage Renaissance Florence has the mood of a hamlet on the verge of a longed-for wedding feast that is not going to be marred for the bride or the guests by the machinations of in-laws or matchmakers.

"Pascal" is self-contained, like each of the three Medici films. It is set two centuries later, naturally, but the domesticated, easy style and the fascination of the discourses are the same. (Rossellini wrote the films in collaboration, using contemporary sources.) The dubbing of the Medici films is bad, but "Pascal" is subtitled. The structure of all the films is a matter of accurate balance and proportion. It seems no accident that Rossellini's father was an architect. The director-architect son here shoots in long takes with unagitated camera movements, so that the intellectual debates about aesthetics, learning, and religion seem to sail. Young Pascal, working among geometrical instruments, using a pair of bellows, a syringe, and a pipette of mercury to demonstrate his newfound theory of the existence of the vacuum, is a red-eyed, urgent, pallid young scholar who embodies in his far from strong flesh the conflict between science and religious dogma. His notion of the vacuum offends the Church. A vacuum is nothing; therefore it cannot have

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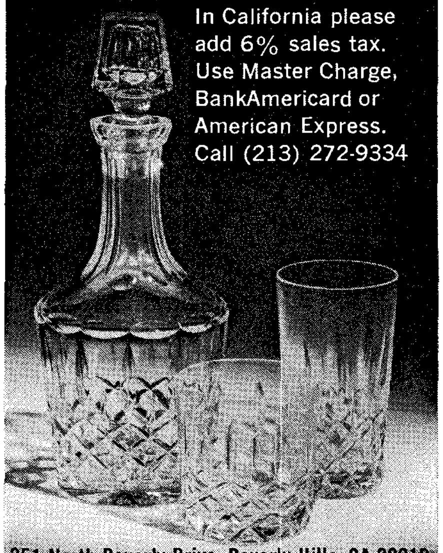

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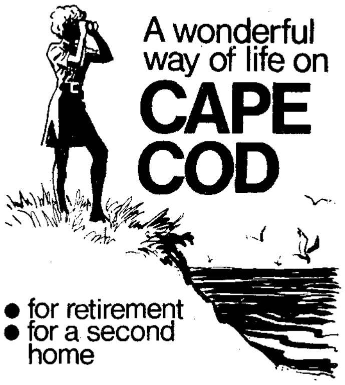

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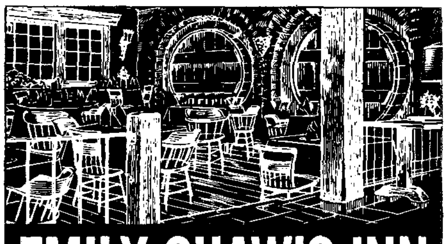

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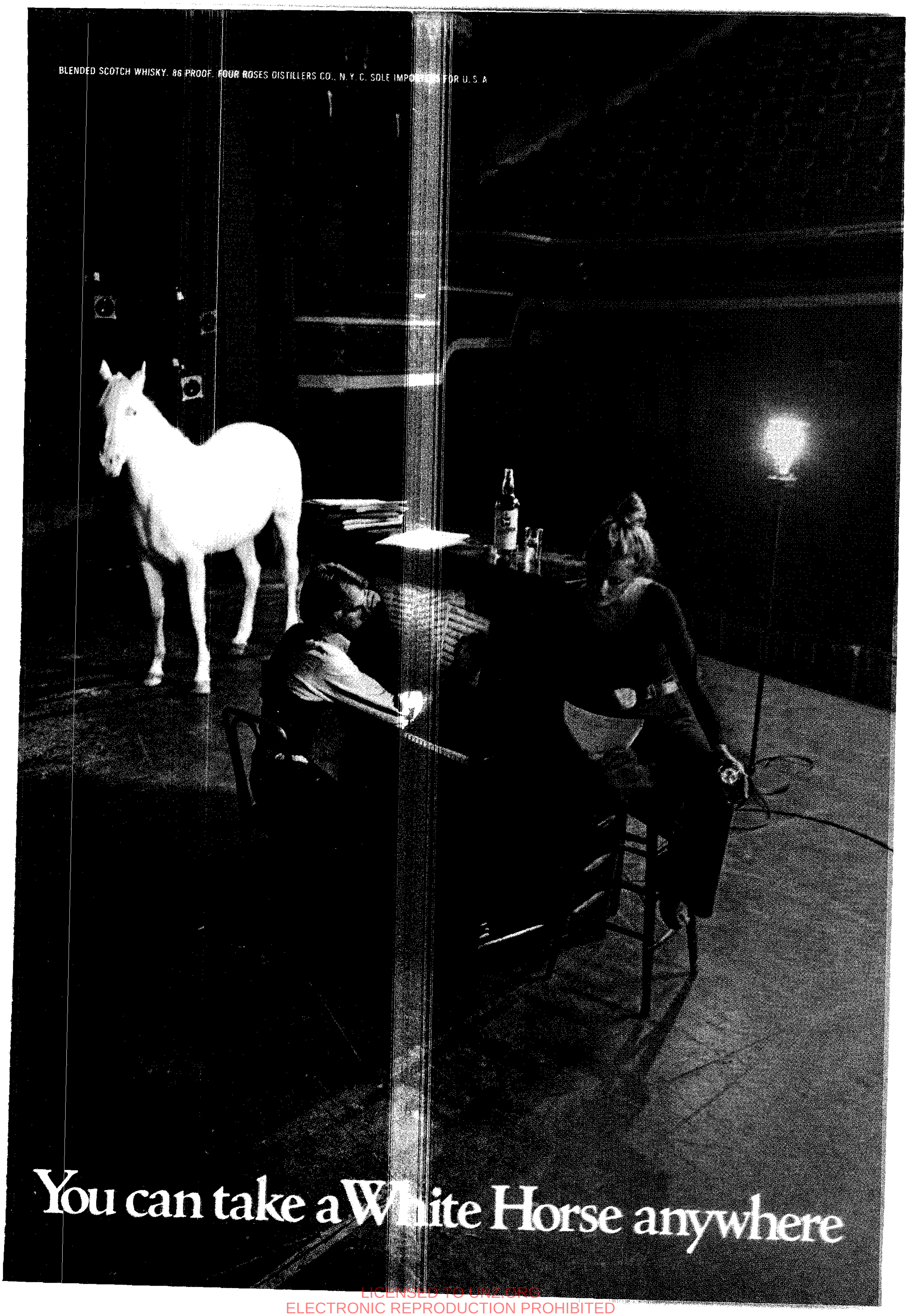
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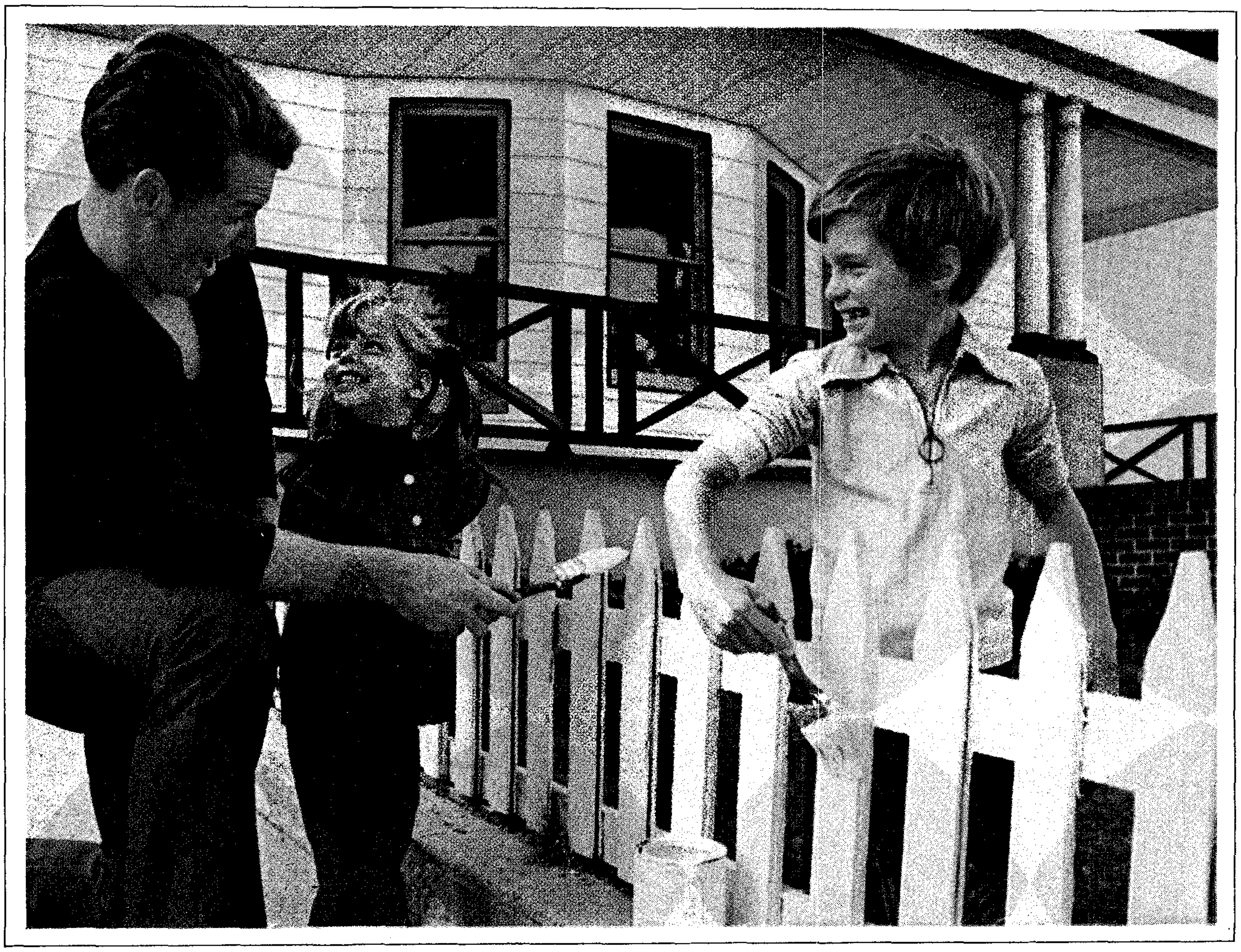

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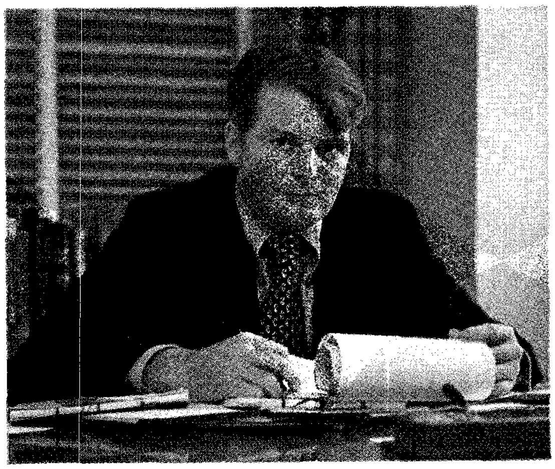

been made by God; therefore it cannot exist. Pascal has proved that it does. Indeed, he would dearly like to make his own soul a vacuum to be filled by the self-knowledge that he thinks of as coming from God—though he suddenly becomes a sharp rationalist about his sister's swooning lack of charity when she announces that she wants to become a nun and to desert him for the Jansenists in spite of his illness and their father's recent death.

The film is full of physical and metaphysical conflicts that have to be reconciled: good fortune, servants, four-poster beds shrouded in beautiful brocade, patrons ready to support the pursuit of knowledge in return for a little fawning; on the other hand, no medical information, cruel remedies, unrelieved cold, no patronage for any scientific research considered heretical. The male Pascals are independent spirits who wonder in spite of the Church. But the Church is a dangerous enemy. We see clerics trying a woman for witchcraft in a context of argument that is intellectually from a world completely different from the witch-trial scene in Ken Russell's hysterical "The Devils." It might have been written by Shaw. It perfectly supports Pascal's suspicion that a man is living in perilous times when people are full of opinions and void of knowledge. The film is like "The Age of the Medici" in its gifts. All of Rossellini's new movies are intellectually elating, benevolent in their detail, and remarkable in the time they allow for dissertations more complex and beguiling than anything else in the world's popular cinema. For these films are profoundly populist: no one could mistake as anything else their view of the possible unity of thinking, art, and horse sense.

—Penelope Gilliatt

•

Ipswich, England—(UPI)—A gravestone was turned in to the lost property office at Ipswich police station Thursday. It was dated 1886.

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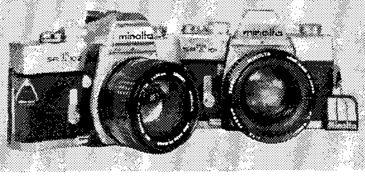

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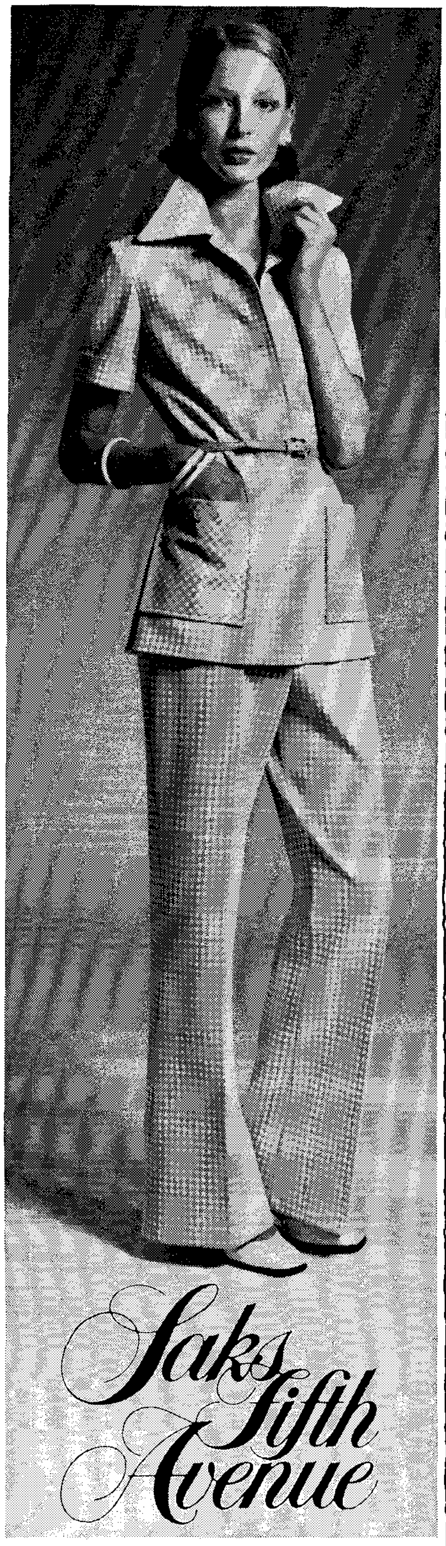

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DANCING

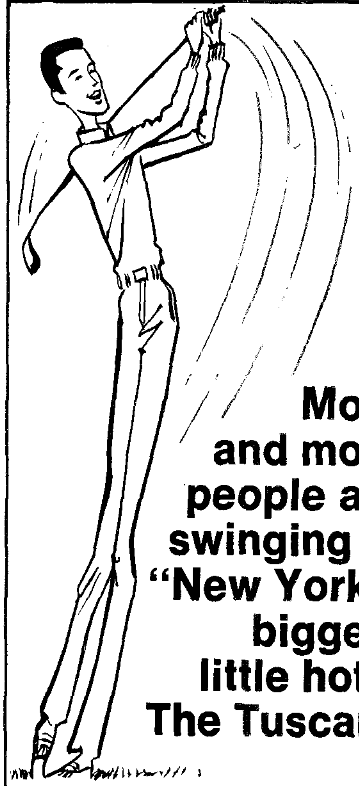
Forces of Harlem

THE Dance Theatre of Harlem, an ensemble of twenty-seven black dancers trained in the academic classical style, has a point to make—that black Americans can dance ballet as well as white Americans. It makes this point within minutes and then rushes on to make a larger one—that classical style is basically noncompetitive, that it's its own reason for being. Throughout their two-week season at the ANTA Theatre—their first extended solo run in Manhattan—the dancers were so good, so happy and alive in the strength of their schooling, that one's social conscience was just tickled away. Four years ago, when the company was founded by Arthur Mitchell, the New York City Ballet's outstanding black soloist, it existed as a somewhat shakily experimental division of black dance. Today it is an expression of American ballet, and potentially one of the richest.

The way these dancers take the stage lets you know they were born to it. Thanks to the season at the ANTA, we're now aware of a dozen or more new ballet personalities—of Laura Brown and Paul Russell, who danced the best American "Corsaire" pas de deux to date (I recommend it especially to anyone who saw the version given by the Harkness Ballet); of Lydia Abarca and Virginia Johnson, two elegant, long-lined beauties; of Susan Lovelle and Ronald Perry, whose miraculous bodies have joints seemingly lined with plush; of fiery William Scott and suave Homer Bryant and bold Gayle McKinney. Of Derek Williams, a noble partner, and Roslyn Sampson, a charming soubrette with a fine jump. In none of the dancers does the classical technique look grafted on; it bubbles up luxuriantly from the inside. The women's placement, timing of accent, and general style derive from the New York City Ballet. The look is forward and up, with lovely upper-body carriage, soft arms, and open hips that let legs sweep easily into high arabesque. Arm and hand positions are stricter than in the New York City; details of footwork aren't yet as refined. The men have improved astonishingly since the company's earliest days. Though they're less accomplished than the women, it is they who give the ensemble its refreshing glow and solidity of impact. There is not one flighty or spindly boy among them, and one never has the impression that the ranks have been picked thin for soloists or partners. With Russell its star and Perry its most gifted comer, this is the most virile male corps in American ballet.

Unlike many star dancers who turn to choreography, Arthur Mitchell hasn't tried to make the dancers into replicas of himself. He's remarkably sensitive to individual talent and to his company's need for increased challenges and variety of expression. The works he has made—from "Rhythmetron" to "Tones" and "Biosfera," from "Fête Noire" to "Holberg Suite"—display the young dancers in a pleasant array of formula ballets. The choreography is never less than serviceable, and some of it—"Holberg Suite," the finale of "Fête Noire" (which has nothing *noire* about it except the color of the dancers' skins)—is distinguished. Mitchell, who hasn't set out to establish himself as a choreographer, is better at his craft than many more celebrated choreographers, and in the sub-Balanchine style at which he excels he shows an understanding, rare among young male choreographers, of how women use their points. His ballets are "teacherly" but not dull; they get the dancers working objectively and responsibly as theatre artists. However, the dancers have already outgrown most of Mitchell's challenges, and they're even beginning to look a little complacent in Balanchine's "Concerto Barocco." "Wings," a remodelled Louis Johnson piece, is a good company workout but not much of a ballet, and John Taras's "Design for Strings" (which used to be called "Designs with Strings;" the music is Tchaikovsky's Trio, Opus 50) is another sub-Balanchine exercise, more pretentious but less well focussed than Mitchell's own work.

At the head of the classical section of the repertory stands "Agon"—world-conquering "Agon." Not the highest but certainly not the least of its many glittering achievements was that it made Arthur Mitchell a star, and now, seventeen years after its première, Mitchell has a company that can return the compliment. "Agon" with these dancers has the ease and majesty it had in the first years of its performance by the New York City Ballet, when we became aware that in it Balanchine and Stravinsky had consolidated the modern



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American virtuoso style in ballet. In the New York City Ballet, "Agon" has shaken down into a routine repertory item, but the Harlem dancers' precision of attack restores the old balance between security and audacity. "Agon" contains an element of New York Afro-Latin rhythm to which the dancers respond excitingly, just as they respond to the syncopation and jazzlike counterpoint of "Concerto Barocco." Both ballets were wise choices on Mitchell's part, but both were performed with areas of deadness. In the two great pas de deux, the dancers didn't sense an inner drama. If "Concerto Barocco" seems a little wintry for their temperament, "Agon" should have set off a spark or two, but it didn't. The company in its present stage hasn't joined its dance power to its dramatic instinct. It can give "Le Corsaire" plenty of both, but the hot style of the piece provokes that anyway.

DURING the ANTA season, "Le Corsaire" led the field in hot, or exotic, numbers. Half the trouble with the more outright "ethnic" ballets in the repertory is that although the pressure of the beat is often huge, they don't become very large to the eye. In Geoffrey Holder's "Dougla," the drums pounded galvanically while the dancers waggled their heads, fingers, or hips. I didn't find the contradiction entertaining, but Holder is a great colorist, and his *scènes d'Afrique* gave the company its most handsome decorative piece. "Caravansarai," by Talley Beatty, was full of diffuse, gnatlike activity—one of those pieces in which the dancers keep running across the stage and out before anything can happen. "Ancient Voices of Children," set to George Crumb's popular score of that title, is the work of the Yugoslav choreographer Milko Sparemblek, and involves six bare-chested men and their idol-priestess in some amusing pretzel routines. The audience of children with whom I watched the piece wasn't misled by the fake ritualism.

The dancers' style is so unaffected that they can perform even works such as Beatty's and Sparemblek's with dignity. But one doesn't want to see them having to do it, or having to go on much longer with what seems to be their signature work, "Forces of Rhythm." This casserole of a ballet, devised by Louis Johnson especially for the Dance Theatre of Harlem, is a great audience favorite—after "Le Corsaire" the greatest—and it's wild enough to grip at every performance. But the mental

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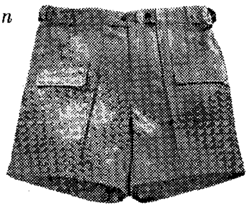

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age of the piece is about ten, and there's a whiff of condescension in it. The form is like that of a lecture-demonstration showing you the relatedness of ballet, jazz, tribal dancing, French drugstores, and the Oklahoma Land Rush. Johnson has thrown everything into it and tied none of it together. Four girls from "Concerto Barocco" consort with the four men from "Agon" to snatches of Tchaikovsky's Fifth and Sixth, and they get all mixed up with four Africans in red loincloths. From somewhere—Katherine Dunhamland or Alvin Aileyland—come four ladies in turbans and long, ruffled skirts. The music, on tape, veers from pop to Tchaikovsky and back. There's a revivalist number, danced very differently by William Scott or Virginia Johnson, and Paul Russell has a solo vaguely combining all the leading motifs. To take the piece seriously is to expect more than it can deliver. Perhaps all forms of cultivated dancing *are* interrelated, but this is a point that can be demonstrated only at the highest level, and no single element in the piece is as good as the best of what it reminds you of. Like most ballets the company does, "Forces of Rhythm" is saved by the dancers, but saving it doesn't require enough of them. Even as an unserious chunk of entertainment, the ballet is too facile. Paul Russell's solo is, for me, the reason to see it. Russell is the greatest performer the company has. His body is handsome (the back especially so) and brilliantly controlled. He seems able to stop dead in the middle of a rush. He's radiant and funny, and what he makes of his bit in "Forces of Rhythm"—a comic star turn—does bring out something of what the piece is meant to be about. On the television show "Soul Train," one can see every Saturday young amateur dancers for whom dancing isn't merely a recreation but an expression of a personal fantasy. Every now and then, one of the boys will hurl himself into a saut de basque—playing at ballet—and Russell's sense of fantasy is communicable in much the same way. He has the greatness and the naturalness to remind you of something in real life.

—ARLENE CROCE

•

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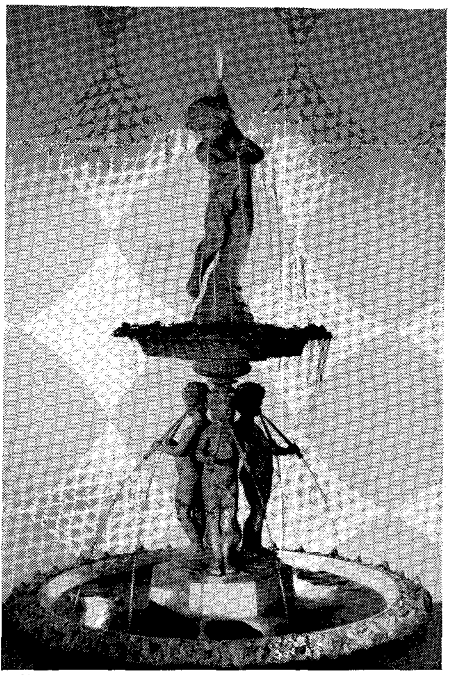

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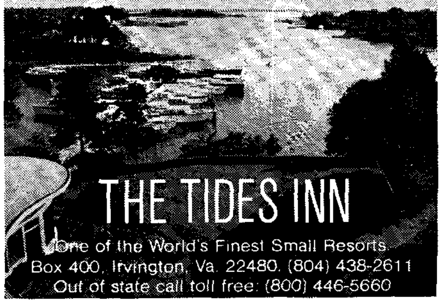

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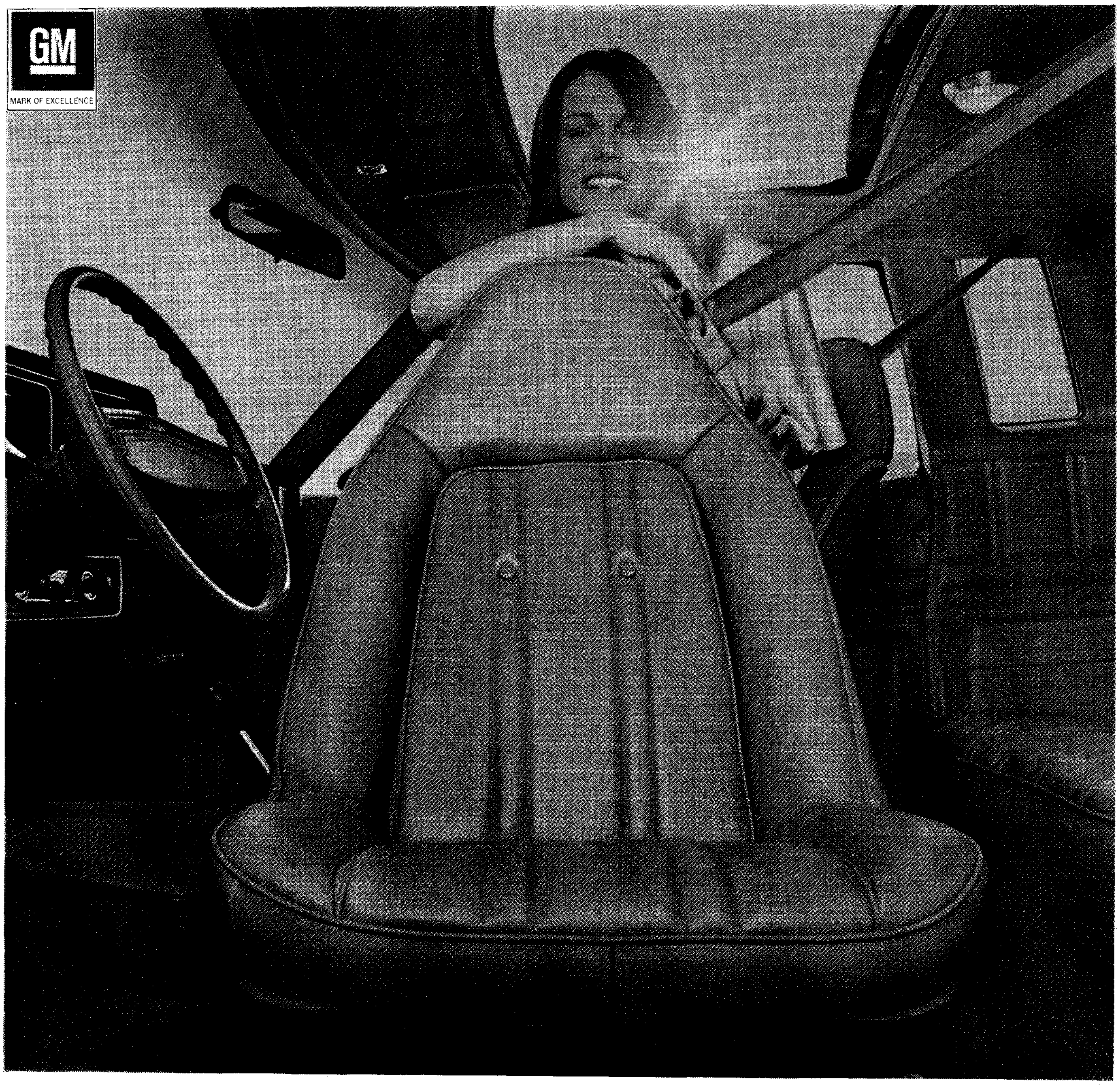

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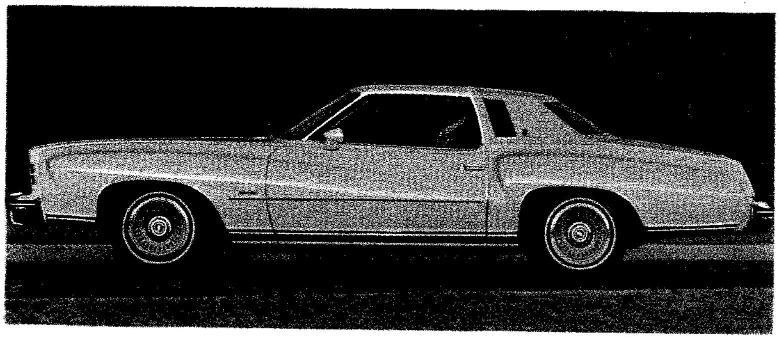

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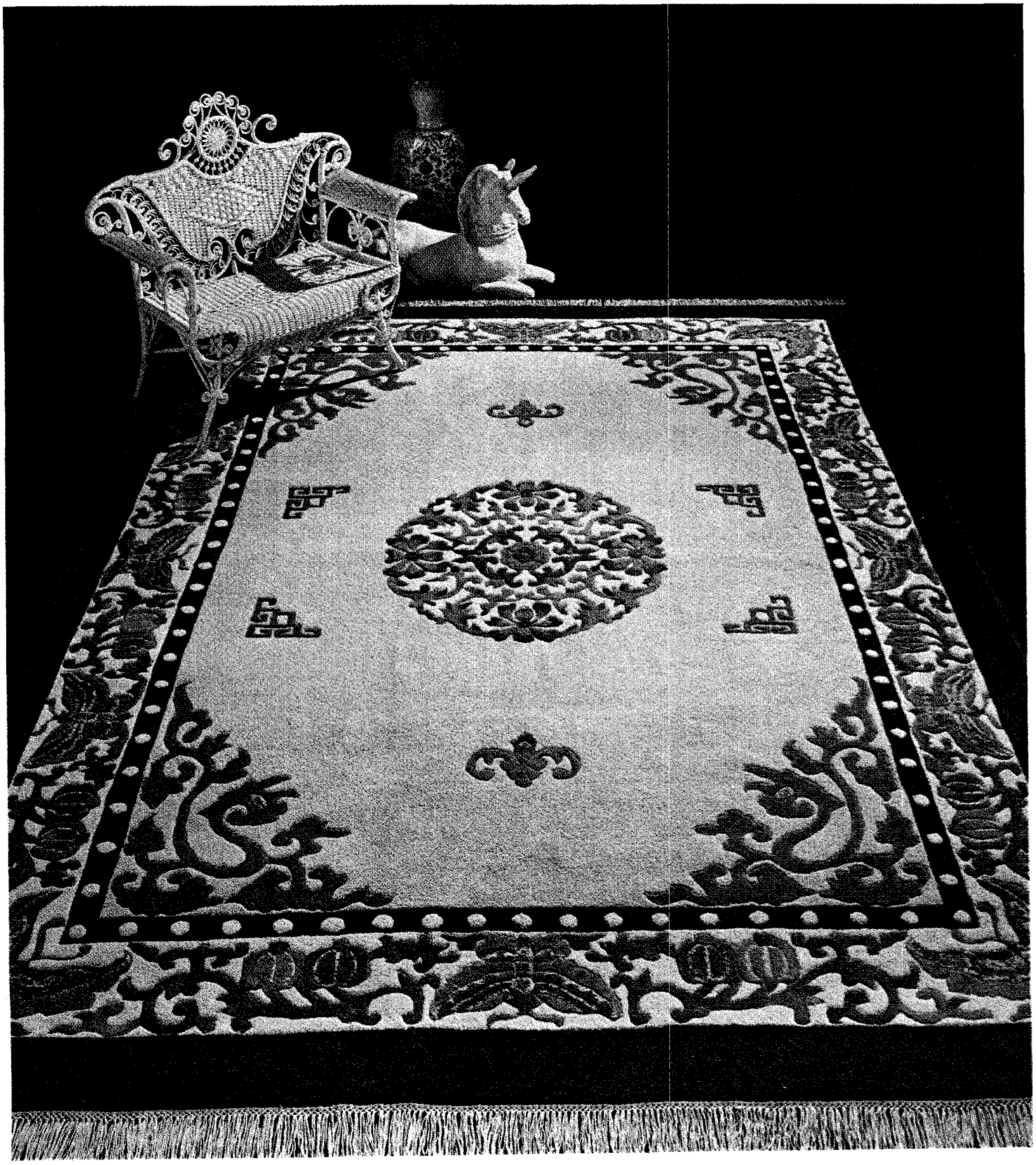


MUSICAL EVENTS

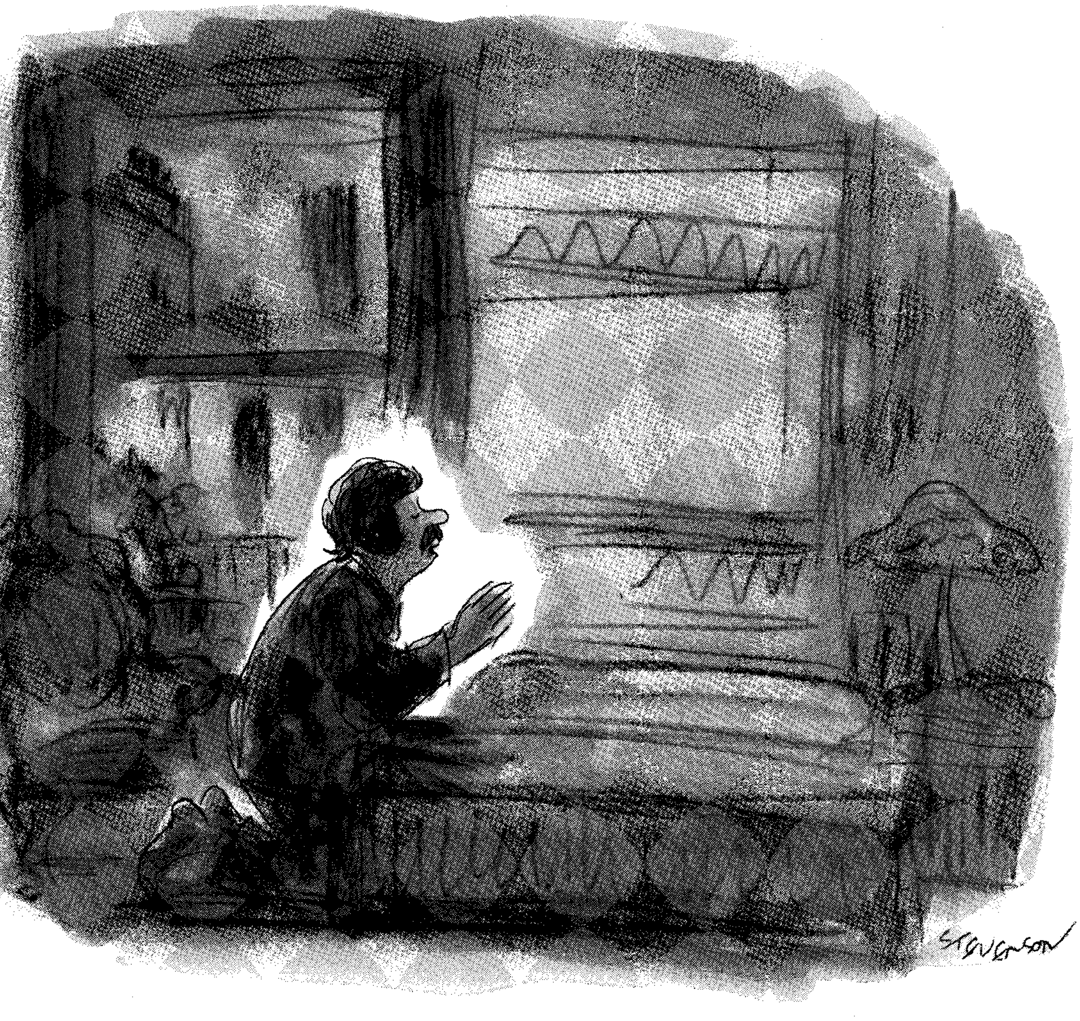
Sounds and Spaces

ONCE heard, what Stravinsky called the "noble noise" of Edgard Varèse's music is not easily forgotten. The battering-ram repeated notes, often launched with a sliding upbeat, raucous in the horns, bright in the high trumpets, shrill at the top of the piccolo's range. The chords that pile up, the instruments climbing in one over the other, plotting points along the "trajectories of sound" that Varèse loved to talk about and that he achieved first only by such suggestion, then more fully with the sirens in "Ionisation" and the theremin in "Ecuatorial," finally and definitively in the late electronic works, where they reach out not only through the mental construct of musical "space-time" but also across the physical space between the loudspeakers. The rude brass chords, thick and heavy, often cresting violently at the end rather than the beginning. The chirruping winds, usually flavored strongly with nasal oboe and squealing E-flat clarinet. And, of course, the percussion—the thudding chords of big drums, the rattling of Chinese blocks, the knocking of claves, the rasping of guiros, the insistently summoning tattoos of snare drums.

For many years—during his period of almost complete silence as a composer, between 1936 and 1954—Varèse's music was rarely heard. He was considered a fringe experimentalist, known primarily as the author of a unique piece for percussion ensemble, "Ionisation" (1933). And this piece, in turn, was known primarily through a dim recording, conducted by Nicolas Slonimsky (recently reissued)—something of a classroom classic in its day, trotted out annually, along with a disc of Julián Carrillo's microtonal music, to show where music might be heading. No doubt the presentation often implied hopes for some better future, and in truth it didn't sound very promising, for reasons that are clear enough now that "Ionisation" is frequently before us in the concert hall and in vivid modern recordings. Without high-frequency sounds, there was no coloristic variety or contrast among metal, wood, and membrane "choirs;" without solid bass, no visceral impact; without dynamic range, no shape or tension—a rustle of distant musketry rather than a formidable, highly structured assault by *batterie*.

Nowadays, the sound of Varèse is inescapable. I missed the "Homage" concert last fall at Carnegie Hall, but recent weeks have brought numerous performances: "Octandre" by Tycho on March 21st, "Hyperprism" and "Ionisation" by Frederic Waldman and the Musica Aeterna ensemble on March 27th, "Déserts" by the Light Fantastic Players on April 8th, and a tiny Varèse festival by the New York Philharmonic in three different halls—on May 2nd at Tully, an "Informal Evening," including "Octandre" and "Ecuatorial;" the next day, "Ecuatorial" repeated in the regular afternoon subscription concert at Fisher, "Octandre" repeated in the evening to open the "Prospective Encounter" at New York University. Even the Friday-afternoon ladies took it well, and the more acclimatized audiences could not have enjoyed it more.

We have learned, gradually and rewardingly, not to listen to Varèse for such standard music-appreciation attributes as thematic development. Now that we can confront it at first hand, his valuation of sound for its own sake, "sound as living matter," justifies itself. Not merely sound as color, laid onto a pitch structure as a supportive element, but the sound of specific chords played by specific instruments, treated as objects in themselves, static architectural entities without functional implications for continuation. The chords of Wagner's "Tristan," of Debussy's "Faun," of the Klytemnestra scene in Strauss's "Elektra," of Schoenberg's early works are ambiguous in their implications, but richly so; they suggest a variety of possible continuations, and the expressivity—the "music," so to speak—comes from



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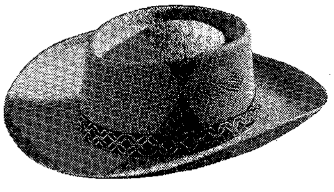

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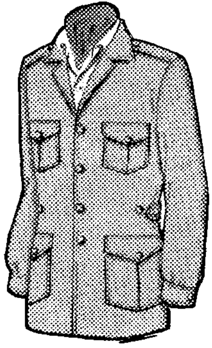

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the exploration of those ranges of possibilities. Varèse's chords are self-sufficient blocks of sound, and the "music" arises from their juxtapositions, the pacing of their alternations and recurrences, their expansions and contractions in time and space.

"Sound masses," "shifting planes," "trajectories of sound" were the terms of Varèse's own metaphorical vocabulary, and they are predominantly spatial, as if the territory defined on music paper between contrabass and piccolo (and later, in the electronic works, stretching out to the limits of human hearing) were a field across which chunks of sound would expand and contract. But metaphors, whether composer's or commentator's, are perilous, and one must immediately raise an admonitory palm, for while a spatial metaphor may do valuable duty in the "vertical" (low-to-high-note) dimension, the horizontal direction of the page is only clumsily analogous to our perception of musical time. To organize time conceptually, we do tend to project it mentally along lines or across planes (would this change if digital clocks were ever to completely replace conventional circular ones?), but such attributes as mirror symmetry, which please us visually, are not necessarily transferable to patterns in time. Varèse knew this; the evidence is in the music, for in their internal consistency of sonority, their rates of change and contrast in textural and rhythmic activity, their disposition of lines and blocks of different sonorous sizes and weights, his best pieces achieve a sense of direction and eventual closure that gives satisfaction, if of a radically different kind from that offered by music dependent on regular pulse and harmonic implication for its motion and resolution.

Some of these aspects of Varèse's work were successfully adumbrated at the Philharmonic's "Informal Evening." Equally successful was the evocation of the man, through Boulez's engaging discourse with the composer's widow, Louise, a lady whose grace and charm seemed to warm Boulez as well as the audience: two old friends comfortably reminiscing about performances, audiences, reviews good and bad, difficulties and triumphs. We already envied Varèse his genius; we could not help but also envy him the privilege of sharing more than four decades with this vivacious, sensitive companion—and also the power to evoke enthusiasm and support on the part of such a formidable younger musician as Boulez. When the music was about to begin,

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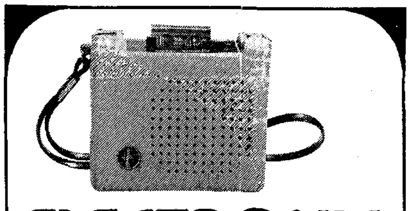

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Mrs. Varèse quietly turned her chair around to face the musicians, a gesture of delicacy and respect that not all of them reciprocated in their demeanor during the discussions; one in particular indulged in an elaborate and unedifying pantomime of somnolence.

Stravinsky quoted one saying of Varèse—"I like a certain awkwardness in a work of art"—that sticks in the mind, for even in those active years of the twenties, when new works came from him almost annually, Varèse was not satisfied with his materials; the awkwardness was inevitable as he wrestled to carve his new image of music out of the limited instruments at hand. He envisioned the potential of electronic music as long ago as 1922: "What we want is an instrument that will give us a continuous sound at any pitch. The composer and the electrician will have to labor together to get it. . . . Speed and synthesis are characteristics of our own epoch. We need twentieth-century instruments to help us realize them in music." He labored ceaselessly but fruitlessly to make this possible, and even when a tape recorder was finally presented to him, in 1953, the frustrations must have still been great—learning new (and often tedious) working techniques, struggling against a new intractability. Instruments that really fulfilled his remarkably prescient specifications were yet to come. Those last electronic works—the taped passages in "Déserts" (1954), the sequence for Thomas Bouchard's Miró film, and the "Poème Électronique" for Le Corbusier's Philips Pavilion at the Brussels World's Fair (1958)—are awkward, too, and not only technically, because of the limitations of the still primitive equipment. There is in these pieces a grandeur of gesture, to be sure, that hardly anyone has successfully emulated in the electronic medium, but also something less than the clarity, the specificity of imagination that marked his writing for the old instruments he scorned but knew so well. It is thus, ironically, the "traditional" Varèse that activates our auditory nerves today, the "coruscating sonorities and dazzling rhythmic webs" of which Milton Babbitt has written so eloquently. "Octandre," "Intégrales," "Ionisation," and "Density 21.5," at least, are unavoidable milestones in this century's musical experience.

TRIBUTARY to these events were still other pleasures. Franz Schubert wrote only three works for male chorus with instrumental ensemble, and Boulez, with appropriate

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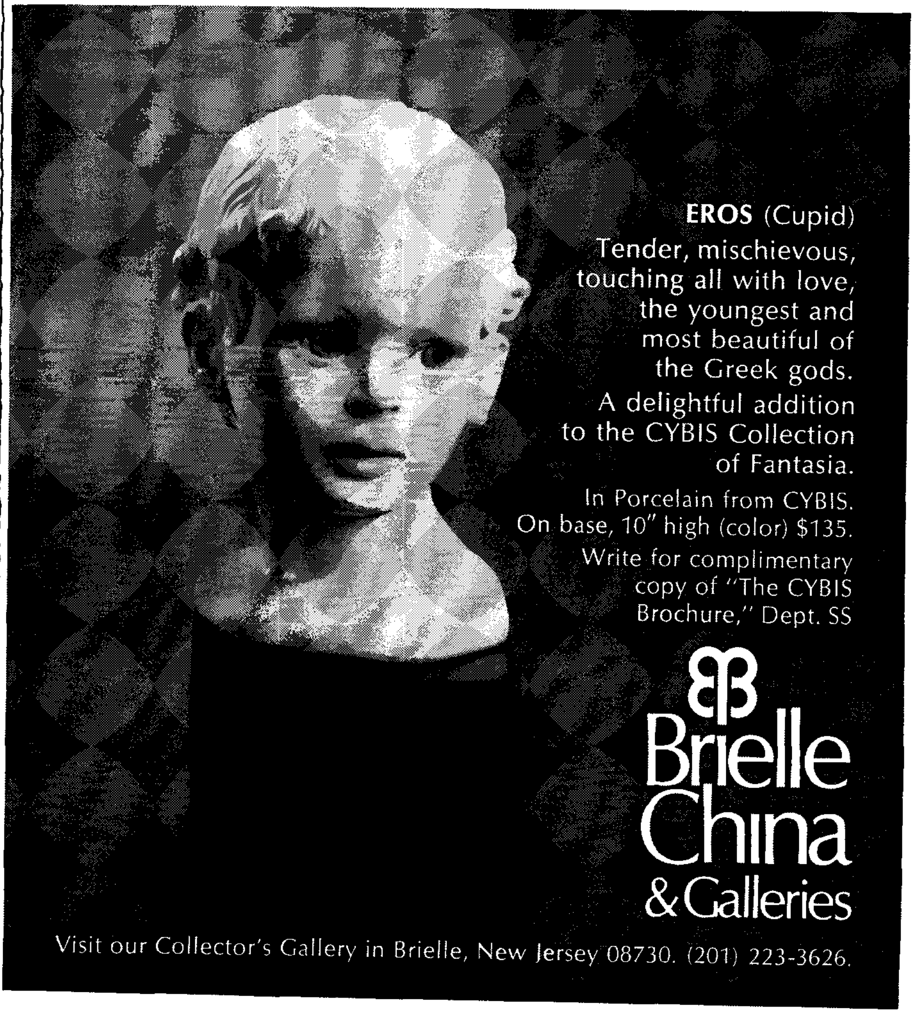
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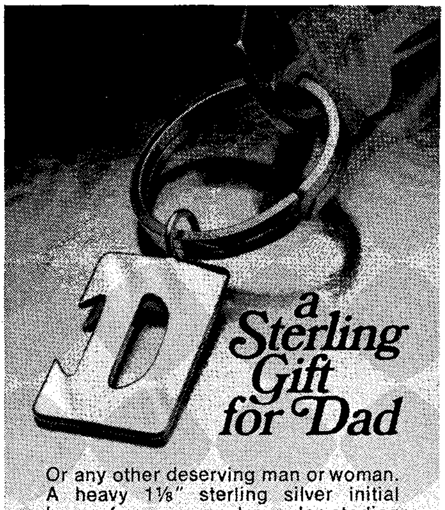

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forces on hand because of "Ecuatorial," elected to open his subscription concerts with all three—an inspired piece of programming, for each is a masterpiece, and none is frequently heard. "Nachtgesang im Walde" adds a quartet of horns to the chorus for a bosky, high-Romantic nocturne. "Hymne an den Heiligen Geist," written for a concert that Schubert did not live to hear, contrasts a solo quartet with the full chorus, later doubled by a wind band from which, in the final measures, a single oboe detaches itself to confer brief, simple benedictions; nothing else Schubert ever wrote approaches as closely the spare solemnity, the sublime simplicity of Mozart's "Die Zauberflöte." The richly expansive setting of Goethe's "Gesang der Geister über den Wassern" is accompanied only by violas, cellos, and basses, traversing an uncommon range of expressive territory. It was one of Boulez's most rewarding explorations, boding well for the "Mini-Festival Around Schubert" that the Philharmonic has scheduled for next March.

From Varèse to Stravinsky's "Rite of Spring" is not a long jump, for the contracted and expanded repetitions of phrases that turn up in "Octandre," for example, clearly derive from the practice of Stravinsky, though the expressive context be many leagues distant. The distance was stretched a bit farther by Georg Solti's performance of the "Rite" with the Chicago Symphony on May 4th at Carnegie, so intensively propulsive, so well rounded at the textural junctures as to obscure the Varèsean inferences. The sound of the Chicago band is proverbially irresistible, however, and any reading of the "Rite" that lets so much air into the sound deserves an accolade.

Earlier that evening, in Elgar's "Enigma Variations," heights of virtuosity were scaled, both individually and in choir, that haven't been reached hereabouts in the two decades since Toscanini and the N.B.C. Symphony departed the scene. The special quality of Solti's collaboration with the Chicago Symphony lies in the intense individuality that soloists and sections retain while still participating in as impeccable an ensemble as one can imagine. Finer, more characterful oboe playing than Ray Still's is not to be heard, or a firmer viola section, or a more truly tuned and balanced tutti; these performances offer pleasure at all levels. Solti's volatility does not always yield consistency; the Schumann Fourth Symphony at the concert of May 1st was hectic and charmless, but three

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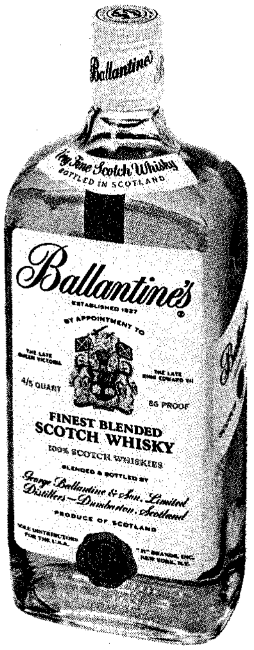
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nights later came a Mozart "Haffner" Symphony of altogether comfortable breadth and grace. Contrary to popular belief, not everything the Chicago Symphony does is perfect—but who would risk missing the performances that are more nearly perfect than anybody else's? —DAVID HAMILTON

CONCERT RECORDS

Double Take

GUSTAV MAHLER'S Tenth Symphony was still incomplete at his death, but he left behind a sketch, on four staves, which offered not much more than the bare outlines of a symphony, with notes about orchestration and a number of rather desperate marginal exclamations about his love for his wife and his fear of death. Several composers and musicologists have attempted to complete the work as they thought Mahler might have done it—most importantly, the British musicologist Deryck Cooke. Some years ago, Mr. Cooke brought out his concept, which was recorded by the Philadelphia Orchestra, under Eugene Ormandy. Dissatisfied with this version, Mr. Cooke has created a second one, which has now been recorded for Philips (6700-067; four sides) by the New Philharmonia Orchestra, under the baton of Wyn Morris. This new version still does not rank with Mahler's finest symphonies, but there are unforgettable passages, and Mr. Cooke's job of construction is conscientious. Mr. Morris's reading of the score is not entirely satisfactory. The first movement drags, and the piccolo at the end of it is slightly out of tune. But Mr. Cooke's effort is a worthy undertaking.

Mr. Morris appears to much better advantage in his recording of Mahler's gigantic Eighth Symphony, with the Symphonica of London, the vocal soloists Joyce Barker, Elizabeth Simon, Norma Burrowes, Joyce Blackham, Alfreda Hodgson, John Mitchinson, Raymond Myers, and Gwynne Howell, as well as the New Philharmonia Chorus, the Bruckner-Mahler Choir of London, the Ambrosian Singers, the Orpington Junior Singers, the Highgate School Choir, and the Finchley Children's Music Group (RCA Red Seal CRL2-0359; four sides). This vast aggregation—a requisite for Mahler's biggest score—performs admirably. The choral singing in particular is outstanding. I have never considered this one of Mahler's characteristic works; there is a good deal of Bruckner and Wagner in it, and not a trace of Mahleresque bitterness or sentimental-

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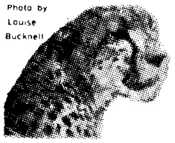

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ity. But the grand settings of the hymn "Veni, Creator Spiritus" and the final scene of Goethe's "Faust," which together make up the work, create an impression of vast nobility.

And, speaking of "Faust," there is a new recording of Berlioz's "La Damnation de Faust," magnificently done by the London Symphony Orchestra and Chorus, under the baton of Colin Davis, with the vocalists Nicolai Gedda, Jules Bastin, Josephine Veasey, Richard Van Allan, and Gillian Knight, not to mention the Ambrosian Singers and the Wandsworth School Boys' Choir (Philips 6703-042; six sides). This recording may well supplant all other "Damnation"s. The work is Berlioz at his most impressive, and it is here interpreted with great clarity and taste.

Karl Böhm has collaborated with the Berlin and the Vienna Philharmonic, respectively, for the Deutsche Grammophon issue (2530-120) of the early Mozart symphonies K. 183, 184, and 199, and the Grammophon issue (2530-343) of the late and quite mature Haydn symphonies Nos. 88 and 89. Both recordings are two-sided. The performances are exquisite. The Mozart items are rather immature and conventional, but there are flashes of the genius to follow. The Haydn symphonies are more adventurous. No. 88 is fairly familiar, but No. 89 is the only recording (aside from a Musical Heritage Society version) of that work in print.

—WINTHROP SARGEANT

•

The record does not show him as having belonged to any social club. He lived in digs in a dismal old wooden horse about half a mile from the campus, where the 83-year-old landlady, Mrs. Cora Keller, remembers only that he paid his rent regularly.—*London Times.*

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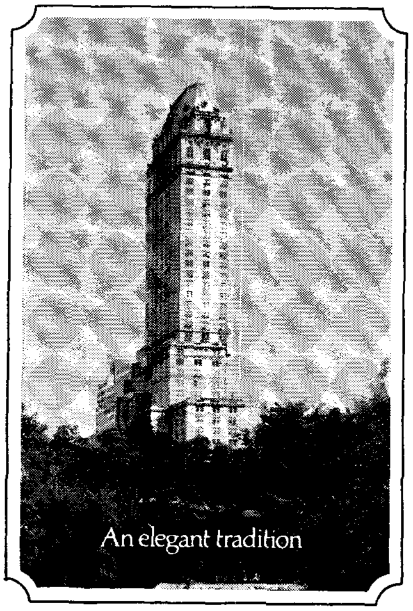

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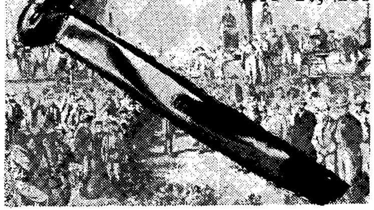

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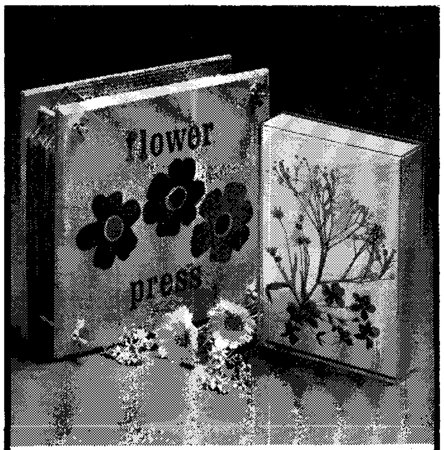
THE RACE TRACK

Cannonade's Day

John Olin's Cannonade won the hundredth Kentucky Derby at Churchill Downs last Saturday—the richest ($326,000) in the history of the race, with the largest field (twenty-three colts), before the largest crowd (163,628) ever assembled on an American racecourse. Seth Hancock's Judger, who ran as an entry with Cannonade, because they are both trained by Woody Stephens, was the more fancied of the pair, but he finished eighth, and it was clear that Cannonade was the best on the track as the race was run. He had to be, for he broke slowly and was shuffled back by the thundering herd, rushing to take advantageous positions, until he was no better than eleventh or twelfth, where he remained for nearly half of the mile and a quarter. By that time, Cordero, who rode him, had steadied him, and he began to move up. Coming to the turn into the stretch, he joined the leaders, and presently passed Hudson County, who had been second most of the way, and then went on under pressure to reach the wire a couple of lengths to the good. Agitate, the flyer from the Coast who had won the California Derby, was third, three lengths or so farther behind. J.R.'s Pet, ridden by McHargue, a nineteen-year-old who won the Arkansas Derby on him, led in the also-rans, which were strung out down to the three-sixteenths pole. The time for the race was 2:04—nearly five full seconds slower than Secretariat's 1:59⅖.

I watched the race on television, and I was especially taken with the parade to the post, which was fascinating. Perhaps it was a coincidence, or maybe the man in the racing secretary's office who gives out the saddlecloth numbers had a hunch, but at any rate Cannonade got No. 1. He looked well, and he was on his toes, as he usually is before a race. Judger and Rube the Great also seemed fine and fit, but the one that really caught my eye was Set n' Go, who had come from Venezuela and stands a shade over fourteen hands, and who they say is the smallest colt that ever ran in the Derby. He may be little, but he has a mind of his own; it took six men to put him into his stall in the



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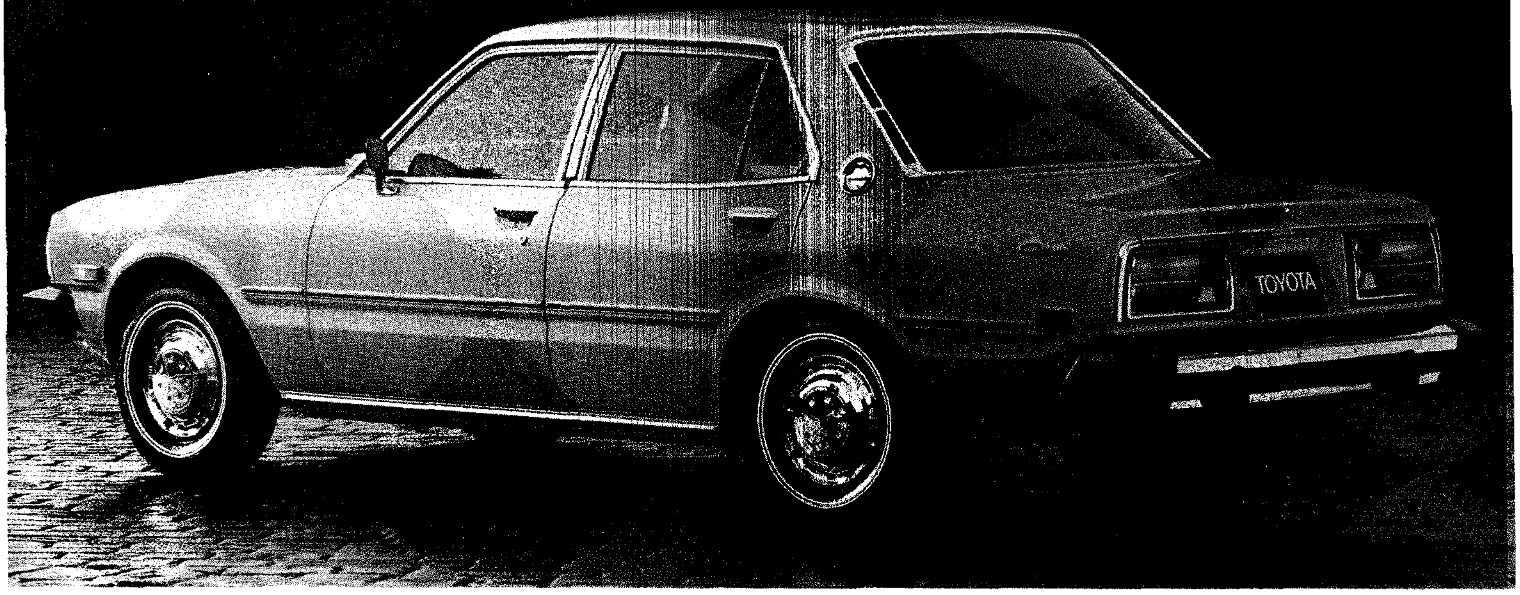

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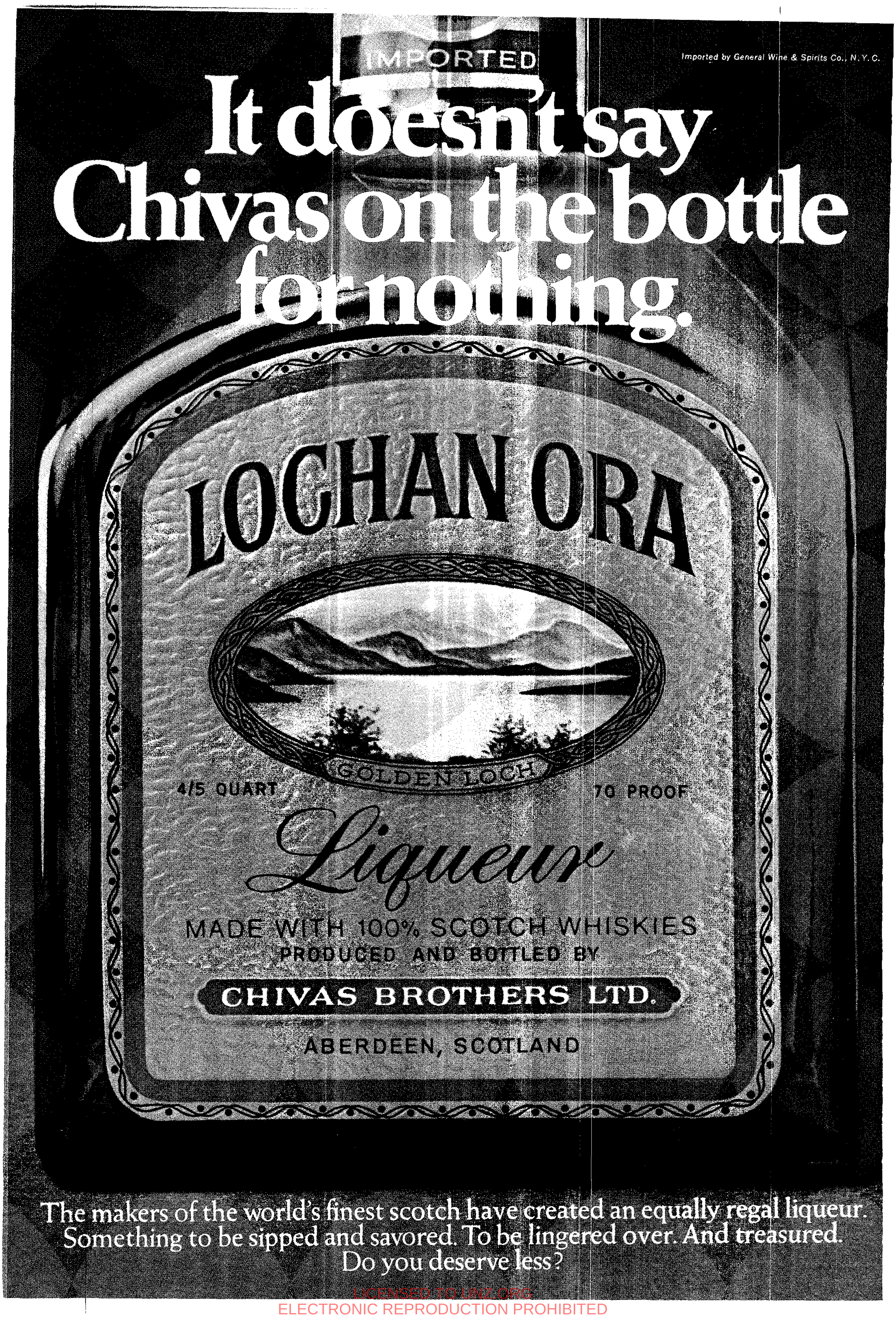

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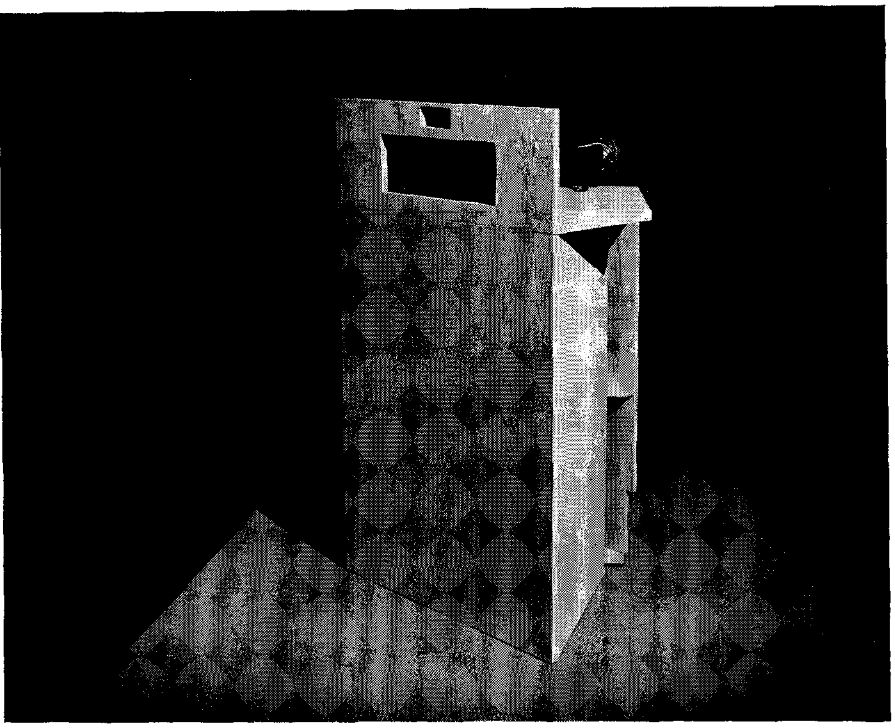
gate. The start was fair for all, and the quickest I've seen in years. Triple Crown was the first to break the line, and he led until Cannonade swept by both him and Hudson County. As Cannonade passed the winning post, Cordero stood up in his stirrups and waved his whip happily at the crowd in a salute. I suppose he should have been answered with a rousing "*Olé!*"

As might have been expected with a field that size—and with a purse to the winner of $274,000, ten per cent of which would go to the jockey—it was a pretty rough-run race: no actual fouling, to be sure, but plenty of crowding and bumping. Shoemaker, who rode Agitate, complained bitterly after the race, and Pincay, who rode Judger, said, "If I told you all the trouble I had, you wouldn't believe me." Still, it wasn't the Donnybrook that some Derbies I have seen have been; I remember one in particular, after which the late Grantland Rice wrote, "Instead of the band playing 'My Old Kentucky Home' as the field went to the post, it should have played 'Anything Goes.' "

Of course, Judger drew an impossible post position, No. 22, in the extra starting gate. I thought that since he had left the gate so slowly in all his races, he would do it again, which would give the big field time to stretch out and get around the first turn, and if the early pace was fast, he would run over everybody in the last quarter. But things didn't work out that way. The closest Judger got to the leaders was eighth in the stretch, and from there on in he didn't gain a yard. Rube the Great, whose owner, Sigmund Sommer, and whose trainer, Pancho Martin, said was just as good as Sham, and maybe better, was outrun all the way, finishing tenth. I thought Sir Tristram showed a nice turn of speed for five furlongs before he tired. The race should do him good. As for the rest, I suppose they will just go on beating each other. I wonder how many will go in the Preakness Stakes at Pimlico in Baltimore a week from Saturday. I doubt whether that race will have to be split.

Bred by his owner, Cannonade is a good-looking, medium-sized bay colt by Bold Bidder out of Queen Sucree, by Ribot, from whom he inherits a touch of temperament. He won only five of his seventeen starts last year, including the Aqueduct Handicap on the closing day of the New York season. Prior to the Derby, he'd been first only once in four tries this year, and that was in the Stepping Stone, which wound him



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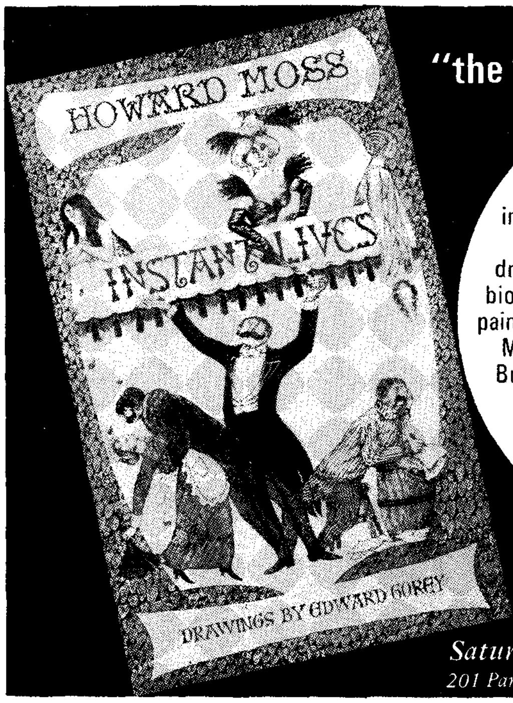

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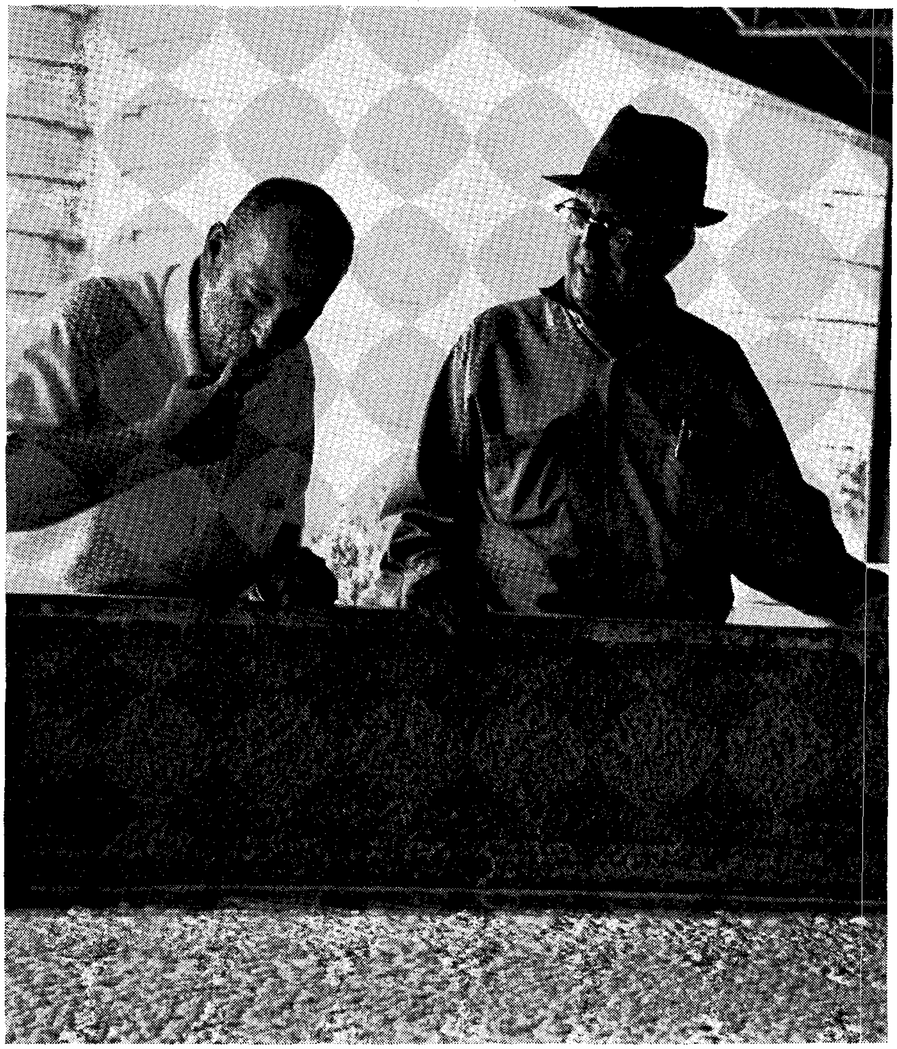

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up to concert pitch. Woody Stephens gives him a high figure; a few days before the Run for the Roses, he said that there was little to choose between Cannonade and Judger. Could be.

Stephens, a Kentuckian who came around the race track when he was fourteen, is now sixty. He was a jockey for several years, and since then has been a trainer. He has handled many good horses and won good races, but it has taken him seven tries to win a Derby. "This is one day and one thing I'll always remember," he said when he received his replica of the golden Derby trophy that goes to the owner. There is something else I don't think he has forgotten—a ride years ago in a helicopter from Thistledown, where he had just won the Ohio Derby with Traffic Judge, along with Arcaro, who had ridden the colt, and your correspondent, to the Cleveland airport to catch the plane for New York. None of us had ever ridden in a helicopter before. I, for one, haven't been in one since.

I thought the telecast of the Derby was tops. For one thing, the race was run off on tape several times, and I could see things I had missed the first time. There was also less hoopla than in other years, but there were many more commercials; I'd say there were more of them than there were starters in the race. It is said that there were streakers in the infield, which I have never seen so crowded. One, it seems, for a change of pace, was a flagpole sitter. Altogether, it was quite a day at Churchill Downs.

As had been expected, Prove Out was an easy winner of the Grey Lag Handicap at Aqueduct last weekend. Leading all the way, he toyed with his opposition, strolling home at the end of the mile and a quarter by six lengths. Everton II took the place by seven and a half lengths from Our Native. The also-rans were Three or Less, Prince Dantan, Flush, and Summer Guest, in that order. A lot of horseplayers must have gone off to Churchill Downs, for there was a crowd of only 31,993 in the stands. Or perhaps they were spending the afternoon at Off-Track Betting shops.

—Audax Minor

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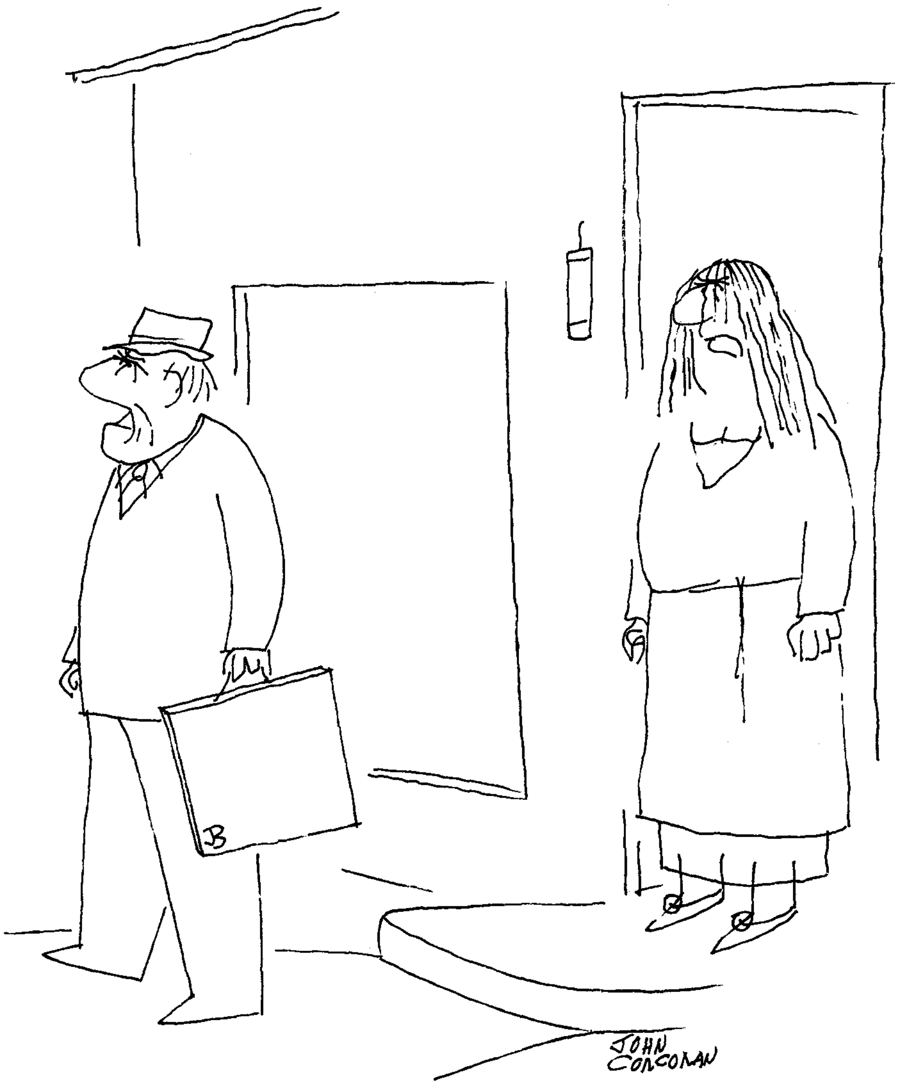
BOOKS

Decline and Fall

REGINALD MARSH belonged to the generation of artists immediately preceding the great modernist upheaval in American painting after the war. In background and career he was in many respects typical of his time. He was born into a financially comfortable family, showed a talent for drawing while he attended Yale, became a professional illustrator (he worked for the *News* and this magazine), and progressed slowly into painting after a period of study in Paris. I seem to recall similar phases in the biographies of Hopper, Sloan, and other of Marsh's contemporaries. With his illustrator's training and his eagerness to capture the images of the life around him, he sketched without pause until his sudden death, in 1954; he even sketched an operation being performed upon him. Drawing was his umbilical link with the outer world, the specialized organ he evolved for absorbing appearances and projecting them onto paper. In his constant copying of nature, he was in the line of American "realism"—of Audubon, Eakins, Homer, Hopper, The Eight. The territory he staked out for himself was the crowds in Coney Island, bums on the Bowery, sailors on leave, burlesque, the circus, locomotives. Above all, he conceived the "Marsh girl." Fruit of his endless anatomical sketching, this self-enamored, full-bodied blond goddess, with spherical breasts and sturdy, beautifully contoured thighs and legs in knee-length flowing skirts, swept like a parade through his slums, posed on the stage of his burlesque theatres, floated sidesaddle on his merry-go-round horses, was ogled by businessmen, by derelicts, and by sailors on shore leave.

"The Sketchbooks of Reginald Marsh" (New York Graphic Society), by Edward Laning, painter, muralist, and friend, contains two hundred drawings, plus photographs of Marsh at work in various city sites, and a brief but vigorous text that combines aggression (against art historians and modernists), storytelling, warmth, and nostalgia. Laning does not hesitate to inform the reader that in his view Marsh is "the greatest artist of his time"—though he doesn't expect agreement, because things have changed so drastically since Marsh died. Regardless of what one thinks of Marsh's status (in making his claim, Laning is no more frivolous, I suppose, than critics who confer the championship on painters of stripes or vacant canvases), one has no trouble concurring about the depth of difference between his period in art and the present; the difference would have been notable if only in the greater affection among artists of that time for one another. What could Laning possibly have had in mind when he said that Marsh was so great? One of the charms of "The Sketchbooks" is the remoteness to us of the attitudes that painters then took for granted. Marsh studied in Paris in the mid-twenties, but he failed to pay attention not only to the then dominant Surrealists and the works of Matisse or Picasso, already famous for two decades, but even to the Impressionists. "What he discovered," observes Laning, apparently with approval, "was the Louvre." For six months, Marsh copied Old Masters; reëquipped in this way, he returned to the bodies on Coney Island beaches and in the doorways of the Bowery.

Marsh was thus typical of the provincialism of prewar American painting, its ambition to translate local subject matter into the exalted idiom of Europe's masterpieces. This combination may have been what led Laning to decide that Marsh was superior to Picasso. Fortunately, misdirected aims do not prevent works of art from being interesting. Marsh's sketches developed a personal calligraphy that is most eloquent when it is most economical—for example, "Sailors and Girls, Central Park" and the line-and-blot stripper that decorates the back of the book jacket. As Marsh works up his drawings, they tend, like his paintings, to approach the look of sculpture and to acquire a peculiar heaviness. It is evident that Marsh aspired to endow the ephemera of the streets and the midway with the solidity of architectural decorations; his "Girl on Merry-Go-Round," an opulent semi-nude, is a baroque carving, like the wooden horse on which she is partly poised, and the



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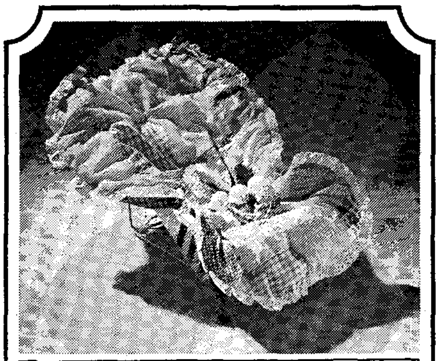

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composition as a whole could be the design for a sculptured fountain group. Equally sculptural are the amply proportioned "Two Girls on the Boardwalk," a drawing in Chinese ink. The spirit of freshness and immediacy of the modernist painters of contemporary life never got through to Marsh.

Laning himself, though in different terms, calls attention to the artificial effect of Marsh's museum-derived aesthetic; "Marsh's omnipresent girl . . . is not real, but merely a projection of Marsh's fantasy." The artists of the pre-modern generation had not the formal means to make contact with the swiftly changing phenomena of the twentieth-century metropolis. Marsh, drawing pad in hand, looks constantly outward and sees only what his Louvre models allow him to recognize as art. The statuesque girls on the boardwalk are blondes, with classical torsos and fine Anglo-Saxon profiles, as are the dryad on the merry-go-round and the hip-grinding nymph on the burlesque stage—all myth-favored fleshy dolls, the artist's ideal sisters and love objects, sanctified by their earlier residence in the museum. A seated figure in a Marsh drawing of a Hudson River pier is an immigrated statue, and even his Coney Island mob scenes are made up of glorified types; I found but one drawing of Jews (an old couple on the beach), none of Italians, only a few of blacks. Laning points out that Marsh's Bowery bums originated in the derelicts he saw under the Pont Neuf, and that his striptease and circus motifs started out from the Folies-Bergère and the Cirque Médrano. Redoing Paris in Americanese was the essence of prewar American art, and it is the absence of the transposed Parisian scene that most sharply separates the present-day art world from Marsh's generation.

According to Laning, Marsh in his later years had a strong feeling that his environment was fading—"They've torn down the 'L,' the burlesque is gone; I hardly recognize Coney Island anymore"—and when he received the gold medal of the American Academy of Arts and Letters he declared that he was "not a man of this century," a statement that goes to the heart of the matter. Making a thoughtful comparison between Marsh's teeming beaches and movie lobbies and Hopper's empty streets and bedrooms, Laning finds that both represent "a place of death"—love has departed from America, and both the crowd and the single individual are beset by a fatal loneliness. The Marsh girl herself is a death deity—Marsh's Great White Whale. In one

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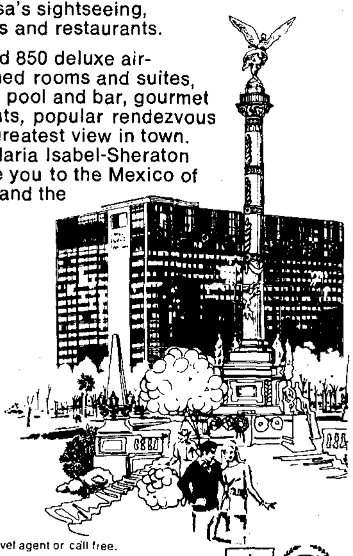

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of his last paintings shows once more rides a wooden horse on a steeplechase rail, but now to Laning the horse is a horse of the Apocalypse and the British sailor perched behind her fluffy figure is a dead man. Laning sees in Marsh a prophet of the Decline and Fall of the American Empire. Maybe it was the empire that collapsed, or maybe it was the aesthetic dependence which kept American artists out of this century that collapsed. In any case, Laning's elegiac conclusion is testimony that American art had during the war years reached the end of the road and was compelled to find a new starting point.

—Harold Rosenberg

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

Mooncranker's Gift, by Barry Unsworth (Houghton Mifflin). Istanbul is the setting of this mordantly playful Gothic novel, and Mooncranker is the name of a dilapidated old English TV interviewer and university lecturer who is rapidly drinking himself to death in a Turkish hotel room. As the story begins, James Farnaby, the twenty-three-year-old nephew of a family friend of Mooncranker, and a somewhat unenthusiastic student of Ottoman fiscal policy (his thesis subject), is on his way to visit the ailing man. Full of misgivings (he is only doing it because his family has urged him to in a letter), Farnaby recalls their last meeting, ten years before, in Surrey; he remembers vaguely that they were rivals for the same young girl, and he also remembers that Mooncranker gave him a strange gift—a figure of the crucified Christ made of sausage meat and wrapped in bandages—that, for reasons too disgusting to repeat, soon effectively ended his religious period. Were it not for the fact that the character of Mooncranker turns out to be something of a triumph of sodden eccentricity, this book would be, as it sounds, entirely unnecessary. But when he and Farnaby meet, talk about the past, or stare at each other across the hospital room that Farnaby gets Mooncranker to, there are some wonderful passages. Alas, they are all too brief; most of the time, the book gets bogged down in symbolism and *charcuterie*.

Let's Fall in Love, by Carol Hill (Random House). About a third of the way into this well-written, precious, and rather hysterically over-inventive book, one of the main characters announces that she is writing

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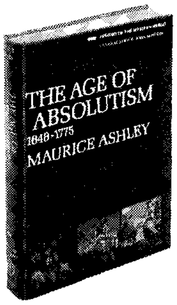

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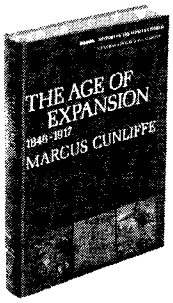

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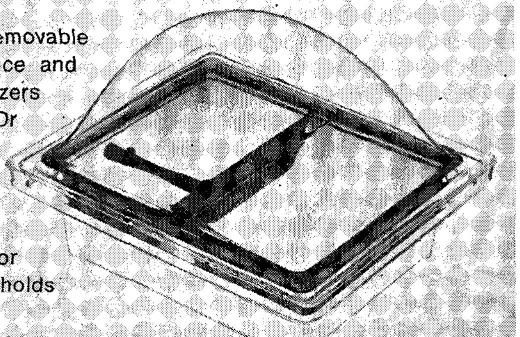

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a novel—the very one, it seems, that we are reading. "It's for when you're in bed with a cold and you need something entertaining and outrageous," she says. "Also pornographic." The speaker is a cultivated millionairess courtesan named Anna, who has thighs like Muhammad Ali, a strong death wish, a penchant for Rolls-Royces, and a large circle of friends who are sometimes enemies, and enemies who are often friends. Anna, Avian Braine (a detective), Farthingdale (his partner), "I" (the narrator, whose gender is obscure), a priest, a rabbi, and an assortment of spies and pimps pop on and off these pages like fireflies. So does a little battalion of men in bowler hats—Magritte men—to mention but one of the many surrealist elements in this freewheeling and occasionally quite funny book. The fact that Mrs. Hill's intentions aren't remotely clear isn't particularly bothersome at first, because one is too busy taking everything in: the articles from the *Times*, the excerpts from "My Secret Life," a ridiculous but marvellous story from Dr. Ellis's "The Folklore of Sex," a spoof of pornography, pornography, a spoof of espionage thrillers, an espionage thriller, and, every once in a while, an elusive but titillating bit of plot. But after a while all the cleverness begins to seem boring, and one begins to feel as if one were eating one's way through a hundred-pound box of chocolates.

GENERAL

DARWIN ON MAN: A PSYCHOLOGICAL STUDY OF SCIENTIFIC CREATIVITY, by Howard E. Gruber, bound together with Darwin's early and unpublished notebooks, transcribed and annotated by Paul H. Barrett (Dutton). Probably only intrepid Darwinophiles will manage to push their way through the molasses-like text of this fascinating book, but for anyone interested in the history of ideas, this correlation of Darwin's notebooks, family background, and religious and philosophical views with his ideas about evolution and man offers much that makes the effort worthwhile. The authors point out that it is the successful version of an idea (in this case, evolution) on which we tend to focus our attention—"the victor in a final bout after many preliminaries with unhappier results"—but the fact is that the path toward important scientific discoveries is a lot more circuitous (or, in Darwin's case, spiral) than

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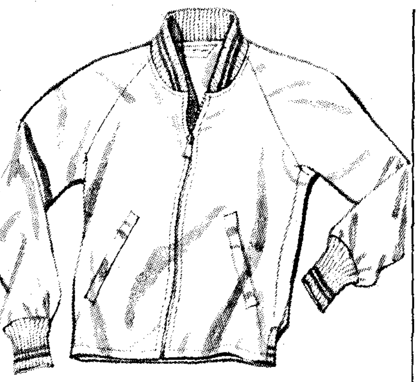

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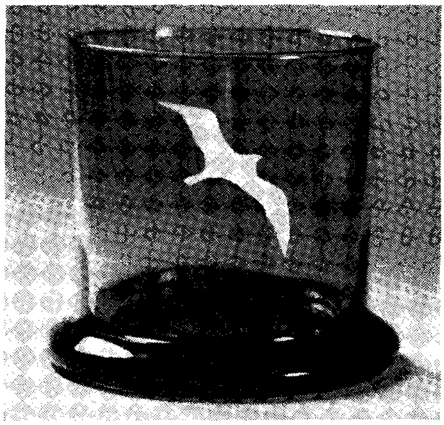

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that. The second part of the book includes excerpts from the Beagle diary and from Darwin's transmutation notebooks, together with his complete (and previously unpublished) notes on "Man, Mind, and Materialism"—all of which offer a great deal to reflect on.

THE DIARY OF ANAÏS NIN: VOLUME V, 1947-55, edited by Gunther Stuhlmann (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich). In earlier volumes, our rebellious heroine has been borrowing trouble at very high rates of interest; she has repeatedly beggared or exhausted herself for an assortment of ungrateful males. In this installment of Miss Nin's chronicle, she has finally decided to put her efforts into herself, and her woes, though no fewer, are of a more familiar kind. An avant-garde writer with a small but undeniable reputation and a small reading (or buying) public, she faces uncomprehending editors, reluctant publishers, and unsympathetic reviewers. On the other hand, she has a number of supportive friends and every writer's dream of a literary agent. Yet the most affecting passages in the diaries have nothing to do with arts and letters. They are about Miss Nin's mother, whom Miss Nin belatedly appreciates and wonderfully describes on the eve of her death.

JOHN FRUM HE COME, by Edward Rice (Doubleday). "Cargo" is the name of an odd mystical faith held by thousands of black people in the South Pacific; in essence, it is the belief that someday soon an abundance of manufactured goods of the white man's civilization—candy bars, guns, primus stoves, bluejeans—will miraculously appear, and everyone will get his share free; at the same time the white man, who is too selfish to hand out this stuff for nothing, will disappear forever. This book is about the cargo cults and the cargo messiahs—shadowy men, hunted as subversives by the whites but whose very existence is moot. It is a quite wonderful book, written by a man who, although a conscientious reporter and researcher, makes no pretension to scholarship or, above all, to objectivity. He is angry at the callous and persisting exploitation of the native people of the South Pacific—at the theft of their lands by white men, their virtual economic enslavement, the stamping out of their ancient cultures.

ITALIA, ITALIA: MODERN ITALY AND THE CONTEMPORARY ITALIANS, by Peter Nichols (Atlantic-Little,

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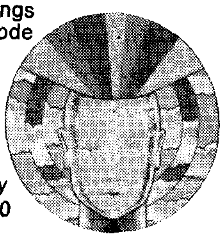

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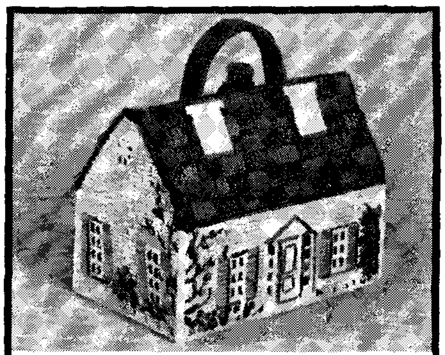

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Brown). The author, who is the London *Times'* man in Rome, has an almost Stendhalian love for Italy and is a first-rate journalist as well. His book reports change and innovation, stability and stagnation. It reminds the reader how diverse Italy is, and it points to explicit cultural differences that persist among Italian regions even after more than a century of unification. Mr. Nichols describes current events down to the summer of 1973; he sees the complications, difficulties, and uncertainties that face Italians of all descriptions and persuasions, yet he appears more hopeful than they do about their future.

THE ROMANTIC REBELLION: ROMANTIC VERSUS CLASSIC ART, by Kenneth Clark (Harper & Row). The title is a trifle misleading, since the book is only secondarily about romantic or classic art. The real subjects of this casual and informative book are David, Goya, Piranesi, Fuseli, Blake, Ingres, Géricault, Delacroix, Turner, Constable, Millet, Degas, and Rodin. Lord Clark describes, vividly and urbanely, as always, just how these artists came to depart from classic traditions in their work; how their art sometimes included elements of both classicism and romanticism; how the distinction, for some of them, is frequently "more convenient than real;" and how eighteenth- and nineteenth-century ideas found their way to the canvases and sculptures of these thirteen artists. The book is based in part on thoughts that have been stewing in the author's mind for more than a quarter of a century (he gave lectures on several of the artists discussed here at Oxford as far back as 1947), and has been readapted from a series of television scripts. Its history explains both its virtues (the author's easy familiarity with his subject, the relaxed, conversational narrative) and its drawbacks (the book is impossible to read in one gulp, and from time to time you feel that the text is drawing on some visual aid that you lack).

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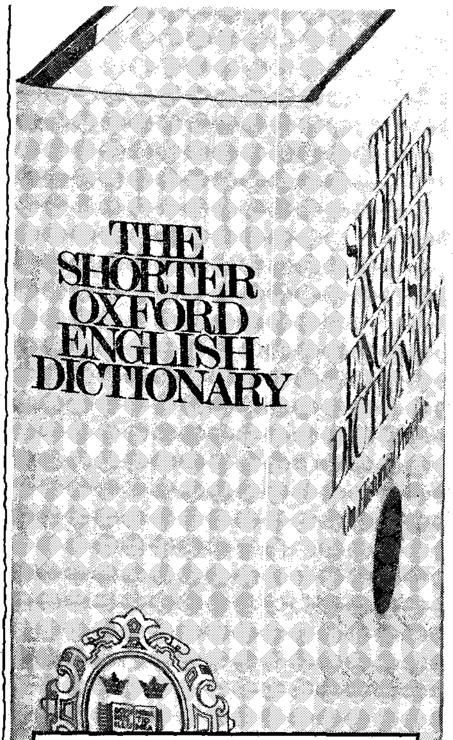

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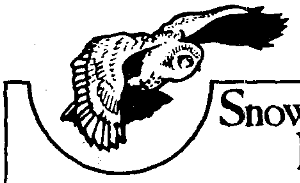

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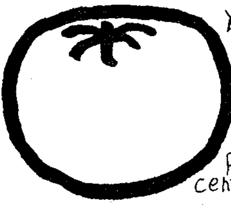

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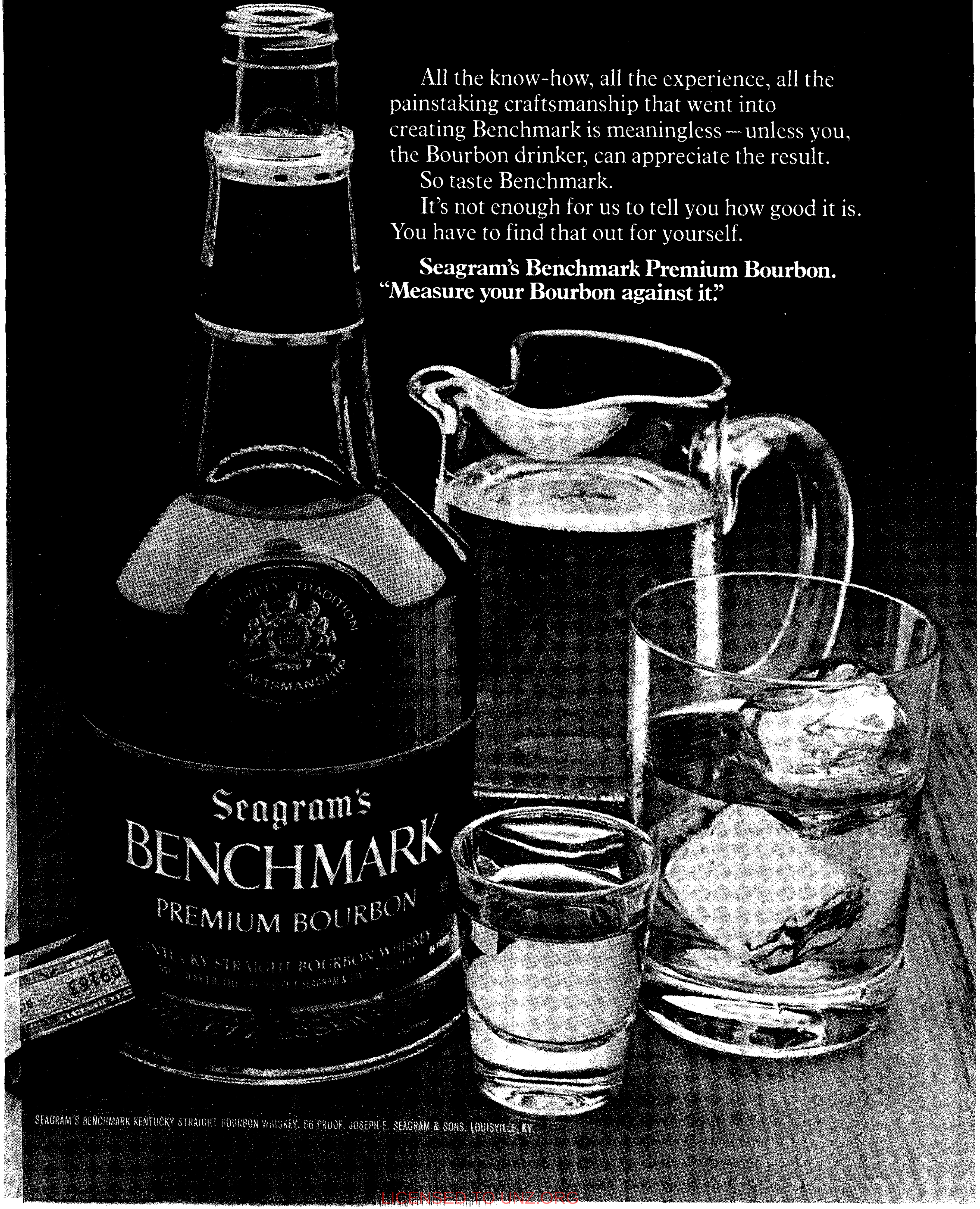
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